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ART. I.—ALGER'S HISTORY OF THE DOCTRINE OF A
FUTURE LIFE.

A Critical History of the Doctrine of a Future Life: with a Complete Bibliography of the Subject. By WILLIAM ROUNSEVILLE ALGER. Philadelphia: Childs and Peterson. 1860.

It is full time that people who despair about religion, who talk as if the world were relapsing into materialism, and profess an anxiety lest the spiritual nature of man were becoming too attenuated to lay vigorous hold any more on things eternal, were given distinctly to understand that there is no compassion with them, nor anything but pity for them on the part of thoughtful, observant, and believing men. Notwithstanding it is the fashion to appeal to history in support of all kinds of opinions, and especially in support of opinions whose questionable character finds a welcome refuge from detection in that vast and sacred grove which few have penetrated and only one or two have explored, we venture deliberately to affirm, that, if history teaches any one thing unmistakably, it teaches this,—that human nature will, by fair means or foul, preserve the balance between its mortal and its immortal part, and will obstinately refuse, for any considerable length of time, to allow the spiritual elements to be obscured or oppressed by the damps of animal desire. Point to a moment of threatened eclipse of the soul, and you point to a moment when its splendor is on the point of breaking out more fiercely than ever. Looking over the experiences of the past ten or fifteen years, we are prompted to sum up their lessons in the very

emphatic assertion, that if you would stimulate man's religious faculty to a perfect frenzy of longing and faith,—if you would make men credulous as children in regard to the supersensual world, so that, instead of disbelieving in its existence, they shall be convinced of their ability to look into its dwellings by a sufficiently persevering elevation on tiptoe,—if you would bring invisible things to the popular judgment, within reach of the five senses, and would open a door of communication into the realms of the departed, till men become persuaded that the body is only a veil of gauze,—you have to immerse them for a generation or so in the mechanical occupations of a business career,—you have only to shut them up in factories, compel them to drudge in shops, deafen them with the roar of steam-power, hurry them up and down in clippers, propellers, and railway-trains, set them to work in coal mines and copper mines, and force them to buy and sell and make money as if their salvation depended on it, and in every possible way swathe them about with the bands of a coarse, discouraging materialism. We hear people call our age an age of sensualism, cold and hard; an age that is wholly abandoned to thoughts of the lower good; an age that never raises its eyes from the ground;—and yet thousands of people, and of the working people too, are straining their eyes, as eyes have not been strained since the period of the apostles, towards the land of spirits. And thousands of people suspend the toil for daily bread, and deprive themselves of needed sleep, that they may study, as such men and women never studied before, the evidences and the conditions of the immortal life. Just when rationalism, positiveness, sensualism, were flattering themselves that the superstitious belief in a state of existence beyond the grave was finally exploded, behold that belief asserts itself with a more astounding emphasis than ever, and goes sweeping through the earth with all the pomp of a new and triumphant religion. Providence appoints the themes which earnest men in any generation are to discuss; and, without being in the smallest degree superstitious, we fancy that in the fact we can discover a subtle coincidence. When modern "Spiritualism" was beginning to be faintly rumored of, and men and women here and there were opening investigations

into a class of phenomena up to that time regarded as beneath the notice of the instructed, a young man who had never enjoyed the advantages of academic culture sat down to the task of discovering and reporting what all the world of antiquity and all the tribes of the earth had thought respecting the hereafter.

The task proved longer and more arduous than the young student had anticipated. He had not estimated the difficulty of collecting the needful material, nor could he guess the number of incidental questions that might be started by his main inquiry. He lacked the requisite furniture of language. Nothing daunted, however, by the growing proportions or the accumulating perplexities of his theme, he pressed on into its deepest recesses and its most remote purlieus, with a persistency deemed characteristic chiefly of the German mind. No allurements of miscellaneous literature tempted him from his purpose. No professional engagements interrupted his toil. No social distractions impaired his interest. Without neglecting other duties, he made time for the discharge of this self-appointed but absorbing duty, and while pursuing his investigations in his chosen field, he was only the more diligent a gleaner in other fields. The volume of Oriental poetry was a flower which grew on this stem of critical investigation, while two courses of lectures and many review articles suggested the degree in which all subjects of thought are related to one another, and proved that the faithful mastery of one gave a right of occupation in the whole. The quality of patient labor Mr. Alger possesses in an extraordinary measure. Other qualities needful to the accomplishment of his task he also possesses, without which this quality of persistency would be of little value. We can honestly give him credit for a very conscientious thoroughness in collecting all available knowledge,—for rare intellectual fidelity in working up the mass of his material,—for keenness of discrimination in separating the relevant from the irrelevant,—for logical penetration in detecting the lines of thought, fine and hidden, often irresolute, dim, and almost vanishing, which, in thousands of directions, intersect the blurred mass of human speculations,—for an admirable candor in the statement of his conclusions, and

for a generous loyalty to truth as truth, combined with no small amount of mental and moral courage. If once or twice, in reading his pages, it came across us that he was himself a little more conscious of being in possession of these virtues than was pleasant,—somewhat too ready to suspect the absence of them in others, and too quick to speak in a tone of severity of those who had arrived at a different opinion from his own,—we could not think harshly of so trifling a weakness in presence of such eminent merits, and were able easily to excuse a foible which was so compensated, if not justified.

It would be extravagant praise to say of Mr. Alger, or of any man not endowed with the highest attributes of genius, that he lacks none of the qualifications convenient for the perfect execution of a task like this. We think he would have done it better if he were gifted with more of that sympathetic quality of mind which puts a scholar into immediate communication with the spirit of ancient beliefs, and enables him without the conscious use of dialectical processes to feel out their essential meaning. So far as by the intellect a foreign system can be comprehended, he comprehends it, and delights in rendering full intellectual justice to it. But there is a ripe, genial, appreciating judgment, which a fine imagination passes on foreign creeds,—a judgment arrived at not by analysis so much as by synthesis, not by taking them in pieces, but rather by filling them out, and making them live anew. In this Mr. Alger seems to us deficient, and the want of it gives a more painstaking aspect to his book than it might otherwise have had. We feel that the vast subject has been approached from the outside at every point; but we wish it could have been also, with equal clearness, unfolded to us from the inside. In the way of examination nothing more could be asked than this work furnishes; in the way of introspection we could desire something more than we have.

A word, too, about Mr. Alger's style. In the business portions of the book, where the demand is for exactness of statement, fulness of information, and smoothness of narrative, it has admirable qualities,—copiousness, ease, transparency, and animation. In other portions, where the theme admits of freer literary treatment, the temptation to elaborate writing becomes

occasionally too strong to be resisted ; the language is woven into artificial patterns, and an over-ambitious use of the pictorial adjective suggests labored effort at composition, and impairs the simple strength of the thought. An exuberant imagination will always make the surface of even a barren, rough, and difficult subject bloom with flowers, whose vivid color and stimulating fragrance gladdens all the way ; but the flowers of rhetoric, which fancy cuts in gauze and studiously arranges in alabaster vases, do not answer the same purpose. Mr. Alger overrates the value of similitudes, and introduces a figure often where the plainest language would be far more impressive. When an analogy, by its ingenuity, draws the attention of the reader aside to itself, or when, from its inaptness, it produces a break in the train of association, or when its character is such that it takes from the solemnity of the idea it illustrates, the similitude had better be dispensed with. Do we get a clear exposition of the theory of pre-existence by picturing to ourselves the experiences of mankind as "the veiled vestiges of a bright life departed, pathetic waifs drifted to these intellectual shores, over the surge of feeling, from the wrecked orb of an anterior existence ?" We think the following not a felicitous statement of the opinion that this world is the primary school of our being : " All those world spots so thickly scattered through the tree of universal space are but the brief sheltering-places where embryo intelligences painfully clip their shells, and whence, as soon as fledged through the discipline of earthly teaching and essays, the broodlet souls take exulting wing into the mighty airs of immensity, and thus enter on their eternal emancipation." To say, "The Arethusa of identity threads the blinding states of consciousness, and, passing the ocean-bed of death, may emerge in some morning fount of immortality," strikes us as not a happy way of describing the persistent character of our personality ; nor is it well to write, " Perhaps, when the body is shattered on the death-ledge, the soul will be tossed into the fragrant and musical lap of eternal life, on the self-identified and dynamic plank of personality." Mr. Alger often injures his style by trying to pack too many fancies into a sentence ; as, for instance, in the following sketch of the materialistic and pan-

theistic philosophies : "The materialistic naturalist thinker, recognizing his consciousness as only a phantom procession of states across the cerebral stage hung in ashy livery and afloat in blood, lies down to expire, expecting immediately to be turned into nobody forever. The anchorless speculative thinker, recognizing his organism as an eye through which the world-spirit beholds itself, or a momentary pulse in which the All feels itself, his consciousness as a part of the infinite thought, lies down on his death-couch expecting immediately to be turned into everybody ; eternity, instead of greeting him with an individual kiss, wrapping him in a monistic embrace." Such imagery darkens far more than it illuminates thought, and bewilders far more than it concentrates. Instead of resting the mind, it irritates and teases it, making the return to simple prose a positive relief. Mr. Alger coins words, too, where the old dictionary words would have served perfectly well to convey his ideas, and might have conveyed them more directly to the common mind. What excuse is there for "graspless," "few-chambered grasp," "glimpsed," "brawnizers," "forcelessly," "immarcessible," "oblivionizing"? Intensity is good, and ingenuity is good ; but both intensity and ingenuity are misplaced when they give us ill phrases in place of phrases we are wonted to and find good enough. These are defects, and grave defects, in an author's writing. Language that is too highly colored as effectually kills a thought as a gaudy wall-paper kills a painting ; and a writer who strains after super-eloquent phrases will certainly render himself suspected, in Mr. Alger's case very unjustly, of an intention to pass off feeble conceptions, under a disguise of rhetoric, for very much more than they are worth.

After speaking thus plainly on this point of language,— and we have done so from a sense of duty to literature, to the public, and to our friend himself, whose style is really worth correcting,— we shall confidently advance a claim to be trusted when we speak of the substantial and remarkable merits of this book,— merits of conception, plan, and execution. A passing glance at the table of contents is sufficient to indicate the spirit in which Mr. Alger has undertaken his task.

The volume before us comprises five parts. Part I., consisting of introductory views, historical and critical, contains four chapters,—Theories of the Soul's Origin; The History of Death; Grounds of the Belief in the Soul's Survival; and Theories of the Soul's Destination. Part II., under the general heading, “Ethnic Thoughts concerning a Future Life,” is composed of twelve chapters, treating of the Barbarian Notions of a Future Life, the Doctrine of the Druids, the Scandinavians, the Etruscans, the Egyptians, the Hindus, the Persians, the Hebrews, the Rabbins, the Greeks and Romans, the Mohammedans; the final chapter giving an Explanatory Survey of the field and its myths. Part III. deals with the teaching of the New Testament, in eight chapters,—one explaining Peter's doctrine; a second interpreting the view of the Epistle to the Hebrews; a third unfolding the Apocalyptic theory; a fourth summing up the eschatology of Paul; a fifth elucidating the thoughts of John; a sixth giving exposition of the language put into the mouth of Christ. Chapter seventh is occupied with the Resurrection of Christ; chapter eighth reports the essential Doctrine of Christianity. Part IV. is devoted to Christian Thoughts concerning a Future Life; and its three chapters render account of the Patristic Doctrine, with the expectation of a Millennium; the Mediæval Doctrine, with the Faith in Purgatory; the Modern Doctrine, with the growth of Rationalism. Part V. offers nine Dissertations, historical and critical, concerning a Future Life:—1. Doctrine of a Future Life in the Ancient Mysteries. 2. Metempsychosis, or the Transmigration of Souls. 3. Resurrection of the Flesh. 4. Doctrine of Future Punishment; or History and Criticism of the Idea of a Hell. 5. The Five Theoretic Modes of Salvation. 6. Recognition of Friends in a Future Life. 7. Local Fate of Man in the Astronomic Universe. 8. Critical History of Disbelief in a Future Life. 9. Morality of the Doctrine of a Future Life.

But even this long list of important and attractive themes fails to suggest the wealth of material contained in this volume. Every chapter is a learned, full, and finished essay on the subject of which it treats,—an essay composed with the utmost care, and in a manner to engage the interest of all intelligent

readers. We would mention, as being specially curious, the History of Death, Paul's Doctrine, the Mediæval Doctrine, Metempsychosis, and the Local Fate of Man in the Astronomic Universe,—the last a most suggestive and entertaining tractate on the whereabouts of the blessed seats, whether on the earth, or within the earth, or among the stars,—a piece full of the speculations, quaint or startling, of wise or whimsical men; rich too in noble thoughts of cheer for all men, and particularly for those who, overwhelmed by the vastness of the material world, feel as if man were but a vanishing speck in the universe.

We must add, by way of completing our superficial description of the book, that Mr. Alger does not content himself with a bare statement of important theories, however full and clear that statement may be; but with laboring precision details the phenomena of nature and experience in which they may be supposed to have had their origin, the grounds on which they stand justified, and the considerations by which they are assailed and overthrown. A strange sensation one has, as he wanders among these ghosts of departed beliefs. Ever and anon, under the faded drapery of some grotesque theory which we had supposed must be interesting only as an antique, there peers out at us a face so closely resembling that of a dear friend, that we start and rub our eyes, and ask, with a melancholy wonder, "Will anybody tell me who I am?" Our perplexity is increased if we detain for a moment one of the flitting phantoms, and, questioning him respecting his claim to walk in the procession of human faiths, learn for the first time from his lips all that is to be said in his favor. After a fair hearing, we are tempted to exclaim: "Have we, then, as much to plead in behalf of our darling persuasions as this relict of by-gone days, upon whom, under the name of superstition, we had been heaping all kinds of disrespect, can plead in justification of his?" We are holding by the button at this moment the venerable doctrine of metempsychosis, or the transmigration of souls through successive forms of vegetable, animal, man,—gaining knowledge or acquiring experience, enjoying reward or undergoing punishment in each. We had seen this dim shade hovering around the Egyptian tombs for

a long time ; but here he stands in vast proportions, fixes on us serene eyes, calm with watching the outgoing of centuries, and, in loftier tones than we are wont to hear from the disembodied, tells us that he ruled in Egypt before the bulrushes were grown for Moses's river cradle ; that his sway extended of old over India and Persia ; that many of the noblest Greeks and Romans — Pythagoras, Plato, Plotinus, among others — were once his disciples ; that the Jews themselves, during their captivity in Babylon, gave in their allegiance to him ; that if we will go among the Scythians, Africans, Pacific-Islanders, and Mexicans, we may discover traces of his wide and ancient reign. He claims to have been respected in the early Christian centuries by some very influential sects, and some very distinguished men. He was recognized as worthy of honor in the Middle Ages by men like Scotus Erigena and Bonaventura, who certainly did nothing to make those ages dark. Nay, the haughty phantom has the assurance to tell us that he is no shade, — that he is alive and flourishing to-day, — that his dominion is firmly established over the Burman, Chinese, Tartar, Thibetan, and Indian nations, including at least six hundred and fifty millions of mankind. To our meek inquiry for the reasons by which he could justify his vast pretensions, he has condescended to reply. Hear him. "I appeal," he says, "to the fundamental resemblances and deep sympathies that exist between brutes and men ; to the radical unity which pervades all the manifold forms of animated being, making it easy for them to pass one into another ; to the human qualities displayed by beasts, and the bestial qualities displayed by men, suggesting beyond cavil the possibility, if not fixing the fact, of an exchange of body, and almost compelling the conviction of an identity of spiritual substance. I appeal to the singular recurrence in history, under different costumes, of precisely similar types of mind and character ; the same exploits are performed again and again, in the same fashion, as if by the same individual, who was continually reappearing at remote points on the stage, and re-enacting the deeds of the past. I appeal to unaccountable reminiscences of thoughts, experiences, and persons ; to strange associations, mysterious attractions, vague yearnings, and stray

snatches of dream detached from the ‘clouds of glory’ which came trailing behind us from some pre-existent state. I appeal to the sense of justice, which requires that all men should have an equal chance of happiness, which they cannot have unless they have all fairly passed through similar experiences, and been made to taste the fruits of a like temporal condition. I vindicate, in the sight of all mankind, the ways of the eternal Providence, by exhibiting a system of palpable compensations, literally demonstrating that one thing is balanced against another, and that nothing is uneven. Trust me, and you shall be persuaded, only by looking about you, that the world is one vast scheme of unswerving order; that the collected experiences of humanity present a sublime exhibition of absolute justice.” It is not our purpose here to make reply to these representations of an imposing faith. There is no danger that any considerable portion of our people will become converts to the doctrine of Metempsychosis; and, besides, we prefer that those who want an answer should seek it, where they may find it fully and eloquently stated, in Mr. Alger’s pages. Our object is to show, by a single instance, that other beliefs than our own—beliefs which to us appear extravagant and fantastic altogether—may have had more justification than we had supposed; that no widely-cherished faith is contemptible, or, indeed, other than exceedingly respectable, in the judgment of wise people; and that a generous sympathy with all true efforts at the expression of great ideas is as characteristic of the rational mind as it is of the noble heart.

Such a fair hearing and honorable regard no reader of Mr. Alger’s book will fail to discover,—will fail, may we venture the hope, to appreciate. He does endeavor—and singularly he succeeds in the endeavor—to free his mind from unworthy bias, to go down to the central causes of opinions, and to render ample justice to every class of thinkers. Especially is this apparent in his chapters on the New Testament doctrines respecting a future life. There is no labored attempt in the interest of Christian “Apologetic,” to make it appear that the New Testament books contain one consistent form of teaching on this subject. Their diversity of teaching is not disguised; on the contrary, it is openly confessed in the method of arranging

the literary material. We have Peter's doctrine, and Paul's, and John's, and Christ's, each in a separate division, each handled as if it were an independent theme, and each handled with an intellectual freedom as refreshing as it is rare. Language is generally held to its accepted meaning with unrelenting severity. The books are taken up, not as infallible oracles, but as the intellectual productions of a peculiar age. No secret is made of the fact that Peter supposed Christ to have passed the interval between his death and resurrection, preaching to the departed spirits who occupied the gloomy regions of Hades ; that Paul expected a visible coming of Christ in his own lifetime, and was confident of being "caught up to meet his Lord in the air," surrounded by a great company of believers. What have we here ? — not, What ought we to have ? — is the question raised ; and the raising of this question indicates, of itself, that we have left the region of conventional dogmatics, and have entered on the field of scientific criticism.

We cannot help expressing, however, the regret that Mr. Alger did not carry out the scientific method with greater thoroughness, making application of it to each separate book of the New Testament, Gospel as well as Epistle, and thus allowing every piece of writing to speak for itself. Instead of Peter's doctrine, Paul's doctrine, John's doctrine, Christ's doctrine, it would have been better, we think, to have said, the doctrine of the First, the Second, the Third, the Fourth Gospel, of the Petrine, Pauline, Johannean Epistles, and so on, classifying together those books which were found to contain the same teaching, without regard to their canonical arrangement or their imputed authorship. This method might have been pursued with a double advantage : it might have led to a nicer appreciation of the many shades of thought ; and it would have avoided the delicate and disagreeable task of defining the beliefs of individuals. Mr. Alger's plan, besides imposing upon him more labor than was necessary, has led him beside, we suspect, into some incidental confusion. For instance, the Fourth Gospel is used in giving the exposition of two distinct doctrines,—that of John and that of Jesus,—thus causing a perplexity which would have been entirely avoided

by giving an account of the Fourth Gospel as a literary production standing by itself. The contents of a book which lies open before the scholar's eye being so much more certain than its authorship, which may be disputed,—the meaning of the words being apparent, while doubt may rest upon their genuineness as utterances of any particular teacher's belief,—the wisest course would seem to be to forget tradition, and keep in mind facts; to omit all consideration of personal persuasions, and confine attention to the sense of these fragments of early Christian literature.

The chapter devoted to the discussion of the Resurrection is in some respects one of the most remarkable in the volume; for ability, comprehensiveness, and candor, very far, indeed, in advance of anything we are acquainted with on the subject in English; nay, we do not know how to find anywhere, in a single short essay, so thorough a treatment of the theme. The Resurrection of Christ is surveyed under five aspects: *first*, as an historical fact, under which head we have a compact and forcible summary of the considerations in support of the popular belief that Jesus rose in flesh from the dead; *second*, as a fulfilment of prophecy alleged to have been drawn from the Scriptures by Jesus himself; *third*, as a pledge of man's redemption from the gloomy under-world to the land of blessed spirits (and here Mr. Alger powerfully controverts the vulgar idea that the saving significance of Christ's mission lay in his sacrificial death); *fourth*, as a symbol of the spiritual resurrection from sin to holiness; and *fifth*, as a theory bearing on the general doctrine of the soul's immortality, the rise and progress of the Christian Church, and the spiritual experiences of men at the present time. We should like to quote in full the six pages of clear, brave, cogent writing in which our friend scatters the clouds of misconception which envelop this last point in the mind of Christendom. As we cannot, however, quote the whole, we will not do injustice to the author by quoting a little, but will content ourselves with calling the particular attention of thoughtful readers to this portion of the book, begging them to admire the ease with which a keen and polished logic lays low the bulkiest form of loose and swelling inconsequence.

To the most casual reader of the New Testament narratives it must be evident that two distinct and discrepant accounts respecting the nature of Christ's resurrection body lie there side by side. One class of passages describes it as immaterial, another class represents it as material. Every passage in the fourth Gospel is consistent with the notion of a spiritual form, excepting only the invitation to Thomas, and the sitting down to eat (though it is not said that Jesus ate himself). Every passage in Luke, save one, that which tells of his eating the broiled fish, countenances the idea that the risen form was immaterial. The report of Mark, to say the least, favors one view as much as the other; and even Matthew's brief story leaves no overwhelming impression of materiality in regard to the resurrection body. But supposing the balance between these two opinions to be more evenly hung than it is,—supposing it to incline decidedly to the fleshly side,—we cannot hold Mr. Alger justified in pushing away the Swedenborgian theory altogether, and pronouncing "futile" all attempts to explain the Scripture language after the manner of Prof. Bush, in his "*Anastasis.*" The just method would be, instead of assuming the carnal interpretation as the sole admissible one, to account for the existence in the Gospels of the other view, and to attempt, if not a reconciliation of the two theories, at any rate such an exposition of them in relation to each other as might throw light on the original tradition. Would not the historical method, strictly pursued, have put him in the way of accomplishing this,—at all events, in some partial degree? We think it would.

We may question, indeed, whether at that early time the inconsistency between these two representations, as they stand side by side in the Gospels, would be glaringly apparent. The dividing line that separates the spiritual from the material was less sharply drawn by the Orientals than it is by us. A Jew, educated in the Old Testament, would probably find it easy enough to believe that a spiritual existence assumed a tangible mask of form, and honestly went through the motions of eating and drinking. The two angels who came to Lot, as he sat at evening at the gate of Sodom, went in at his entreaty, and ate of his unleavened bread. The three Enochim who accosted

Abraham as he sat at his tent-door in the heat of the day, conversed at length with the patriarch, allowed him to wash their feet, and partook of the butter and the milk, the cakes and the "calf tender and good," which Sarah cooked and spread before them beneath the tree. Why then to the simple Evangelists should it seem incompatible with the properties of an incorporeal being to speak audibly to his friends and break bread before them? To adduce either evidence or argument in support of this or any theory about the resurrection body, to vindicate its reasonableness, or defend it against objections, is of course foreign to the purpose of an article which, we repeat, is not an essay, but a review, and which aims at a criticism of methods rather than a justification of conclusions. It may be historically true that Christ rose in the same body which was crucified. All we suggest is, that the first authentic statement in writing that we have, the statement, too, of the very Apostle of the resurrection himself, assumes that the resurrection body was an immaterial form. This point alone would render necessary, we think, the reconstruction in some respects of Mr. Alger's chapter.

It is due to Mr. Alger to say, that these points which we have criticised thus frankly are the only ones that occurred to us, in all this volume of six hundred and more compact pages, as betraying inadvertence on his part. And we were especially surprised at meeting anything that might be deemed an inadvertence in a portion of the work on which he has expended so much thought and labor, and in the course of which he displays critical powers of a very high order. The chapters treating of the New Testament beliefs are the most original chapters in the book. Elsewhere we have evidence of extensive, various, and careful reading; but here we have proof of independent thought. Did our limits allow, we should be glad to dwell on the results of Mr. Alger's inquiries into the Pauline, Petrine, and Johannean theologies; for of this part of his labors the author has most reason to be proud; and against this part adverse criticism will doubtless be most keenly directed. The conclusions at which he arrives are all that can be reported here; and they are in brief these. Above the visible firmament, so Paul taught, was a blessed realm of

Light, where from the beginning God and the angels dwelt: under the earth were the gloomy abodes of departed spirits,—the silent, shadowy lands whither all mortals repaired at death. Once Death had ushered men into the brighter mansions by a process of transfiguration, in course of which the integument of the flesh fell away, and the personality within took on a form of light which floated upward by its own proper motion to the celestial seats. But the entrance of sin into the world had put an end to this beauteous flowering act of the soul in its heavenly body, and caused the spirit, disembodied wholly, to sink into the realm of Hades. From this unhappy doom the dispensation of Moses had no commission to deliver the race. Before and after Moses's time, the generations had steadily, and without a single exception, gone to swell the numbers of the ghosts. At length Jesus came,—the spiritual, the sinless man; spotless of evil, he moved through his mortal experiences; and when he approached the grave, instead of dropping through it into the dismal world below, he did but dip into its abysses, and sweep with his trail of glory through the nether land, then rose triumphant upward, and took his place by the side of the Everlasting Father. Thus the spell was broken. The power of sin was destroyed, and so death had no more victory. The free favor of God has lifted mankind over the obstacles of the moral law, and helped them to renew the original order of progression, in the course of which death was not an enemy, but a friend, and the grave, not yet become a prison, was a gate into Paradise. Henceforth all who in faith rely on the unbought favor of the Eternal, surrender themselves to the inworking of the Holy Spirit, and allow the new law of life to emancipate them from the bondage of the carnal mind, are privileged to press through the opening made by the ascended Christ into the skies. Such was the Apostle's conviction, and such was his hope. But before this conviction could finally be sealed, and this hope fully justified, the Christ must return to the earth with the demonstration in his presence and the promise in his hand. Anyhow, that glorious coming might be expected, and with it the final judgment of the human race. Then should the embodied and the disembodied, the living men of the upper

world and the wan shades of the lower, hear once more the invitation read. The phantom hosts of the believers of all the bygone ages should rise like an exhalation from the ground; the faithful servants still clothed in their mortal vesture should drop that cumbrous garment and stream upward in their spiritual forms, and altogether should meet their Lord in the air, by him to be ushered into the blessed abodes,—the unbelieving and stubborn returning to their prison-house, whose door is locked against their egress forever.

Such, according to Mr. Alger, is the framework of the apostolic doctrine respecting the end of all things. To most, the exhibition of it will be very new; to some, it will be very startling. New to the English reader it certainly will be. We know not where else to look for it in the critical literature of our own language. The Germans, of course, are more or less familiar with it: we find it, as we find everything else, in Bretschneider's *Dogmatik*. But Mr. Alger made the discovery for himself, by original studies in the literature of the apostolic and the pre-apostolic age. He worked it out for himself, and we think it not too much to say, that he has, by his copious and varied argument, established it. Whoever will take the apostolic language, and faithfully try it on to this framework of thought, will find that it fits admirably. A passage here and there may hang loose, a text may dangle, a shade of color be out of place, but the adaptation is quite as close as, under the circumstances, we could reasonably expect. The Pauline Epistles, and all the remains of apostolic literature, are fragmentary; it may be impossible to piece them together in one garment, and we are not disturbed by an occasional word or phrase which does not readily take the ruling sense; but we are satisfied that this exposition of Mr. Alger clears up more dark passages, explains more perplexing ones, brings together more seemingly irrelevant ones, gives significance to more incidental ones, and reconciles more apparently incongruous and contradictory ones, than any other exposition that has been offered by critics. Argument, admonition, illustration, doctrine, fall naturally into place, and support each other. By this fitness of its own, the exposition mainly justifies itself. It justifies itself, also, by that

which in the view of many will be its condemnation. We mean its utter strangeness to the modern mind, and its entire incompatibility with prevailing beliefs. It is a recommendation of Mr. Alger's theory, that it was the theory of the age in which Paul and Peter lived, not of the age in which we live. The Apostles lived, thought, labored, in their own time and for their own time. In no other time could they have lived, thought, and labored ; and as their time was as unlike ours as unlike can be, so their views and speculations must have been as unlike ours as unlike can be. The later Church, it is true, might have thought as Paul thought, if it had chosen to adopt his ideas ; but this it has not chosen to do to any considerable extent. It has taken its beliefs from other sources, and so the discrepancy remains between the "inspired authority" of the first century and the unconsciously disbelieving pupils of the nineteenth. The doctrines respecting the future life that were held by the several writers of the New Testament take their place naturally in the line of historical thought, and fitly stand, not in a detached group by the way-side, while the intellectual movement of the race passes by them on the high-road, but, as Mr. Alger arranges them, in intimate connection with the vast multitude of speculations entertained by the lofty thinkers of mankind.

We wish it were possible to exhibit the organic unfolding of thought in the human race, on the subject of the immortal life ; it would be interesting to survey the great belief in its whole continuity, and trace the links which joined its several epochs together. But this is more than can be hoped for yet ; and we must be grateful that we have so accurate a report of it, in its various phases, as the work before us contains. The possession of so great a mass of facts is of immense value, both for knowledge and for faith. A thoughtful reading of this history, saddening as it is in view of the superstitions it reveals, does confirm the mind in three most important articles of belief :— 1. The universality of the faith in a state of conscious existence beyond the grave. The author has pushed his researches into every corner of the earth ; has cross-questioned the traditions of every tribe of men of whom there remains the least account, and in places where little else can

be found he finds a doctrine of immortality. The savages of North America, the Indians of Mexico, the islanders of the Pacific, the races of Southern Africa who seem to dwell in the shadow-land that lies between the beastly and the human, Bushmen and New-Zealanders, Kamtschadales and Fijis, Peruvians and Esquimaux, Papuans and Caribs, the sad-eyed natives of Hispaniola and the fierce Patagonians swift of foot, the scorched barbarians of the South and the bleached barbarians of the North, without exception, confess, fearfully and grotesquely enough, but all the more vehemently for that, their anticipation of another life. The form which the anticipation assumes may be fanciful, but the anticipation is clear and deep; clear enough not to be obscured by superstition, deep enough not to be obliterated by misery or by fear. The persuasion seems fairly justified by such an examination as this, that no tribe of men exists, or has existed, wholly destitute of this great hope or terror. 2. Equally profound with this assurance is the conviction that the belief in immortality has come to mankind without their looking for it. It came to them involuntarily. They found it among their thoughts, an original endowment, how implanted we cannot say; but implanted, not acquired. People have held the faith with great tenacity, have set it forth with most startling force of imagery, have lived in it with most passionate intensity, who could not have acquired it by efforts of reason, who could not have arrived at it by observation of nature's symbols, by reflection on their own constitution, by analysis of their own consciousness. They were people without philosophy, or the suspicion of philosophy, without mental or moral development, with only the glimmering dawn of intelligence. So true is this, that the sceptic, the "positivist," has drawn from it an argument against the truth of the belief, saying that it belonged to the rudest tribes; that being strongest among the lowest, it marked a period of ignorance and credulity, the disappearance of which, in the course of man's unfolding, would inevitably involve the decline of the superstition itself. But, 3. The fact is clearly presented, and fairly forced upon us, that the belief in immortality is not outgrown by the unfolding of the higher human powers, but, on the contrary, grows with their

growth and strengthens with their strength. The greatest men are the greatest believers in the reality of another life. The loftiest hope of it belongs to the loftiest spirits. The form of the expectation changes as it passes from the savage to the saint ; the ground changes on which it rests ; the entire character changes of the state which it reveals ; but the faith in becoming purer becomes not more faint or attenuated,— it becomes more vital and absorbing rather. Paul's belief in immortality possessed a vigor, an all-engrossing intensity, compared with which the superstitious belief of the most terrified Hottentot is weak ; for the one but shudders at the ghosts his imagination scares up, while the other's faith in spiritual qualities makes the spiritual world real. The men and women, among ourselves, whose confidence in the certainty of another life is the calmest and the most abiding, are not the low-minded, but the high-minded ; not the sensual, but the spiritual ; not the undeveloped, but the most fully developed ;— they who receive the great truth on the testimony of their clearer reason, and the prophetic intimation of their deeper experiences. The assurance of an immortal life grows doubly sure with the enlargement of the affections, the elevation of the conscience, the surrender of the will. It is the consciousness of the eternal life within that gives the pledge of an everlasting life without.

Disbelief in immortality came with the progress of the intellect, which has always doubted, and will doubt to the end of time,— whose duty it is to doubt. It is the province of the intellect to search, criticise, dissect. It asks for evidence when evidence cannot be produced. It accepts no proofs which it cannot analyze by a chemistry of its own. The dismal texts in the Old Testament that preach annihilation are found in the speculative books of more recent date. Mr. Alger's admirable History of Disbelief is a summary of critical doubts urged by the understanding, sometimes with noble, sometimes with ignoble purpose. But no disbelief of the heart is recorded here. No scepticisms of the spirit are detailed. No denials of the pure reason are set down and considered. Affection is believing. Faith and hope are believing. The loftier intuitions are believing. All these avoid difficulties by soar-

ing above them, and laying hold on transcendental principles. But the intellect uses no instrument but logic ; it has no materials to work upon but facts of matter and of mind ; and these, as we all know, are more easily wrought into the shrouded form of annihilation, than into the radiant shape of the resurrection angel. In all its honest doubtings and sincere questionings the intellect is to be respected. If, after eager searching among the dry bones of physiology, it tells us it can find no immortal soul ; if, after long groping about in the dim border-land where mind and matter meet and mingle, it comes out with the announcement that no dividing line between the two regions can be discovered ; if, after patiently watching the general decline of the entire man as he passes into old age, and the apparent destruction of the entire man the instant before death, it publishes bitterly its persuasion that all man's powers diminish with his diminution, and decay with his decay ; if, having probed keenly the arguments for immortality, it finds them defective, and says so, boldly,— we must receive the message with manly candor and courage ; yes, with thanks for the sincerity that framed it, and the courage that delivered it ; never should we receive it with the peevishness which only betrays the weakness of our own foundations, the anger which proves us to be irrational, or the contempt which is the best argument against the heartiness of our own belief. Even when the intellect, in the heat of its protest against irrational views of the immortal life, passionately flings away the great belief itself, and preaches materialism in behalf of reason and humanity, we must allow the honesty of its intent to excuse the roughness of its denial, and must meet its conclusion, not with denunciation, but with the offer of more enlightened thoughts. The intellect, it should be remembered, cannot be fully satisfied on the subject of immortality. Its doubts must increase with its powers. The more facts it sees, the more difficulties it sees. The more it sharpens its instruments of analysis, the more holes it detects in the composition of established truths. It must be so ; and it is well that it must be so. For fancy works with surprising rapidity ; and but for this salutary check, superstition would turn the blessed boon of immortality into a curse.

Nor must the believer be discouraged, if he finds it impossible to convince the intellect that there will in very truth be another life, when this life shall have ended ; for it must be apparent that to argue this mighty question with the intellect, is to labor in the very field of scepticism. The best one can do is to stand on the defensive, throw the burden of disproof upon the opponent, and challenge him to establish a negative. The arguments which the believer puts forward in the face of the unbeliever are rather apologies for receiving the doctrine, than demonstrations of the doctrine's right to be received. The replies he makes to the unbeliever may be as good as the unbeliever's questions ; but, though they may for the moment silence the questioner, they do not convince him. We must calmly face the fact, that there is no demonstration of the immortal life. The arguments are strong or weak according as one stands in the attitude of affirmation or of denial. Proofs which the believer regards as being unanswerable, the sceptic treats as trifling. The intellect throws them down almost as fast as they are set up.

Do we put forward the universal desire for another life as a pledge that there must be another life ? Straightway it is replied that no such universal desire can be proved to exist. The belief has grown out of the world's fears as much as out of the world's hopes. Multitudes there must be, and are, who never are conscious of any craving for another existence. People whose enjoyment of life is keen,—to whom the mere possession of being is a perpetual joy,—who are sensitive to beauty, responsive to affection, eager for improvement in knowledge or in virtue,—quick, receptive, yearning, aspiring people,—doubtless feel this ardent longing after renewed existence. But there are those who feel it not. There are persons of low temperament, to whom existence is never, under any circumstances, an inestimable boon,—men and women of morbid and melancholy make, who feel being to be a heavy burden, who are continually dragged back by an inertion against which they struggle in vain. These—never very happy and never very wretched, but for the most part dwelling in an evening twilight of indifference—do not shrink from the thought of annihilation ; they rather cherish it, as promising

cessation from activities which fatigue, but neither delight nor inspire. Until we know the proportion in which this latter order of spirits stands to the former, it will be difficult to say whether even a large majority of mankind, if the choice were presented to them, would give their voices for immortality, except on condition that it should be a state of being wholly different from what they had any reason or right to expect.

We urge, as evidence of immortality, the heart's insatiable longing after the lost objects of its affection,—a longing, we say, that is instinctive, universal, ineradicable; and we are met by the assertion, that this lovelorn desire cools away with the lapse of years, or is supplanted by a new attachment. The recuperative powers of the mind repair the ravages which death had made; the lonely places are filled up, the natural spirits recover their tone, joy returns, and, after a period which is commonly brief, existence smiles on tranquilly and gayly, as if no fearful passage of anguish had occurred to mar its peace. In the first paroxysm of grief, every fibre of being twines itself convulsively round the thought of immortality. But gradually, as the interests of life regain their old place, this hold upon the future relaxes, the energies occupy themselves once more with the natural relations of existence, and the Hereafter becomes distant and impalpable as it had been before.

We allege the persistency of the intellectual, and the changes in the organization and the convulsions of moral powers through disease. We insist on the vitality of reason in its several departments, while the physical powers undergo decay. And immediately the reply comes back to us, that facts point mostly the other way; that the wasting of the body is accompanied usually by a corresponding waste in the mental faculties, and that, even if it were not, the undiminished force of the spirit up to the moment of death would give no assurance of its ability to survive death. Because intelligence may burn clear in a body enfeebled by sickness, we cannot infer that it will burn clear when there is no body at all.

Or, again, do we adduce as argument for another state of existence the necessity of such a state for the exercise of retributory law, the equalizing of human conditions, and the

complete vindication of the Divine Providence ? It is answered forthwith. The perfect justice must be perfect in every atom of the universe and in every instant of time. It leaves no straws behind it to be picked up by the gleanings angels of a distant hereafter, but makes clean work as it goes on. God closes up the affairs of the universe every moment ; so that if the universe were annihilated this hour, the books of judgment would be found fairly written out, the accounts with all mankind would be justly balanced, the eternal law would be satisfied in every jot and tittle, and no individual would have reason to complain that he had received less than his full deservings. To say that another life is necessary to rectify the mistakes of this, is simply to say that God is not intrinsically righteous, or that this world is not regulated by God's laws ; it is, in one word, to say, either that there is no Infinite God at all, or that the God of equity is not here,—atheistical positions both.

Once more, do we plead for immortality as furnishing the only conditions under which the powers of man can arrive at their maturity ? The intellect puts in a query, whether it is reasonable to assume that every individual man and woman of the species must or will ripen into a full maturity. The analogies in nature to which appeal is made, certainly support no such assumption. Does every acorn become an oak ? Does every sapling become a perfect tree ? You may go through a whole forest, and find no single complete specimen of beech or cedar. There are thousands of experiments in animals, fruits, and flowers, but all the experiments are partial failures in the end.

" Are God and Nature then at strife,
That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life,
That I, considering everywhere
Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear ;
I falter where I firmly trod,
And falling, with my weight of cares,
Upon the world's great altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope."

Can any valid reason be assigned why man should be an exception to this universal rule of individual annihilation. If man must reach his perfection of development, why not entertain that as a hope to be fulfilled, not in the individual, but in the race? Why not say, humanity tends towards perfection through the advance of its successive generations, each of which perishes on the earth, bequeathing its virtues and accomplishments to those who shall come after it?

Thus the analytical mind goes on from proof to proof, from inference to inference,— showing the weakness of this argument, the inconsequence of that,— suggesting that here too little is established, and there too much,— now impugning facts of history, and now detecting fallacies in logic,— until demonstration is entirely out of the question, and even the establishment of a very high degree of probability is rendered difficult. It is probable that few, if any, believe in immortality on grounds of argument. On those grounds it is doubted. The doctrine is by most accepted formally, on the authority of Revelation, the credit of tradition, or the *sensus communis* of mankind, in defiance, perhaps, of all argument. By the few it is entertained cordially, as a conviction resulting from faith in spiritual principles, depth of spiritual experience, or an intuition of the higher reason, by all of which the questionings of the scientific or critical understanding are set aside as irrelevant.

Insurrection against the authority of Revelation, loss of confidence in the sanctity of tradition, assaults of private judgment upon received opinions, are, of necessity, accompanied by a wide disbelief in immortality. We are seeing the passing effects of such intellectual revolt in this country. Melancholy effects certainly they are, in very many cases; for who can without sadness contemplate any marked, though momentary, decline of a faith so strengthening and comforting to humanity as this, especially if such a decline be taken as an indication of spiritual hardness in a people? This last is the

condition of things that is to be deplored. The thoughtful mind is not alarmed at the consequences which may ensue from the loss of a particular belief, so much as the low moral state which may precede such loss and render it inevitable. Unbelief may be a misfortune; but sensualism must be an evil. When Antinomianism, in all its numerous forms of personal vice, social immorality, disorganizing speculation, accompanies the rejection of belief in a future life, it marches before it as a leader, not behind it as a follower. It is the diabolism that causes the denial,—not the denial that causes the diabolism. All genuine faith in the immortal life springs from faith in the life of that which is immortal. They who say, "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," mistake a postulate for an inference, and would probably be less expectant of their annihilation, if they were less addicted to eating and drinking.

Neither the morality nor the spirituality of mankind depends on the theoretical belief in another state of existence. They depend on faith in moral and spiritual verities, which have their being, not in time, but in eternity,—in infinity, not in space. The law of accountableness is a law of the soul, and would be binding on souls constituted as souls are, though the term of their conscious existence were limited to a single day. The principles of justice, truth, love, are intrinsically venerable, and will command the homage of all who recognize their sanctity, without the least regard to length of days or number of years, as much if man is to die in one generation as if he is to live ten thousand ages; as much if they bring their servant to sorrow as if they bring him to bliss. They who do not recognize their essential sanctity, but who pay them an outward respect for the sake of reward hereafter, are politicians and self-seekers, whose servile fear and love are no whit more respectable, but a great deal more shocking, for being projected on a scale of eternity. Does God become more living and true by being diffused over a thousand years? Does Providence become more equal or tender by annexing another realm to its reach of dominion? Does human nature gain one additional quality, or enter into the enjoyment of one new privilege, by prolonging, for a century or two, its stay here or there? Does human life in its relations above and below, in

its true aims, its lawful duties, its ultimate issues, take on a shade of solemnity the more from the circumstance that it is not terminated by the grave? He who says so has yet to learn what God and Providence, human nature and human life, are. He that says so is no friend of religion, however strong a champion he may be of another life. His belief that a myriad summers will pass over his head will not bring him to the outermost border of the everlasting; ay, to his sordid mind such a belief may be, on the whole, less awful than the thought that he is one day to perish forever. Is there no truth in the old familiar saying that virtue is its own reward? If not, then virtue must go unrewarded, for God does not pay saints with peaches, nor sinners with pills. The words, "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable," were not spoken in the great Apostle's loftiest strain. He was shut up too closely with his immediate argument to take a comprehensive view at that moment of spiritual truths; he was thinking of those wild beasts at Ephesus; the perils of his stormy career came pressing upon him; for the instant he forgot his heavenly raptures in his earthly cares, and, in the bitter sense of his losses, failed to remember that all things were his,—the world, and life, and death, and things present, and things to come,—that he himself was God's. To demand heaven as a recompense for goodness is much like asking a crown as a recompense for health. Is it not enough to be well? The man in perfect physical condition looks back with entire complacency on his fastings and medicines, his tiresome walks and hard rides, his bruises at the gymnasium and falls from horseback, his misfortunes with foil and boxing-glove. They have helped him to his vigor,—and the vigor they have given him abundantly repays him for the hardness and the toil. So the good man is rather grateful to "the beasts of Ephesus," and, instead of demanding pay for fighting them, counts it gain enough to have had such foils for his courage and patience and all-conquering faith. Victorious virtue more than pays him for all he has endured and sacrificed. "O God!" said the Persian Saadi, "bless the wicked; for thou hast done enough for the good, in that thou hast made them good."

But we are preaching instead of reviewing, and it is time that both preaching and reviewing were brought to an end. These thoughts of ours, and all other thoughts on the subject of immortality, may be found amply unfolded and illustrated in the volume before us. It is a volume of exhaustive information and a most various interest. It has something for every class of minds except the frivolous. Here is erudition for the learned, speculation for the thoughtful, and quaint lore for the curious. Here are arguments for faith, and incitements to devotion ; here also is everything that can be said against faith, honestly stated and strongly. The student of the New Testament will find here valuable hints towards its interpretation, and the philosophical inquirer will be enlightened in almost every chapter. Even those who read for entertainment will not take up the book in vain ; and those who delight in intellectual freedom and sentiments honorable to the human mind, will rejoice in its manly and lofty strain.

To the general reader the work is much increased in value by a full index to its contents, and to the studious by a complete bibliography of the subject, prepared at immense cost of time and toil, by a gentleman of miraculous perseverance, astuteness, and accuracy, who, having undertaken this task, would not abandon it till it was finished to his own satisfaction, although in order to finish it he delayed the publication of the work for a couple of years. But the time was well spent. Mr. Abbot has given us, not a dry list of books, but a most impressive historic survey of the literature of the doctrine of a future life. He has gathered his materials from every source with surprising patience and skill, carefully analyzed and grouped them under appropriate subdivisions, giving the authorship of each book, its place and date of publication, its size, and making a special note of any particular concerning it which is uncommonly interesting or important. He has made a large number of valuable discoveries, definitively settling many long-disputed questions as to authors, dates, translations, editions. He has brought to light a great mass of curious historic material, in several departments of the subject, unknown before even to our best scholars. His work covers about a hundred and fifty double-columned royal octavo pages, in fine type, and includes, in round numbers, five thousand

distinct publications,— an emphatic witness of the intense interest felt by mankind in the question of their immortality.

The principal topics under which this huge mass of works is distributed, are the following :— Nature of the Soul ; Origin of the Soul ; Duration of the Soul ; Doctrine of the Soul and the Future Life among Heathen Nations ; Doctrine of the Future Life in Christian Theology ; Death ; The Intermediate State ; Sleep of the Soul ; Limbus Patrum ; Descent of Christ into Hades ; Purgatory ; Resurrection ; Resurrection of Christ ; General Judgment ; Heaven ; Degrees of Blessedness ; Recognition of Friends ; Beatific Vision ; Hell ; Degrees of Punishment ; Comparative Number of the Saved and the Lost ; Future State of Infants ; Future State of the Heathen ; Future State of Heretics ; Works on the Salvation or Damnation of particular Individuals, such as Adam, David, Socrates, Trajan, Cicero, Thomas à Becket ; Duration of Future Punishment ; Spiritualism or Spiritism ; The Immortality or Mortality of Brutes ; Index of Authors and Subjects.

Without a thorough examination no person can form even a faint conception of the fascinations this bibliography possesses for scholars, and its amazing instructiveness and value for every intelligent reader. Especially to every clergyman is this work one of such incomparable usefulness, that he cannot glance over its teeming chapters without deeming it an absolutely indispensable addition to his library. Here, all collected and spread before his eyes, is the most vital and extensive doctrine of theology, each of its parts distinctly defined and traced in its chronological order of development, with an accurate reference to everything that has ever been written on it. Mr. Alger's part of the volume gives a critical history of the thoughts and sentiments embodied in the doctrine of a future life. Mr. Abbot's part gives a descriptive history of the literary presentation and discussion of these thoughts and sentiments. Together they virtually exhaust the subject, and constitute a work which, for scholarly elaboration, completeness, and scope, is not rivalled by any single work this country has yet contributed to theological literature. We congratulate Mr. Alger on the conclusion of his long labor of love,— a worthy labor, which cannot fail to prepare him for other labors still worthier in the time to come.

ART. II.—THE PLACE OF “MODERN PAINTERS” IN ART-LITERATURE.

Modern Painters. Vol. V. By JOHN RUSKIN. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1860. New York: John Wiley. 1860.

It was a memorable excitement which waited on the publication of the first volume of “Modern Painters, by a Graduate of Oxford.” There was good promise in it, which is now-a-days plainly in its fulfilment. Among the elements in the interest aroused, these were obvious,—curiosity as to the unknown author, admiration of that wonderful style which at once took its place with the noblest expressions of English letters, and equal admiration of strong thought and fine imagination, and of precious material drawn from generous learning and large acquaintance with literature, from careful study and love both of nature and art, and from scientific knowledge. And deeper sympathy, too, was given to the earnest humanity and religiousness of the writer. But, to intensify the interest into excitement, there were, beside these elements, on the one hand eager reception of, and on the other quick opposition to, strange general views of art, put forth with great boldness, in connection with particular criticism, quite unorthodox, of certain old masters, and a hearty assertion of the claims of Turner to the highest artistic rank. The excitement became controversy, and the controversy strife. For here was, to some, denial of the gods ; to others, a pulling down of idols. Here, in one regard, was the bolstering up a pretender, and, in the other, a rightful apotheosis. Extremists in the contest still hold Mr. Ruskin as a deceiver in art, or as an infallible guide. Platonists and Aristotelians were never at wider variance. Realists and Nominalists, after their day’s easy fashion, dealt more finishing blows with fist or dagger, but were not more in earnest than the contestants for and against “Modern Painters,” in skirmishes of table-talks and battles of quarterlies and magazines.

The present review will not assume the fanaticism of either party. It confesses, still, its sympathy with the over-enthusiastic defenders, rather than with the ultra-illiberal offenders.

For, in this fifth volume, as in the preceding four, we have found more that is enjoyable, helpful, and inspiring, than in any other work of art, so that we place it on the library shelf and in the mind's corner with the choice and friendly few. And we hope to give here some poor expression to our rich feeling of honor to the man, and of admiration of his work.

At the outset, therefore, we must notice, with regret, that the one journal devoted to the well-being of art in this country reviews this new volume with a foolish flippancy more disreputable than stupid attack. We have a right to expect better things of it, since it puts upon its title-page, as expressing its purpose, that direction of Paul, to think on things true, honest, pure, lovely, and of good report. The appearance of such a book-notice is a direct disclaimer of the noble legend, which at once commits it to the largest toleration, and holds up to it the loftiest of aims. By such writing is neither advanced what is "true, honest, just, pure, and lovely" in art, nor the "good report" of artists. Its spirit is adverse to real "virtue" in the work, and to worthy "praise" of the worker. It bears no mark of having thought "on these things."

Whether the quantity of work done by Mr. Ruskin in these last seventeen years be regarded, or its quality, or its effect, it is the ample vindication of the free expenditure of the best part of his life. Certainly, it is no small result. Beside five volumes of "*Modern Painters*," there are three of "*The Stones of Venice*," and some six or eight smaller ones upon special art-topics, not to number the "*Academy*" pamphlets and infrequent papers for the reviews. This is a larger contribution to the literature of art than that of any other English writer, save, perhaps, the compilers of books of reference. And in all, the author takes to himself the command to honest painstaking, obedience to which he so often enforces upon artists, as a great part at once of their duty and of their success and fame. Now, if work is of that divine quality that genius can be defined as but the imperial capacity for working, for doing where other men are idle, then Ruskin may rest his claim to the high attribute simply upon this sum and substance of his diligence. But the quality fits the quantity. And in this the justice of the claim most appears. For there meet

here in rare combination and striking exercise those fine intellectual and moral powers, whose memorable possession and use by great poets and by all higher æsthetic and spiritual teachers, we call, as by peculiar right, genius. The effect, too, though hindered by prejudice and tradition, now bears some good proportion to the amount done, and responds not faintly to the nobleness of spirit which dictated, and to the greatness of the powers which have carried the work through. Genius, besides, has its own way at last, though late. And it needs little prophetic skill to foretell that the result will be a wider and better appreciation of art, exactly commensurate with the large and good service to art so faithfully rendered.

In an attempt to assign the rightful place to "Modern Painters" in our art-literature, a brief review will not be amiss of what has been done for art in English and American letters. This for comparison's sake. Then, we purpose some consideration, necessarily brief and incomplete, of intrinsic qualities and essential merits in the book.

Works, in our language, are by no means rare, upon the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture, in their various relations of history, philosophy, technics, political and religious bearings, influence upon national and individual character. Our literature is rich as any in this respect. But in the catalogue of writers there is not one whose merit, however great and fairly allowed, may match the claim to be asserted here for Mr. Ruskin.

The well-known works immediately occur to us. And these comprehend about all that our literature owns in illustration of art. For artists' instruction are academic lectures like Reynolds's and Fuseli's, and technical works like Eastlake's and Leslie's, Pugin's and Fergusson's. For more general information, to nurture generous taste and wise judgment, are Mrs. Jameson's books,—against whose name we have too soon to write the word, lamented,—the refined historical sketches of Lord Lindsay, and hand-books, like Sir Edmund Head's "Spanish and French Schools of Painting." Certain valuable translations have made for themselves a place and an authority in our art-literature. Such are Eastlake's and Head's editions of Kugler's hand-books, and the remarkable little work of

M. Rio, on religious art, impressive by a singular delicacy of thought, characteristic of the gentle and sweet, though ascetic, pietism of the high Romanist view. Works like Dennistoun's "Memoirs of the Dukes of Urbino," and Sterling's "Annals of the Artists of Spain," contain important matter of biography and criticism. Biographies, like Vasari's "Lives," and Harford's "Michel Angelo," and Taylor's "Haydon" and "Leslie," are of good account to the student of art. There are cumbrous books of reference, full of curious, tedious, and, to use an adjective of German length, once-in-an-age-valuable details. Such are the translation of Lanzi's history, and *catalogues raisonnés* like Smith's "French, Flemish, and Dutch Schools," and Waagen's "Art-Treasures of Britain."

The one large American contribution to art-literature is Mr. Lodge's translation of Winckelmann's work on classical sculpture. The notable original works are in the form of records of travel turned to art-pilgrimage. Messrs. Wallace, Jarves, Hillard, and Norton, against all tourist fashion, took minds with them, as well as eyes, on their journeys, and studied, as well as looked, in the European galleries and churches. Of the first two gentlemen the books were, we believe, received with favor. Mr. Jarves's repute, as a friend of art, will, however, rest less upon his present works than upon the collection he has made of pictures illustrative of the early schools and history of painting. For these, the city fortunate enough to secure them for its people's culture and pleasure must hold him as a real benefactor. Mr. Hillard's "Six Months in Italy" is well known as the best of guide-books. No Italian traveller's satchel should be without it. And not the most fastidious Athenian, going seaward from the Piraeus of Long Wharf or steamer-dock, could ask a better companion to keep him from "dilating with the wrong emotion." Still, much as we prize the book for its quiet style, the refinement of its observation, and freedom from pretence in its criticism, we confess the feeling of a lack in it of the generous enthusiasm which is the best guide among the works of nature or of art. The sense of the old Latin direction to the orator, to be himself sorry if he would make his hearers weep, should be taken, for his opposite purpose, by the traveller who means to make a

book of his experiences and impressions. He must be glad in what he sees of beauty or of awe, if he would have his words persuade the reader to go along with him gladly. With all its correctness of thought and nicety of expression, the book is ever ungenial. Its way is not a friend's, but a guide's. We miss the red covers and the name of Murray. For every book has its fashion of address,—a personal mode of greeting and manner of its own in receiving the reader. And this, so admirable in many ways, annoys by an ungenial personality. It puts one ill at ease with a tang of polite or timid unheartiness. And it lacks that penetrative sympathy which alone reaches the innermost ideal of the master in the deepest sentiment of the masterpiece. Mr. Norton's modest volume, "Travel and Study in Italy," is, so far, the best thing done here for art-literature. Small as it is, it is much better worth than many bigger ones which make a large flourish in publishers' lists and on library shelves. The fine feeling and delicate thought in it search the springs of true art and the sources of nobly artistic life more deftly and deeply than ruder and more obvious critical qualities, which attract readier notice and get an easier repute. It has a gentle courtesy, which ought to "make its fortune," if the old writing-copy is true and may be turned from "a man's manners" to a book's. Mr. Ruskin says of it, that, in respect of the estimate of religious art in Italy, he has found no book whose "tone of thought is at once so tender and so just." Beside this, praise of its gentlehood and simplicity must be superfluous. But we cannot help noticing that the book holds this high regard not by itself alone, but in connection with those papers on the "Vita Nuova" of Dante which appeared in the Atlantic Monthly in 1858. They deserve a better place than in those scattered numbers. And it is to be regretted that report did not say true, and that the conjunction was not visibly made, which by invisible intellectual and spiritual nexus does exist, between the essay on the Orvieto Cathedral and that on Dante's New Life, the choicest of the memorabilia out of the Magazine for which it was written.

It takes nothing from the proper merit or repute of these writings, to put the works of Ruskin before them all. No

ghost will be vexed, and no writer still in the flesh ought to feel jealous, that the "Graduate of Oxford" now takes, among writers on art, the highest degree of reputation and worth, by a wider and more effectual sanction than any university authority. The comparison need not be very searchingly pursued. Upon simple contrast, "Modern Painters" stands in a high and peculiar place. For its various interest and value, for the profuse beauty of its style, the scope of its intention, the richness of its material, the breadth and depth of its processes, and the reach of its conclusions, it stands by itself.

It will not, surely, be measured with technologies; for essays upon method, treatment of subject, management of color, and discourses upon modes and manipulations, valuable and indispensable as they may be, have a different and lower merit. Nor with histories of art and annals of its periods of rise and declension. Nor with memoirs of patrons and biographies of artists. For these deal most with external fact and circumstance. And if into their plan enters any view of the inner life of things or men, any inquiry into influences shaping the events and destiny of art, any consideration of the inspirations which possessed and of the material which fed the artist's mind,—what truth made him free, or what falseness, of "the lust of the eye and the pride of life," led his genius astray and kept him in sensual bondage,—the treatment of these themes remains limited by the form of the book, and under restriction by the scope of the purpose.

Perhaps a closer likeness is offered in a work like Reynolds's lectures before the Royal Academy. For dignity of manner, comprehensiveness of view, and true feeling for the worth of art to personal culture and national education, these discourses hold deservedly a high place. They are classic. No man could teach very wrongly who, like Sir Joshua, put Michel Angelo at the head of masters, and, as his last, best word in public instruction, spoke the name of that supreme artist. But set them side by side with the last volume of "Modern Painters," and the difference is at once marked, between the best academic teaching and that which, meant for a so much larger audience, demands and takes up a so much larger view of the teacher's office and responsibility.

Wider knowledge and deeper wisdom are conveyed, as the incitement is more finely urgent and the motive intends a more generous design.

There is in "Modern Painters" an affluence of power and commensurate furnishing of right purpose, which may well make other illustrations of art in our literature seem restricted and limitary. And this, too, while still the end these have in view is plainly a right end, and served with good ability, conscience, and success.

But, in short, we have the sense of working here to a foregone conclusion, and, as it were, of fussily fetching supports where all is fixed, or of making a play at bringing helps to what is established in a serious and noble helpfulness. We do not covet the absurd position of that famous and fabulous fly of La Fontaine, who thought he had buzzed the loaded coach up the hill: —

"Respirons maintenant! dit la mouche aussitôt:
J'ai tant fait que nos gens sont enfin dans la plaine.
Ça, messieurs les chevaux, payez-moi de ma peine."

We therefore leave the historical contrast, to take in hand some closer investigation of the merits of "Modern Painters." Yet we are sensible that, in any unfolding of the special argument from nicer regard of this work, we can follow only a little way along the line of it, which draws quicker sight and keener apprehension so far and so finely. Indeed, the argument will be, in the main, a gathering up of some of the reasons of our admiration. For little is learned in the *nil admirari* school. And we hold it the more profitable, as it is the pleasanter criticism, to select some from the many admirable features which are essential, than to linger over the few, not so admirable, which are by the way and partial, which damage the illustration more than hurt the substance, being defects of form, not vices of the spirit.

In brief, we accept wholly the writer's own showing in respect to his book. "From its first syllable to the last," he says, "it declares the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God, and tests all work of man by concurrence with or subjection to that; not written either for fame, or for money, or for conscience' sake, but of necessity,

rooted like a tree, therefore, not where it would, but where need was ; on which if any fruit grow such as you can like, you are welcome to gather it without thanks ; and so far as it is poor or bitter, it will be your justice to refuse it without reviling."

Still the wonder returns, that, where unequalled power seconded an attempt of such worth to art, there should not have been appreciation so quick and welcome so generous as to make it needless that the writer should thus explain himself. We could not account for the "reviling" of review-tirades, did we not know that the completer the treatment of a subject, the more partial may be the criticism ; and the more radical the reform intended, the blinder and ruder is apt to be the opposition. The controversy is to be interpreted in Ruskin's favor. Had he done less, or worse, or with smaller promise of influence, no such stir would have been raised about him.

To begin with the most external merit,—that of style is allowed on all hands. Nothing but the degree of blindness said to belong to those who will not see can help allowing it. It may be that the latest brightness dazzles us ; but in this last volume it seems more conspicuous than in the others. It is specially marked in the chapters, "The Earth-Veil," "The Leaf-Shadows," "The Lance of Pallas," and "The Wings of the Lion." These are strange titles, and, in their artificial look, appear to justify the criticism that they are tricks to catch the attention. The same may be said of the names of some of the drawings. As, for example, the "Venga Medusa" of the sketch of the storm-cloud, and the "Quivi trovammo" of the copy of Turner's dragon-guard of the Hesperian fruit. But catching arts hardly belong to so independent a critic. And it is both more generous and more correct to trace such fanciful-seeming names to the poetic symbolism which is so prevailing a tendency in Ruskin's method. This, however, in passing. The chapters thus entitled are notable for their charm of style. They may stand as types of the remarkable diction which combines nearly all the qualities which make writing excellent. They are gathering-places of the exuberant beauty, foci of the lavish splendor, which mark the whole work. By the emblazonment of vivid fancy and picture-loving descrip-

tion and grand imaginings, the pages seem suffused with visible tender tints, and shining with brilliant hues, like an illuminated manuscript. Was it Plato's which some one called he "purple diction"? This adds the bright magnificence of gold and gems to the sober magnificence of the purple. It is a fabric overspread with luxurious embroidery, and shot with gleams of opaline lustre, and with varying tints like sunset changes. To the intellectual sense it is what the sumptuousness of Veronese's "Marriage in Cana" is to the eye. But the graceful and gorgeous writing is no more rhetorical display, than "those folds of dress and fancies of decoration" are mere prettiness of bright paint. For the due subjection of these in the picture is matched by the due subordination of that in the book. Both take their value from what they clothe. In the painting, we are reminded, "the lustre and the folds are so long lovely while the folds are formed by the motion of men and their lustre adorns the nobleness of men; but cast them from the human limbs, golden circlet and silken tissue are withered, the dead leaves of autumn more precious than they." Likewise, the worthiness of the style, ordered in such beauty and appointed with such splendor, is in its express fitness to a noble humanity, clothed by it, of gentle feeling, wise thought, and spiritual discernment. In "Modern Painters," the delight given by gracefully set phrase is the charm of the writer's artistic temper, and what stirs us in grandly moving sentence is the impulse of his manly character. It is his high poetic imagination which, in some loftier music of the words, raises the mind to the heights of thought. And the heart obeys the incitement of his genuine religious spirit, when some more solemn ordering of the rhythm leads it to the supreme act of reason, and lifts it to "heavenly places," in silent transport of faith and voiceless rapture of worship.

The rich flow of the style, which is the most obvious quality of it, represents the most obvious quality of the writer's genius, its affluence. The very valuable and complete indices which appear in the last volume prove at a glance the close proportion in the work of large faculty and earnestness with large design and full accomplishment. If some one gifted with Carlyle's power of mental and moral portraiture shall, by and by,

attempt an intellectual and spiritual likeness of Ruskin, and it chances to be as faithful as the great essayist's picture of Luther, the truth of it will appear in the prominence given to this affluence of vigorous and various ability. This will be the pervading expression, the general look of the picture, from which the expressiveness of particular features, the lines of thought, the traces of emotion, the tokens of sentiment, the marks of imagination, may be caught in detail.

Sometimes this affluent, many-sided ability seems hardly managed deftly and successfully. The stream is not "without o'erflowing, full." There is trouble in guiding it, some splash and confusion in the direction of it. The very abundance causes turbulent eddying and wild swirl of side-currents, not good for calm passage and happy voyaging. Therefore, in this last volume we have had the impression of incompleteness and incoherence of parts, a certain indecisiveness and hurry of action, and failure of full attainment. As if in an embarrassment of riches the writer chose what seemed most important, but by necessity left many things fit to the harmonious conduct and symmetry of his work. Perhaps nothing beside this should be expected. Certainly, complaint is most ungracious that great and full benefit is not made better and larger. There are over-critical people who would quarrel with the favors of the very gods. If Pegasus were sent to their door, all saddled for them, they would be sure to look the gift-horse in the mouth. It is best to be content with what signal ability, let alone genius, does in its own way and direction. It is modest and profitable to keep a teachable temper before masterly adaptedness and special preparation.

Save for a final and express assertion of Turner's rank among the highest,—the design proposed, from the first, as a prime object,—the closing volume, though the end of the publication, is no more the conclusion of "*Modern Painters*" than the fourth, or the second. It is a work of conclusions, rather than a conclusion. It is not wound up with a last page or last chapter of definite and confined statement. The eloquent chapters, in this last volume, on Greek Sculpture and Venetian Art, are conclusive on those themes, but no more conclusive of the work than the memorable metaphysics of the

second volume. Those justly famous chapters on Imagination, Associative, Penetrative, and Contemplative, whose delicate and complete insight has intimate relation with the high faculty of which they treat, are as directly conclusive of the exhibition intended of the dignity of art and of its rightful place in high moral and mental culture, as any of those in which the work reaches its formal finis. So, too, of those in the fourth, on Mountain Landscape, where solemn shadows and changeful splendors seem to play, related to the gloom of purple cliffs and the glory of snowy summits. So, too, of many passages and portions besides, which might be taken and made essays by themselves. It is best so. By necessity of exuberant power and broad purpose it must be so. Equally ungracious and foolish it would be to find fault. If a treatise on mechanics or perspective were designed, a different process would ensue, and narrower capacity enter with the clean, square-cut finish of precept and line brought to one point.

Now we should think it precisely on this affluence and variety of his gifts that Ruskin's claim most rests to special honor from the class of artists. Yet their vote of golden opinions and good words is refused on this account. This is the very ground on which his peculiar place as a teacher is disputed, and the proper rank of "Modern Painters" is denied. The opinion is not uncommon that he is too eloquent to be a safe guide, that his poetic feeling persuades him away from practical views, that his enthusiasm affects his precision, and that all the seductive qualities which put him so high in literature, are, in proportion to their eminent power and combination, hindrances to reasonable counsel and profitable instruction in art. Fine writer, poet, philosopher, political economist, literary critic,—call him which of these you will, or all of them, but not a wise adviser or good teacher in the one purpose of his book, and of his life also. It is a mistake. For he who gives right impulse to the artist's head and heart is a wiser counsellor and better instructor than he who systematizes rules for his hand. He who sets forth, after such fashion that it cannot but be felt, the great intellectual and spiritual forces which work in and for true art, does more in the cause of art than the definer of processes or the adviser

of manipulations. In which has Ruskin done most for the great profession and its professors,—in the “Two Paths,” or in the “Elements of Drawing”? The narrow conceit of those priding themselves on being “practical” men has been often exposed. But much remains to be learned about the difference between the meanly and the nobly practical.

“Modern Painters” is nobly practical. It proceeds upon the conviction, and is fairly judged only by the belief, that, the better stored and cultured the artist’s mind, the better artist he will be, supposing his innate bias toward art. Genius, indeed, will take all things to itself, for it is rightful owner of all. As Michel Angelo was poet, philosopher, painter, sculptor, architect, engineer, soldier, at once. As Leonardo was nearly his compeer in the munificent furnishing and great capacity of his nature. And as all the great artists of that great age, from Giotto to Titian, had a magnificent privilege of appropriation, a certain right of seizin. And when the artist has not genius in the high sense, but is simply faithful and patient in the use of his smaller gift and in following the light which comes to him, he becomes great, as he is teachable and painstaking, not only in doing but in acquiring.

It may serve our purpose to follow out a little more in detail Mr. Ruskin’s relation and benefit to the artist-craft. It will further our present suggestion of those merits in “Modern Painters,” on which depend our admiration of it, and our claim for it of the first place in English art-literature. The failure justly to appreciate it arises, however, from much the same reason in general readers as in the artist-class. Only they have the advantage of coming to it without professional and technical prepossessions, which are the hardest of all for a teacher to fight against, and for the pupil to rid himself of and leave his mind clear and generous. The misapprehension arises from mistaking the intention, and from judging by some portion, not by the whole.

The intention is mistaken. That intention, we mean, which is not so much meditated in the deliberate purpose of the writer, as spontaneous in the character of his mind or the quality of his genius. It is to be borne in mind that “Modern Painters” is not a strict system of art-precept and practice,

where principles and rules all hang together and the parts are closed up with obvious coherence. It is not an art-philosophy, if, as terms go, exactness of form and closeness of method are conditions. Yet it does deserve that name, we claim, if philosophy be an aspiration rather than an acquisition; love of wisdom, for so the root of the word intends, more than attainment of wisdom. Its author is, however, no philosopher in the sense of a system-maker and definer of metaphysical niceties. His power is in his perceptions, so fresh and so fine. And in these vivid and truthful perceptions, his work bears close relation and imports great benefit to the class of artists; likewise, to all students and lovers of art and nature. His genius has a broader scope than to devise methods, and designs better than to lay down "line upon line and precept upon precept." May we borrow Mr. Mansel's terms, and call it, not regulative, but speculative? It is as a seer, not as an overseer, that it is to be esteemed and its direction followed. It is comprehensive of ideas and their wide-stretching relations. It has the vision which gazes far and the insight which searches deep. It travels broad ranges of truth in its large discourse, and pursues narrow ways of fact in its nice inquest. Regarding many things on many sides, and searching distantly and near, it is greatly inconsistent; not, however, in reckless license, but in chartered liberty. It is the inconsistency which betokens growth, generosity, and freedom of the mind and heart, and is such as is ever the attendant of all wider knowledge and the condition of all wiser teaching. For there is a consistency which comes by narrow view and poverty of thought. And there is an inconsistency which happens by reason of large comprehension and wealth of intellect. That may be mere dulness and sloth of the brain. This belongs to the mobile and diligent mind. Consistency is a friend, but truth is a greater friend. And in respect of the inconsistency in "Modern Painters," Mr. Ruskin well says: "The oscillations of temper and progressions of discovery, extending over a period of seventeen years, ought not to diminish the reader's confidence in the book. Let him be assured of this, that unless important changes are occurring in his opinions continually, all his life long, not one of those opinions can be on

any questionable subject true. All true opinions are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment, therefore of change. But their change is that of a tree,—not of a cloud.

The work is also wrongfully judged by portions of it, not as a whole;—an injustice equal to mistaking the intention of it. Some persons seem never to get over the shock an unlucky writer gives their prejudices or affections. The early severities against Claude, Salvator, and the Dutch masters still rankle. And how can the unhallowed handling of Raphael's sacred cartoons be forgiven? A sturdy defiance, at the outset, of convention and tradition, in æsthetics, morals, or religion, is the unpardonable offence. This, not the large discourse of artistic, ethical, or spiritual truth, and its gracious presentation, can clear. In judging the seventeen years' work of a writer, however, it is hardly fair to stick at one's early dislike of some of his criticisms, and dissent from some of his conclusions. It is not fair to him nor wise to ourselves. Justice here, as in all things, is the safe way. And critical justice strives to enter into the writer's mind, and to appreciate his spirit and scope in his work. To decide by what pleases or offends, by the way, is as partial as to judge a man by the anecdotes about him, not by his works. It is not requisite to "bolt" the whole of "*Modern Painters*." Hardly will "good digestion wait on appetite" so juvenile in its indulgence. But it is needful to come to some understanding of the genial animus of it, and to apprehend the author's catholicity of purpose and principle. To refuse this, because the prophets in the Transfiguration are called "kicking gracefulnesses," and the raising of the Apollo's hand thought to be human and the curl of his lip not divine, or because of the foolish and very English slur upon German philosophy, or for any reasons (and there are many) which touch parts of the work with censure, but do not reach the whole with blame,—this is to be stupidly partial. Deductions are to be claimed, and doubtless allowed, for apparent spleen and dogmatism, misinterpreting works, misconceiving artists, pressing dubious conclusions, and making incomplete criticisms. But this point of dogmatism is, we are sure, greatly over-urged. Ruskin is called self-conceited,

when he is simply self-composed, and presuming, when he is merely wiser or better informed than his critic.^{*} If any one has a right to dogmatize, he has the right by virtue of extended knowledge and a master's ability. Moreover, an antagonistic position and reformatory purpose are ever a premium upon self-assertion. To dogmatize may be a plain duty in the face of dull misconception and arrogant injustice.

Making large and hypercritical deductions for fault, there will remain still to be confessed and admired an outweighing substance of excellence. It is this which genial criticism chooses to consider. And no criticism can claim to be just which will not consider this. This gentle readers and diligent students of the work will be sure to find and value. And beside this, the author's crotchets of criticism and whims of fancy, his "oscillations of temper" and arbitrary decisions, his passing freaks of prejudice and caprice, will seem to them of slight account. Led in the line of fine perceptions and directed to large conceptions of art, nature, and life, these things will appear to them as merely by the way. And they will gladly yield to the impulse given, of a potent and fervid, yet lawful and sedate enthusiasm for what is beautiful and true. An enthusiasm alive, not only to whatever is lovely and sincere in art, but more and primarily to what always conditions that, to the beauty and truth, namely, in intellectual and moral life; whose grades, from constant presence and fulness of its power, to fickle visits and maimed influences, and down to its utter absence, mark inevitably the grades from greatness in art to vileness,—from the religious inspirations of early Italian masters, through the sensual classicism, and the facile, learned formalities of corrupted art, down to the bestial degradations of Jan Steen and Teniers.

We press the claim of "Modern Painters" to be studied in its wholeness, judged by the spirit and scope of it, and esteemed for its fine impulse to what is best in mind and heart. We, however, by no means claim that its solution of certain particular questions and its dictum on special matters concerning art must be at once received, or that they will finally be accepted. Their settlement rests, in the main, not upon those popular grounds of æsthetics and morals from which the

general reader draws his reasons, but upon arguments and issues of proper artistic pertinency. To discuss them does not, therefore, enter here; but a few of them we mean to state. They who have experience in the processes of art, the initiated into the mysteries of the craft, may fitly sift them. But the artist who undertakes such inquiry must have the real artist stuff in him. To do justice to it, art must be something more to him than the way of getting a living, or of earning local success and fame. It must be felt to depend on higher faculties than dexterity and knowingness, and be esteemed worthy, in the small way of the present, of some pursuit and portion of that devotion of power, that diligence of work, and that sincerity of purpose, which the great past of Dürer and Tintoret gave to it.

Some one may, for instance, collect, by and by, the reasons, and estimate their validity, why Turner is put at the head of landscape art. Certainly, not a few of them appear remote and fine-drawn. But they are the less, on that account, to be lightly pronounced upon. And he who undertakes the task must consent to long and patient study of that master's works, as well as of his admirer's famous exposition of his merits. It will be a lighter labor to trace the grounds for the rejection and somewhat scornful treatment of the traditional regard for the old masters,—of that for Raphael in particular. This has been much cried out upon, as the merest conceit and pride in differing from other folks. But who, the least instructed in what makes a work of art high or low, can fail to discern the sheer descent, in power and feeling, of the later "Charge to Peter," from the early "Sposalizio"? Most people echo old Vasari's praise of this gracious and "divine" master. But, sure, the great delight he gives need not make one blind to the difference between the truly inspired "Sistine Madonna" and the gracefully conceived "Transfiguration," between that great and serene imagination, "Opus Dei per manum Raphaelis," and this learned, worked-up composition, Raphael's work by Raphael's hand. We heard a doubt expressed the other day as to the correctness of Mr. Ruskin's statement that Turner was the first to perfect the chord of color, by giving scarlet its rights in light and shadow. This represents the particularity

of some of the considerations relative to art theory and practice, which, as they are treated in "Modern Painters," are still to be examined, and doubtless to good advantage. Inaccuracies have been exposed, we are told, in the "Stones of Venice." So, if here are any facts negligently observed, descriptions inaccurately given, the critic will be found sharp enough to inquire into them and set forth any unsoundness.

There is one question of much greater consequence than these here briefly stated, to whose critical entertainment and answer we look forward with special interest. What is the reconciliation in "Modern Painters" between naturalism and idealism in art, particularly in landscape art? We want Ruskin's philosophy of this fine matter expounded, and his essential thought fixed for us, bright and clear, out of the seeming most perplexing contradictions, and the manifold irrelevancies and side issues, which beset the line of argument. Argument? The inquiry may, perhaps, prove we have no right to use the word. For we have an inkling that this reconciliation is not to be made plain by ratiocinative process, either in this work or elsewhere. Is it not perceived by method of reason more than proved by course of reasoning? If Ruskin settles anything on this point, will it not appear in the sequence of fine perceptions, rather than along the line of formal argumentation? At any rate, the inquiry can proceed only upon careful collation of the passages which touch this point expressly, and by the broadest, most genial view of all that remotely bears upon it throughout the work. It will be successful only through a generous purpose to find out how far the truth of the matter is elucidated, and never by a carping search after the mistakes at which the author's observation or judgment may be caught a tripping.

In the settlement of abeyant matters, arguments may be shaken, conclusions disproved, statements contradicted, interpretations of fact denied. To be sure, we do not expect much of this adverse sort of thing. But however much of it be proven, there still remains sure and plain the impulse given, and still to be given, to better knowledge and juster regard of the claims, purposes, and benefits of art. This impulse we emphasize as the capital assurance to "Modern Painters" of

the place of honor and the high praise for good service done which we have urged for it.

It is, at last, not the extent of the view reported to us that moves our admiration and praise, but a sense of the height climbed to secure that breadth, the reflection what a summit is reached to command that view. The affluence and variety of the power at work are at first the striking things;— and we take delight in the attractions of the style, where dignity and clearness are constant and beauty ever recurs,— in the wealth of manifold illustration, the treasures of observation and learning, the reach of reasoning and conclusion, the calm assurance and fervid passion, the wise comprehension, subtle thought, gentle sentiment, and high imaginings. But more than the amplitude and varied range, the quality of the power engaged is the essential condition of the regard we feel and the claim we press. This, unregarded at first, in such unstinted bestowal, holds at last our admiration, and chastens transient and confused excitement over the work into a justified appreciation of it, and lasting, quiet pleasure in it.

Its intrinsic quality of spiritual insight is the prime characteristic of "Modern Painters," which makes it supreme in the literature of art. Not that this does not appear in other works. Lord Lindsay's, Mrs. Jameson's, M. Rio's, Mr. Norton's, are distinguished for it. But here it is at once more subtle and more full. In its early search, it did not seem quite catholic. But, in the progress of the book, and notably in the fifth volume, all suspicion of asceticism is cleared, and the inseeing faculty found to inquire broadly as well as to look keenly, both wisely discursive and finely scrutinizing, tolerant and delicate.

Therefore, the religiousness of true art has been all along asserted. The corollary has been drawn, too, that labor in art is worthy, as it is pious service, reverential and thoughtful. The sacredness of the art-calling is urged as the interpretation of the perfection of God's works, and all purpose and all work persistently depreciated which is not religious by humility and faithfulness, when it cannot be so by height of sentiment and grandeur of imagination. Good service this to artists and the friends of art;— from which it is no deduction that certain

Pre-Raphaelites misuse it like fanatics and pedants, claiming to follow in the strait way of its direction, when they walk in the narrowness of their own vanity and slender powers. And let it be confessed that it greatly enhances that service, and proves how good it is, that, under its encouragement, if not by its suggestion or inspiration, have appeared the noblest expressions our day can show of romantic and sacred art,—in Millais's "Huguenot," and Holman Hunt's "Finding of Jesus in the Temple." Much less is it any deduction from its credit or worth, that some have not the wit or the virtue to see or receive it, and so deny that any service is rendered.

There is nothing in letters or in life more impressive than to observe how surely he who deals with profound principles and lofty ideas is influential in many directions beside the one to which his affection or his will is consciously pointing. Their relations are infinite, and while he works by their inspiration to one end, he works also to many ends. He labors in numerous interests beside the special one to whose furthering or defence he brings their great authority to bear. He has truly "builded wiser than he knew." His edification is larger than appeared in his plan. This is the fine impression which remains upon closing the volume in which Mr. Ruskin ends his seventeen years' work. He is a true preacher of the Word. His service is not to artists only and students of art. Men and women, unlettered in and unconcerned with the fine arts, are encouraged and helped by him in the art of life. Among whose workers are few Angelicos and Angelos,—angelical, indeed, in their divine sending and inspired ministration. But in it each is to do what he can; great imaginations and inventions falling to few, but faithfulness, with its discoveries and exploits, denied to none; sublime frescos of Paradises and Judgments not to be achieved by every one, but something ever to be caught of the beauty which blooms by all way-sides, and in the sunshine of every day.

Now, when this review is of necessity come near its close, the matter is just touched which promises richest development. A high place has been assigned to "Modern Painters," because we are confident that to admire here is only to be just, and to pay great honor is only to give a small part of the due. But

the best argument for its right to such a place must thus remain suggested here, and not followed out.

It is memorable — for justice' sake and for praise — what the writer asserts to have been his object: "To declare the perfectness and eternal beauty of the work of God." It is no after-thought of the last preface, but the fore-thought of his mind and the fore-speech of his attempt. That, the whole work, through all the volumes of it, proves. Will it be thought, then, a strain at a figure to call it a true "Magnificat"? But who has not felt the language of it rise into music, and heard at intervals along its lines the absolute rhythm of a sacred lyric? It is so intrinsically, more than figuratively, — "Magnificat anima ejus Dominum." A drawing of Angelico's "Ancilla Domini" fronts the opening page of the last volume. To our fancy, it is rightly placed there, typical of the office and service of the book. For, as she sits there in her glorified humility and gracious aspect, herself the sweet prelude to her song, the hymn seems rising to her lips: "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

To the author, the picture may mean simply that art is the handmaid of the Lord and the servitor of religion. Sure, that is the high rank and office of art. By that its works and its servants, in all its forms, of painting, sculpture, architecture, music, or of life and action, are all to be tried, and proved worthy or unworthy according as they approach or recede from that rank, accept or scout that office. And when the book appears which shall make that truth plainer and more convincing than this, now so incompletely reviewed, then "Modern Painters" will take a second place in the literature of art.

ART. III.—ORIGIN OF THE GOSPELS.

1. *Die Evangelienfrage in ihrem gegenwärtigen Stadium.* Von DR. CH. H. WEISSE. Leipzig. 1856.
2. *An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Canonical Books of the New Testament.* By WILLIAM MARTIN LEBERECHT DE WETTE. Translated from the Fifth Improved and Enlarged Edition, by FREDERICK FROTHINGHAM. Boston. 1858.
3. *Beiträge zur Evangelischen Kritik.* Von. DR. FR. BLEEK. Berlin. 1846.

OF the four accounts of Jesus of Nazareth that have come down to us, it is remarkable that the historical value of the fourth, which bears the name of the highest authority, John, should have been brought into special doubt. Could we have been consulted in the selection of the persons who should prepare for us written accounts of Jesus, should we not without hesitation have named Peter, James, and John, the last especially, as the nearest friend of Jesus? And yet how stands the case? Of the four Gospels, two bear the names of Mark and Luke respectively, and neither of these was personally in attendance upon Jesus, and a third is attributed to Matthew, who, although a personal disciple of his, was not among the most eminent. The fourth and last bears the name of John, and we should naturally suppose that this least of all the four would be exposed to objections on the score of credibility. And yet it has been pronounced by some, acknowledged and laborious scholars, to be destitute of nearly all historical authority.

We propose in the following article to present some considerations, which appear to us to explain the case, and throw light upon the vexed question of the origin of the Gospels.

Jesus himself never wrote a word. Nor, in such provision as he is reported to have made for the dissemination of truth, did he make any allusion to the necessity or propriety of preparing written statements of his acts and sayings. This method of publication he never took into account. He thought only of communicating truth by word of mouth, and by living Gos-

pels and living Epistles. He did not forbid his friends to make a record of what he had said and done, but neither did he command, or recommend it even.

This indifference to written methods of publication may be regarded as characteristic of the genius of his Great Movement. And we think it is clearly traceable in the beginnings of the literary history of Christianity. The truth that dwelt in Jesus appears to have descended unwillingly into a habitation made with hands. It passed slowly into a literary form, and only at the last, incidentally, and as it was necessitated in the course of things. It would seem as if the living Spirit shrank with prophetic instinct from the corruption of the dead letter, and relucted at the unequal companionship.

First came letters, epistles, twenty-one in number. Of these twenty-one, only seven are ascribed to immediate disciples of Jesus. And of these seven, the second of Peter, the second and third of John, and the Epistle of Jude, are of disputed authorship. So that three only of the whole number are received as the undoubted works of Christ's personal friends. The rest are Epistles of Paul, who did not become a disciple of Jesus until some years after his death.

And in all these earliest Christian writings there is no reference to the particulars of the life of Jesus, always excepting his death and resurrection. This silence it has appeared difficult to account for on the supposition of the truth of the previous history of Jesus. It strikes one as very strange that no allusion should be made in the Epistles to the facts contained in the Gospels, if those facts were true. In explanation of this remarkable feature of the Epistles, we do not content ourselves, or think to satisfy the reader, with the suggestion that they were called forth by circumstances, and designed, not to recall past events, but, for the most part, to meet new questions and new states of mind that arose. There are positive and interesting reasons why the Epistles are just what they are.

We at the present day regard the Christian revelation as substantially closing with the final disappearance of Christ, and we naturally wonder that his disciples were not more careful than they appear to have been to record every act and word of his for the information of those who came after them. But we

forget that, to the first disciples, when Jesus had disappeared, the Great Dispensation had hardly begun. It is true, they believed they had seen and heard the glorious Messiah. But it was the Messiah *incognito*. The great Coming was yet to be. They were looking for the visible return of Christ, and that very shortly, and with demonstrations of power which would cast all that they had witnessed, remarkable as it was, into the shade. They stood with their backs to the Past, in an attitude of absorbing expectation. The splendor of the near Future shone into their hearts and filled them with a faith which did not need to seek strength in the Past. In the rapid succession of stirring events which they were witnessing, and in which they were sharing, there had come no period when they might pause to review and record what had been. They were too much occupied in making history to think of writing it. Of all that had occurred, the death and resurrection of Jesus, being the crowning facts, alone had power to retain a distinct place in their minds. But even these great events are nowhere referred to in the Epistles in the shape of a formal narration, unless we except the fifteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, where something in the form of a brief account of the reappearance of Christ after death is found.* Everywhere else these two prominent facts are alluded to only for the sake of signifying the spiritual experiences of the writers and their fellow-believers,—e. g. “If ye then be *risen* with Christ,” “*crucified* with Christ,” &c.,—which shows, we think, how the external body, the historical form, of the details of the life of Jesus was fused and melted into their inmost consciousness, or buried there like seed, out of which the loftiest hopes were springing. Christ himself was present with them more intimately than ever, and the idea of him glowed within them like a live coal. Looking for his visible return in power and great glory at any moment, and for a revolution of unimagined grandeur, they had little inclination to dwell upon the receding past, or, if they did revert to it, they could hardly suppose that there was time left for preserving the memory of anything. The night was far spent, the day — the great day of the Lord — was at hand.

* A brief account of the origin of the Lord's Supper occurs in 1 Cor. xi. 23–25.

This state of things being duly taken into account, the Epistles cannot be expected to furnish a record of the events by which they were preceded, nor will it be thought singular that no formal narratives of the past are found in them. Not records are they, but results or effects of what had previously occurred ; a natural continuation of the order of events which began with the life of Christ, and just such a continuation as might have been looked for, a circle cast off upon the waters which had been stirred so powerfully by Christ.

But as time wore on, — as the exciting expectation of the immediate reappearance of Christ and of a wholly new order of things abated, — the particulars of his life gradually grew in interest and importance, and narratives of his acts and sayings, it is natural to suppose, began to appear, — fragmentary sketches of separate passages of his career, of striking words and incidents. Possibly the personal reappearance of Christ being so long delayed led in part to the recalling of his words and acts, to the gathering up from his life of whatever might justify and strengthen the faith in him which was put to trial by this disappointment.* Be that as it might, in the introduction of Luke's Gospel it is stated that “*many* had taken in hand to set forth in order a declaration of the things which were most surely believed” among the first disciples.

These early sketches, chapters of the histories of Christ, which we now have, made their appearance, we suppose, in different quarters, and at various, although not long, intervals. They were taken down here and there, sometimes perhaps directly from the lips of some one of the immediate witnesses of the things related, or they were obtained from those who had had direct communication with the first disciples, or they were prepared by some of the immediate actors in those scenes.

And the form which they first took, as it was likely to be the most faithful, so was it the form which it was most likely they

* This remark receives confirmation from the fact that the passage which we have already referred to (1 Cor. xv. 4 – 8), one of the only two passages in the Epistles where there is an approach to a narrative form of reference to past events, was occasioned by the doubts that began to be expressed concerning the resurrection of the dead, — doubts that arose, probably, from the delay of the coming of Christ, with which event the resurrection of the dead was expected to be coincident.

would keep ; not, at the first, because of any of the superstitious reverence for the letter which has since so long protected it, and which the letter could hardly have inspired at that early period, when there were so many living depositaries of the facts, but because the people among whom these primitive documents circulated were not practised in the arts of composition, and their unskilled fingers were not likely to tamper with the letter of these early Scriptures. It was enough if they were able to read them. The art of writing, in those days, especially among those classes to which the first Christians for the most part belonged, was neither common nor facile. As the facts of the life of Jesus — which, had they occurred now, when the implements of this art are so abundant and so powerful, would have been printed and published all over the world within the next four and twenty hours after their occurrence — were slow in getting written down ; so, when once written, they would not be likely to undergo any changes or alterations but such trivial ones as were caused accidentally and without intention. Hence the verbal similarity of the present Gospels, composed, as we suppose they are in great part, of these primitive documents.

Such accounts, circulating more or less widely, becoming, as time passed and the number of the immediate actors in those great scenes was lessening, more and more valuable, what could be more in the course of things than that they should tend to unite, and to be connected in something like orderly narratives ? That is, when any person had obtained a copy of any one or more of these records, he would naturally desire to possess others ; and so the forming process of the Gospels as we now have them would go on. In some instances, where small companies of believers were so situated that they had only occasional opportunities of hearing about Christ, we can readily suppose that these early documents would be objects of special interest and care. Or, as Luke was moved to prepare his account for his friend Theophilus, so a desire on the part of individuals here and there to communicate to distant friends some information respecting events so interesting, would lead to the composition and compilation of these primitive narratives. The probable circumstances which would

cause writings of this description to be prepared, collected, and preserved, are many and various.

Thus gradually taking the form in which they have now for long centuries become fixed, those names (we refer now to the first three Gospels alone) were attached to them ; — Matthew's and Mark's, for instance, that seemed to belong to them, either from the fact that from these persons had been more or less directly derived the larger or the most important portions of them, or because Matthew and Mark had given these writings the sanction of their authority, or for some other and even slighter reason. Luke's Gospel, it is evident upon a careful examination, was made up in part after this manner, from materials previously existing, prepared to his hand and already having greater or less circulation. From these he was qualified to make a selection by the opportunities he had enjoyed of personal intercourse with those who knew. And sometimes, it is evident also, he put his materials together according to his own idea of their connection. At all events, the names which are severally connected with the first three Gospels were not attached to them arbitrarily. There must have been some positive ground for attributing them to Matthew, Mark, and Luke respectively. Otherwise names of higher authority would have been selected.

It is not necessary to suppose that Matthew wrote the whole of the Gospel which bears his name, or Mark the whole of his. They were not practised writers, and would not be likely to write over again what they found already written to their hands, and knew to be substantially true. Indeed, when all the circumstances are considered, it will not appear improbable that portions of the first three Gospels had no authors,—no authors who thought of being known as such, no authors whose names could carry any additional authority, or who had any purpose beyond the simple desire which must naturally have arisen in many minds to preserve in a written form the memory of things so remarkable. In a word, we can easily conceive that, in their primitive forms, these histories appeared and went into circulation somewhat in the way in which certain popular sayings appear and spread far and wide, nobody knows whence, by an irresistible outburst of nature, answer-

ing some new want, responding to some new form of thought or shade of feeling, and, of course, representative of a natural truth.

When the Gospels first began to circulate in these incipient forms, there must have been numbers who were already familiar with their contents, and able to judge concerning their authenticity, from having heard them long and often before from competent persons. Accordingly, we may understand how it was that the growth or multiplication of these writings was limited by their truth. Some few documents of a fabulous character may have become incorporated with them, but not many. The publicity and general knowledge of the main facts would naturally operate as a check upon the indefinite increase of such documents. And gradually, as the number of those who had more or less direct knowledge of the facts of the history became less,—in a word, as the generation to whom the facts were thus known was passing away,—not only would these records rise in value, but any new ones that might appear lacking the voucher of any previous general acceptance would be regarded with distrust, and be refused admission to the received Gospels.

It must be borne in mind, however, that documents of either sort, true or false, could not have multiplied in those days with anything like the rapidity of the present times. The world was not then overrun, as it is now, with ready writers. Besides, Christianity was not made off-hand,—it grew, and all growth is gradual; and before it had begun to harden into shape, before its friends became a denomination, or any partisan aims began to alloy their faith and tempt them to resort to questionable means to advance their cause, there could hardly have existed the motive to fabricate documents, which betrayed itself subsequently in the Apocryphal Gospels, in the Gospel of the Infancy of Jesus, for example, which shows its spurious origin in the prominence given in it to one of the germinating dogmas of the Church, which has only in these latter days, in the formal declaration of the Immaculate Conception, flowered out into full bloom,—the worship of the Virgin Mary.

The origin of the Christian records, which we have thus en-

deavored to trace, is in striking and natural accordance with the indifference to the letter to which we have referred as characteristic of Jesus, and accounts for the peculiarity in regard to the four Gospels which we began with stating. Neither Jesus nor his first disciples, filled as they were with the Spirit, made any haste to provide a literary vehicle for the truth. Only after a while, and on the outskirts or borders of the Christian movement, did the truth begin to crystallize into an historical form ; and the earliest names that gave it authority in this shape were names holding comparatively a subordinate place, — Mark and Luke and Matthew. And when a higher name appears, the name of John, in connection with a written declaration of facts, it is after a considerable interval, and under circumstances which give to his Gospel a character peculiar, but by no means inconsistent with its great historical value, as before we close we hope to show.

For the foregoing account of the probable manner in which the first three Gospels came into existence, we do not make any claim on the score of absolute novelty. We only submit that it is obvious and natural. It might be fortified, if such confirmation were necessary, by the authority of distinguished names, Neander's for example. But we prefer to look for the corroboration of it in the Gospels themselves. These authorize the suggestions which we have made by certain peculiarities in their spirit and structure, the most marked of which is what may be called their *impersonality*. Every reader must have been struck with this, the absence of all personal coloring in the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and in large portions of John's Gospel even. They show abundant marks of a certain period, of Jewish modes of thought and expression. But beyond this they seem to be the works of writers destitute of all personal opinions and feelings in regard to the subject in hand. They do not take the trouble to hint a word of favorable explanation ; and we are ready to question almost whether they were aware of the import of the things which they relate, or whether it ever occurred to them what a look their statements would have. We are really at a loss sometimes to determine whether it were friends, or strangers, the most indifferent lookers-on, who wrote these things down.

This peculiarity has often been referred to as indicative of the absence of all partisan motives, all sinister purposes in the minds of the writers. This it certainly shows. But it shows more than this. It indicates the absence, not only of any design that would create distrust, but of all those natural feelings of favor and admiration with which the subject was so powerfully fitted to prepossess the mind, and which manifest themselves irrepressibly in all other biographies that have ever been written. It is not easy, therefore, to reconcile the passionless character of these compositions with the idea that they were written throughout by persons — ardent friends of Jesus — who set themselves deliberately at work to communicate to the world some knowledge of their adored Master, upon whom in the Epistles the most exalted terms are so naturally and so abundantly lavished. Had the work been undertaken with a distinct purpose, — with any view, for instance, of convincing persons outside the growing body of disciples, — it is not likely or natural that it should have been done with so marked an absence of all personal feeling.

But suppose the Gospels to have come into existence and to have taken form in the way we have endeavored to describe ; suppose that incidents of the life of Jesus were told by one to another, as such things would naturally be told for their own sake, with no reference to anything else, with no formal view to a Life of Christ or to the furtherance of his truth particularly, — not at all as arguments to produce conviction, but with hardly any other feeling than such a sense of truth as they must have created, — and that, being thus told, they passed almost insensibly into the written shapes in which they soon became fixed ; — then, we think, the apparent absence of all anxiety to heighten their effect, of all concern for their credibility, — in short, the impersonality which characterizes these writings, — is very natural, and in keeping with this mode of their origin.

We are accustomed to speak as if the immediate disciples of Christ were the only witnesses and reporters of his acts and sayings. But the things that he said and did were said and done, in great part, in the presence, not of the Twelve alone, but of great crowds of people. And when it is considered

what his acts and sayings were, how striking they were, how powerfully fitted to impress profoundly the minds of all who looked and listened with the least degree of ingenuousness, it will not appear at all probable that his few professed followers were the only persons who were moved to tell what they had seen and heard. Reports of his words and deeds must have gone abroad from thousands of lips, from the persons whom he healed, or to whom or in whose hearing he spoke, and from their friends, and so must have become for a while and to some extent household words. (Luke vii. 17.) The world must have been full of unwritten Gospels. How much must have been actually told, when there was so much to be told that the author of the conclusion of the fourth Gospel doubted, if everything which Jesus did should be written, whether the world itself could contain the books that must be written ! Many of these reports, it is not impossible, gradually died away and disappeared altogether in the course of time, but not the most striking and important. These survived because they were striking and important, and had strength to live.* And nothing can well be easier to imagine, than that the accounts thus given of Jesus, and thus put into active circulation, not by formal design, but by the natural agency of those human emotions which his career awakened, should, in the course of time, take shape in written documents. And this, too, a considerable time perhaps before any of his nearest friends thought of giving them this shape. Regarding the first three Gospels as having thus come into existence more like natural productions than artificial compositions, we perceive how it happened that they are so singularly destitute of any personal character.

Another peculiarity of the Gospels, akin to the foregoing and accordant with our views of their origin and character, is their great simplicity,—almost rudeness,—as shown in their brief forms of expression and in the repetition of the same

* While this is true as a general remark, it is far from being impossible that, owing to special circumstances, incidents of very considerable interest may not have found a hand to record them as soon as other events of less moment. The absence of any notice of the raising of Lazarus in the first three Gospels may thus be accounted for.

modes of speech. There is no varying of phrases, nor the slightest trace of rhetorical facility. Looking only at their literary structure, we should judge them to be the works of persons into whose minds it would never have entered to write at all, if they had not been moved thereto by an irrepressible desire to fix in a permanent form the memory of the facts recorded,—persons who, so far from having any skill in composition, aimed only to get the things they wished to preserve into a literary shape somehow, and, when they had once accomplished the object, never dreamed of improvement or correction. Neither they nor those among whom these records first circulated had apparently any knowledge or idea of writing as an art. They were content to use the first and simplest modes of speech that came to hand. And therefore the forms which these documents first took they kept. They evidently belong to times and conditions corresponding to the "Pre-Raphaelite" period in the art of painting, when men used art hardly knowing that there was such a thing, employing it merely for the sake of expression, stiffly, rudely enough, but from the impulse of a religious sentiment insisting upon uttering itself. Hence it comes that, composed not only in ignorance of the art of composition, but with a sole desire to preserve the memory of the events recorded, these writings are the simplest possible, abounding in primitive forms of language, and in that scenic mode of representation which marks the first period of the art of written composition, before it becomes conscious of itself, or attains to any facility or refinement in diversifying its methods.

There is yet another characteristic of the first three Gospels, which seems to confirm this account of their origin. They not only do not appear to be composed with any careful reference to the order of time; the different parts are very slightly connected in any way. They readily fall apart, into separate pieces or narratives, each one of which is remarkable in and for itself, as an account of some remarkable saying or work of Jesus. Take, for example, that part of these records which gives us the striking answers returned by him to three different persons who came and offered to join him (Matt. viii. 18–22; Luke ix. 56–62). We do not feel bound to suppose that these

persons came to him all at once, in the order in which these incidents are given. It is not likely, considering the rebuff which the first met with. It is more natural, all circumstances being taken into view, to suppose that these several offers of service were made at different times and in different places. Each one of his replies is memorable, a word of wisdom by itself,—enough alone to immortalize the speaker and render him famous among the wise men of the world. The report of it, we suppose, ran into circulation by itself. It could not help being remembered and repeated, and at last recorded. It was a thing to tell. It had force to live and to speak. And then it was equally natural that these three similar anecdotes should come together in their present connection.

Indeed, when we take fully into view the character of the facts which constitute the substance of the first three Gospels, it seems not merely probable, but absolutely necessary, that the Gospels should have come into being somewhat in the way we are attempting to describe. But the important truth is, that *the nature of the facts* reported has never yet been sufficiently considered. It can hardly be said to be so much as ascertained. A great deal of ability and learning has been employed in the attempt to free the Gospels from the difficulties that encumber them, but with results far from satisfactory; and for the reason that, in most of the attempts of this kind which have been made, *the actual truth of the main contents of these books has not been duly appreciated*. How could it be? Theologians have not yet come to any clear understanding of the nature of the principal facts which they relate.*

* It would detain us too long to pursue the topic which opens upon us here. We are at a loss to know how, without some clear idea of the miracles as historical facts, it is possible to suppose the historical truth of the Gospels. The firmest ground reached by so able a theologian as De Wette in regard to the miracles is the innutritious theory of their "ideal-symbolic meaning." In the preface to the first edition of his *Commentary on the New Testament*, reprinted in the third, after confessing that, as to the possibility of believing the miracles now as they were believed by the first Christians, he is "*keineswegs starkgläubig*," he remarks: "That in which, whatever may be their views of the miracles, all may unite, is the ideal-symbolic significance of the miracles, to which I have here and there alluded, without intending to maintain that the narratives of the miracles are woven together merely out of ideas." And he defines "the genuine historical faith" to be "a sound, substantial moral

Accordingly, nothing like justice has as yet been done to the four Gospels, considered as simple historical records. The pious and learned men of a former generation who undertook the exposition and defence of these writings, were bound hand and foot by the dogma of their miraculous origin and character. Whilst Biblical critics of a recent date, in combating this error, have sometimes been driven to the opposite extreme, and have taken the ground that the Gospels, in the last analysis, so far from being miraculously composed, will be found to be wholly fabulous, or to yield only a very insignificant residuum of historical truth. The aim of these inquirers has not been to ascertain the precise truth, but to strengthen a certain position ; namely, that the four Gospels, as statements of real events, are entitled to very little credit. Others who have questioned these opinions have been drawn into the controversy reluctantly, handling the matter very gingerly, fighting shy, and standing chiefly on the defensive.

That such a position, in opposition to the historical authority of the Gospels, should have been taken by many and learned men, is not to be wondered at. It is a natural reaction from the exaggerated claims which have been urged with so much dogmatism for these books,—as natural, in an age of free inquiry, as the swinging of a pendulum. When it begins to be seen how utterly without foundation is the pretence in their behalf of a miraculous and literal inspiration, it would be strange if a tendency in the other direction were not created, strong enough to carry many an inquirer by no means destitute of a desire for the truth far beyond the true position which is to be found between these extremes.

But whether the tone of investigation which has been so prevalent in regard to the origin and character of the Gospels be natural and easily accounted for or not, there can be no question that some of our most learned inquiries in this di-

faith, which, upon the basis of the historico-ecclesiastical Communion (*auf der Grundlage der historisch-kirchlichen Gemeinschaft*), holds fast the principle that the spirit, which has become the life of the modern world, has its source in the personality of Christ, and that he is the creator of our religious life,”—which definition implies, if we understand it, that a genuine historical faith in the personal existence of Christ rests, not directly upon his personal history, but indirectly upon the existence and history of the Church.

rection have been pursued under a bias against their historical value.

Now we say that the sceptical theory concerning the Gospels — we call it so not invidiously, but only for the sake of designation — creates a special difficulty of a most vital character. When it is affirmed that these books — which, whatever traces they may show of the fabulous and the legendary, are nevertheless in their general structure and on the very face of them historical, narrative — are, after all, nothing but collections of fables, not only do there still remain to be accounted for the abundant and strong marks of an historical character which they show, but a special difficulty is created. Myths are they? mere creations of a wonder-loving fancy? How, in the name of common sense, came such a cloud of phantom facts to appear at the time they did, and to show, amidst all their variations, such extraordinary unity as they do, and to be connected, as they were, with one of the most imposing movements in the history of mankind? We presume it will not be questioned that they were early implicitly received, not as fables, but as actual events, historical truths. What made them to be received as such, and the reception of them to be connected with such marked changes in personal character and in the course of human history? It takes something more forcible than fiction to produce such effects. There must be some basis of fact, more or less broad, some germ of truth, more or less vigorous, out of which these histories grew, and by which they were rendered credible, and made to produce such palpable fruits.

Thus the sceptical theory itself leads us to see how impossible it is to account fairly for the existence of the Gospels, or to seek for the sources whence they sprung with any prospect of success, without giving some weight to the presumption that they contain some measure of truth, — without recognizing reality, fact, as at least one of the sources to which they owe their origin. And this presumption must have a very important influence, not only upon the conclusions which we reach, but in determining the method of the investigation, inducing us to attend to considerations which a preconceived idea of the mythical character of the Gospels and a desire to verify it must naturally lead us to overlook.

And the first thing to which we shall be induced to give more careful attention, and which will justify and strengthen the presumption of the historical truth of the Gospels, is their obvious historical structure. Let it be that many of the facts stated wear at the first blush a fabulous air, there is nevertheless a frequent occurrence of allusions to familiar places, times, and names. The special incidents recorded are interwoven, naturally and with a striking minuteness, with well-known circumstances. So abundantly is this the case, so obvious is the narrative style and form of the Gospels, that it is in these very historical peculiarities that the advocates of the sceptical theory have sought and have professed to find the evidences of the slight dependence to be put upon these writings as histories. The discrepancies and contradictions of the circumstances detailed have been set forth with the greatest diligence in formidable array against their historical credibility. Here, indeed, the main objections to their truth have been planted. And these objections have been urged as if they must needs be fatal to every claim to historical authority, and as if the worth of any writing, regarded as a history, depended solely or chiefly upon its circumstantial accuracy, and the correctness of its dates. A history may be quite unexceptionable in these respects, and yet leave us as much in the dark as to the real character and life and soul of the things recorded, as if it had never been written. We have a great deal of history of this description, and its value is very small. We verily believe that the chief reason why so many of the decisions of history are every day set aside, and a deep and wide historical scepticism generated, is, that so much history has been written as if there were nothing to be aimed at in its composition but circumstantial accuracy. In every genuine history there are moral harmonies,—there is an interior consistency, which greatly overbalances any verbal variations, and which at once attests the substantial truth of the events narrated, even amidst many circumstantial inconsistencies, and gives us a key by means of which many of those discrepancies may be explained.

And this leads us to mention the essential thing which is to be attended to, upon the supposition of the historical truth of

the Gospels, and that is, the moral consistency by which they are pervaded. Here is a feature of these writings which they who lay so much stress upon their circumstantial discrepancies, seem very little disposed to regard. They are apt to overlook it altogether. Whether from a constitutional inability to appreciate it, or from the blindness, naturally produced, to whatever does not harmonize with the views to which they are committed, we do not undertake to decide. But certain it is, that in the recent works which labor to overthrow the historical character of the Gospels there is scarcely any recognition — in Theodore Parker's Discourse of Religion not the slightest — of this inner harmony of the events related, each with itself, with one another, and with all the facts and laws of our nature. And yet, in our view, there is nothing pertaining to the Gospels more remarkable than what we call here the moral consistency of the facts. It is so pervading and so profound that, when we have once fairly caught sight of it, it creates in the mind a presumption of the historical reality of these writings so strong as to far outweigh all the objections that may be brought against them, founded upon their circumstantial inconsistencies. Let it be that it is impossible to straighten out their contents into anything like an orderly series of events, that difficulties arise out of their discrepancies that resist every attempt at solution, — still in and all through them there runs a harmony which impresses us with an irresistible conviction of reality. Although very little has as yet been done to bring prominently into view this feature of the Gospels, and that little has been regarded as at best only the fabrication of a lively fancy, — although the harmony of which we speak has been hidden, and still lies hidden, fathoms deep under a mass of false interpretations, and huge structures of dogmatic theology “covered with the awful hoar of innumerable ages,” — yet we are fully persuaded that it is a perception, or rather strong feeling, in the general mind of the interior harmony of this wondrous history, which maintains it in the faith of men, a substantial fact, undisturbed by the frequently repeated and most skilful attempts of human wit and learning to resolve it all into air.

What renders this internal consistency the more impressive,

is, that it is found in connection with so much circumstantial carelessness. While it is difficult to disentangle the actual facts, there is continually and impressively evident a naturalness that bears testimony to the breathing presence of truth; and not only so, it oftentimes puts into our hands the only clew whereby the involved narrative is to be unravelled.

And what is still more remarkable is the fact that the moral harmony of which we speak appears throughout, not only in those portions of these books which relate nothing unusual, but nowhere more impressively than in some of the very passages which at first sight wear a strong mythical look. We know no part of the Gospels that we might be more inclined, on the face of it, to suspect to be a fabulous or allegorical statement, than the brief account of the baptism of Jesus. Most assuredly no passage of the history appears, at the first view of it, to be less reconcilable with the truth of things. And yet, fabulous as it looks, in the very forms of expression employed in this passage we trace the harmony of which we speak, — the harmony of the facts stated with each other and with the laws of human nature. Suppose the central fact of the baptism of Jesus, and it becomes, not a far-fetched conjecture, but a necessary inference, that such a state of mind must have been produced in him as absolutely necessitated the employment of some such forms or figures of speech as are actually employed to describe his spiritual experience on that occasion.

We pray the reader to consider this instance well. So strong is the disposition now-a-days to cast doubt upon the Gospels considered as credible historical records, with so much acuteness and learning has it been attempted to undermine their historical authority, and so little has been done to discover their intrinsic truth, save in merely defensive resistance to such attempts, that it is not at all easy to keep our minds unswayed by any unfavorable bias, — unfavorable, we mean, to a clear perception of the actual truth. It is difficult to exclude all distracting influences, and to weigh the contents of the Gospels with equal freedom and candor, with a single eye to their intrinsic worth and credibility. But although it is difficult, it is not impossible.

We ask attention now to the instance we adduce in illustra-

tion of our views, not because it furnishes us with an argument against the mythical theory, although such an argument it certainly does furnish, but for the sake of its own simple and natural truth. Suppose, then, we repeat, that Jesus actually observed the rite of baptism. No extravagant supposition, certainly. Is it fanciful, or is it not perfectly reasonable to infer that he observed it with the deepest emotion, — that it must have been to him an occasion of soul-searching solemnity, a new and inspiring experience, inasmuch as it was a deliberate entrance upon a new and untried course, which was to change his whole manner of life, usher him into scenes of public excitement and constant personal peril, and inevitably lead him, as he must have foreseen, to a violent end? And if so, if such a new and transcendent experience were then his, could he have kept it to himself? Could he have refrained from mentioning it to such friends as he soon gathered around him, and as would be deeply interested in knowing it? Must he not have told it to them, and with looks and tones of conviction so impressive, that those to whom he told it could as little keep from telling it afterwards over and over again? And how could he have described his emotions, on that to him great occasion, in a more natural way than that in which they now stand described forever? With the faith in the truth of his position and purpose of which he must have been conscious at that moment as never before, since never before had it been so strong as to move him to take so momentous a step,—with the clearness of his spiritual vision, undimmed then by any lingering shadow of hesitation or doubt,—was it not natural that everything should seem as clear to him as if he were looking right into the centre and heart of things, into heaven itself,—as if the very heavens were opened to him? Does not the consciousness of a pure purpose always open a whole heaven of truth and light to the soul? In the new and inspiring conviction of being in the right, which was naturally formed within him when he was obeying the right, was it not with him as if an articulate voice spoke to him and welcomed him with its approval to a filial relationship to the Highest? Is there anything more common than to describe a sudden and deep impression made upon the mind as pro-

duced by a voice heard? And in that ecstasy, if but a common dove, the already recognized symbol of love, hovered, within, or only flitted across the sphere of his rapt vision, could he have helped interpreting such an appearance at that high moment as a visible and beatific sign of the present God, so expressively described as "*like a dove*"? Does not history abound in similar interpretations of familiar appearances on critical occasions? Whence comes the whole system of omens and portents, but from what thus seems to be a law of the human mind?

But we must tear ourselves away from this topic, unless we mean to lose ourselves in the delight of tracing this interior harmony, which at once attests the truth and reveals the exquisite beauty of the contents of the Gospels. Suffice it here to say, that the moral consistency which pervades them is especially traceable in the account of the raising of Lazarus, and in the narratives of the resurrection of Jesus himself. In this last case we have an interesting example of the manner in which a perception of the internal truth and nature of the incidents, and of their keeping, one with another, helps us to disentangle and arrange in a natural order the different parts of the circumstantial narratives, otherwise inextricably confused.

We refer to only two or three passages in the Gospels. But, to show the importance of presupposing their historical truth, and of working out this supposition fairly and faithfully if we hope to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to their origin, we might content ourselves with adducing the one grand fact of the consistent idea of Jesus himself, formed into a personal whole from these collections of separate anecdotes, from these *memorabilia*, as they have been happily named. Out of these artlessly constructed, imperfectly connected documents, with all their historical discrepancies and legendary aspects, emerges the central idea of a person, than whom the world knows no one more thoroughly original and more thoroughly natural, no one in whom the loftiest qualities more harmoniously meet. This is the fact that vindicates the historical character of the Gospels, and bids us take care, as we value truth, how we lightly put them aside as mere compilations of fables. This is the fact which demands explanation from the advocates

of the mythical theory, who have to show how from a crude collection of fables such a result is obtained,— how an idea, in most important respects so novel, and yet in such perfect keeping with itself and with all true ideas, can be so derived. And not only so ; it must be shown how it happens, if the Gospels are not true, that their internal harmony, being once clearly seen, helps us to explain, to account for, and to reconcile their discrepancies, and to substantiate their historical character.

For the sake of clearness, let us go over briefly what we have now said. The question is, Whence came the first three Gospels ? How came they to be just what they are ? In order to see how natural it is to conclude that their origin was such as we have sketched in the beginning of this article, it is necessary to take into view the nature of their contents. In a word, their historical truth must be fairly supposed. This, we affirm, for a reason at which we had time and space only to hint, has not been done by the class of critics to whom we have referred. The aim of such inquirers as Strauss, Hennell, Theodore Parker, and others, has been to show, not to what extent the Gospels are veritable histories, but to what extent they are fabulous and legendary. It seems to be thought, by the way, that their mythical character has been made out to such a degree that what remains, which the mythical theory does not cover, is too small in quantity to merit examination, and may be tossed aside as not worth the trouble of accounting for. But whatever be the supposed success of this inquiry, pursued with this aim, it leaves unexplained the obvious historical marks which characterize the Gospels, while an objection to the theory is born of the theory itself, and grows in force with its seeming success. For, if these narratives are altogether fabulous, how came they to be received as veritable relations of facts ? They certainly were so received. And the reception of them was accompanied and followed by changes, in individuals and in whole communities, of the most impressive description. There must have been, therefore, some basis of fact on which they rested, and which rendered them credible. We are compelled, then, to take in our inquiries a different principle for our guidance ; and, instead of setting out with the

idea that the Gospels are fabulous, and seeking of course to resolve them into fables, pressing learning and philosophy into the service, we must begin with supposing them to be historical compositions, and, notwithstanding the defects they may show as such, strive to ascertain to what extent they are historically true. In taking this preliminary ground, and in adapting our method of inquiry thereto, we must first distinctly recognize the obviously historical character and form of the Gospels. And then it will become necessary to consider that the value of an historical work does not depend only on its circumstantial accuracy, or the correctness of its dates ; in other words, on its freedom from verbal discrepancies. There is another and deeper consistency which is essential, not so much to its credibility as to its very intelligibleness. It must be consistent and accurate in relation to the nature of the subjects and to the characters of the persons of whom it speaks. We must look for and demand this internal harmony. We are not to fancy or to create it. It must show itself by indubitable signs. And when it is once fairly discovered, it will not only produce in us a full conviction of the reality of the facts which illustrate it ; it will afford us the means of explaining and reconciling and accounting for the circumstantial discrepancies of these histories.

We proceed now to remark, that, as, by going upon the presumption of the truth of the Gospels, we shall be led to a conviction of their truth, and learn how to read them, so, in like manner, by taking fully into view the nature of the facts related, we shall obtain some insight into the way in which these facts took form in our present Gospels. We shall see clearly that such events had, by the very necessity of their nature, to pass into some such form ; that such things as Jesus said and did could not but make such impressions on those in whose presence they transpired, as would demand to be reported and circulated in every possible shape. The great reason, be it well considered, why it is not perceived that the existence of these wonderful documents was a sheer necessity, is that the nature of their contents is not fully apprehended. We do not distinctly conceive how real and vivid they were, how original, and yet at the same time how thoroughly simple

and clearly defined, were the acts and words of the Man of Nazareth. These things are so feebly portrayed to our imaginations, they are so thin and visionary, that it never occurs to us to consider the impression they must have made on the minds of people at the time ; they make little or none on ours. We do not allow for the effects and consequences of that impression. Accordingly, we do not perceive the living connection which there is between the life of Christ and these histories of his life. We do not see how naturally these grow out of that. Histories of this sort had to appear, supposing the things they relate actually to have taken place.

And as, in the way we have indicated, we shall come clearly to perceive how the Gospels originated, so it will be seen also why they did not make their appearance at an earlier period. It is thought by some to be a very serious objection to their truth, that so long a space of time, twenty years or more, should have elapsed between the life of Christ and these records of it. But the force of this objection is broken, when it is considered that, while events so remarkable must have taken shape in early and fragmentary documents, these documents would be comparatively slow in taking the form which they now have, slow in acquiring the value and authority which they came to obtain, so long as the minds of the early disciples were filled with the expectation of the speedy and glorious reappearance of Christ. We have already referred to the existence and effect of this expectation in explanation of the peculiar character of the Epistles. We refer to it again because we think it goes far to account for the tardy appearance of the Gospels in their present shape. So long as the first disciples were excited by the idea that Jesus was shortly to reappear, it is hardly possible that they should have estimated the events of his life at the value which they afterwards had, lying, as those events did, in the past, behind them. But as time went by, and Christ did not appear, and as, moreover, the idea of him, with its kindred ideas, its faiths, and its hopes, was becoming fixed in their minds, becoming instituted,—in a word, becoming a religion,—there was slowly taking place a silent and unconscious revolution, which elevated the past into importance, and the records of the past grew into

a sacred authority. Thus the Gospels assumed the position which they have now for centuries held. Had it not been so, had not a religion arisen and been instituted, requiring the past to authenticate it, the primitive documents, out of which grew the Gospels, true and remarkable as they were, might have disappeared altogether. For the most extraordinary events may occur and prove little more than a nine days' wonder, unless they incorporate themselves with some continued movement or permanent institution, unless they enter in and become connected with some established modes of thought.

Here is a consideration, by the way, that goes far to show us how another objection, which is frequently urged against the truth of the Gospels, is to be disposed of,—the objection resulting from the absence of all reference to the facts they state in the literature of the time, outside of the Christian denomination. It is thought to be quite irreconcilable with the truth of the histories of Christ, that no notice of events so extraordinary appears in contemporaneous Pagan writers.* But even putting out of view the great gulf of contempt which separated the Jews from all other nations, and which was so deep and strong that even Tacitus, who may be supposed to have been as free from vulgar prejudices as any one living near that time, regarded Christianity as a hateful Jewish superstition;—making no allowance, we say, for the prejudices which would keep the Greek and Roman *litterati* from concerning themselves about events that passed in Judæa, it is abundantly sufficient to account for their silence, to consider that no events, however extraordinary, have power to make any deep or lasting impression on those with whose modes of thinking they possess no affinity. The most wonderful things may occur; but they, or at least the distant reports of them, pass like a summer cloud unless they tally with

* It is curious to observe how they who repeat this old objection look far away, to a distance outside of the Christian body, for the impression which, they insist, the life of Jesus should have made there if it were true, and overlook the impression which it made nearer home, and which, when duly allowed for, throws so much light, as we trust has been shown, upon the origin and peculiar character of our Christian records.

our conscious or unconscious philosophy.* So long as, and wherever, the life of Christ was an utter anomaly in the world of thought, it could attract but transient attention. But as it grew and became an institution, it attracted notice enough. Indeed, it was not then slow in taking wellnigh exclusive possession of the literature of half the world.

To return. It has always been considered a point of vital importance that the Gospels should be proved to be written, every letter, by the persons whose name they bear. Now it seems to us of very little consequence who wrote them. We repeat, they had to appear; and as the facts they narrate occurred in the presence of large numbers of people, who had eyes to see, and minds to be impressed, and tongues to tell things for the most part as plain as they were new, it followed, as surely as effects follow causes, that these things would be reported, and, as it became necessary, would be put into written forms and circulated by every possible means of publication. There were probably very few persons indeed living, and present on the spot, who were qualified to write the whole history of Jesus. It would have required another Christ to do that. But almost any intelligent child, who, upon any one occasion, stood by and saw what Jesus did, and heard those brief, clear words of his, was able to tell without difficulty what he had seen and heard. And what hundreds were telling, might be written down.

It is commonly thought, too, that on account of the miracles, which occupy so large a space in the life of Jesus, it required persons of very peculiar qualifications to record them. But it does not appear to be understood that miracles, in the popular acceptation of the word, do not and cannot depend on human testimony. A man cannot testify to a miracle. He can testify to a fact. He can report the impressions made on his senses. He can tell what he has seen and heard. Whether the facts he reports be miraculous, is another question, for the solution

* Through the occasional glimpses that we get of Roman gentlemen of the time in the New Testament history, we can readily imagine with what indifference and contempt any rumors of wonderful events coming from Judæa would be received in the polished and philosophic circles of Greece and Rome. Pilate and Gallio represented a class.

of which he furnishes only a portion of the materials, and which is to be decided by quite other considerations. A fact is a matter of testimony, a miracle a matter of opinion.* Now, although there may have been individuals in attendance upon Jesus abundantly competent to form opinions of what they witnessed, we should without the slightest hesitation prefer, and we believe it would best secure the world's being rightly informed in regard to him, that the things said and done by him should be reported by persons who were obviously incompetent to form any but the most simple opinions of him and of his acts. We think that, in almost every case, the prospect of getting at the facts must be much better through reporters who are able to tell the things which their eyes have seen and their ears have heard, without being able to put any construction of their own upon them, than through persons who are qualified to form their opinions of the matter, and whose opinions must inevitably color their report and impair its fidelity.

It would amaze us to observe how entirely the nature and quality of the facts in this case are in inquiries like the present overlooked, were not the reason of it at hand,— were it not apparent how much a clear view of their nature is obscured by theories as unscriptural or as extravagant as they are unphilosophical. From the demands that are made as to the character of the testimony by which the contents of the Gospels are to be supported, one would imagine that the words of Jesus were the dark sayings of a Sphinx, or as mystical as the utterances of Paracelsus or Jacob Boehme, and that his acts were cunning feats, presenting phenomena which only an eye long practised in observation could distinguish. It seems hardly to occur to people, the world-wide difference there is between his acts—outspoken, self-renouncing reformer that he was, devoted friend of the misguided and spiritually oppressed masses— and the pious frauds of the priesthood, against which he contended with his whole divine soul, losing his life in the contest. We insist, in the name of common justice, that this difference shall not be overlooked. The acts of the Divine

* See "The Order of Nature, considered in Reference to the Claims of Revelation," by the Rev. Baden Powell, page 286 *et seq.*

Man of Nazareth are not to be treated as if they were of a piece with the jugglery of Jewish, Egyptian, or Christian priests. It must not be forgotten, if we ever hope to arrive at a just sense of the character of the Gospels,—it must not be forgotten—what all the world feels, although nobody has yet worthily described it—by what a peerless simplicity the life—not the mystical, impersonal Christ, that is so much talked about, but the historical life—of Jesus is characterized. In a world full of confusion and imperfection, his words and works stand out plain, grand, solid, with the grace and majesty of the architectural structures of the old world, which defy the mutilations of barbarian conquerors and the sieges of time. But we derogate from their worth by comparing them with the grandest works of man. They show themselves, by divine marks and signs, one with the works of nature, inimitable and imperishable. Such are the actual facts, and the records of the facts are like unto them.

Speaking and acting in unison with the great laws of nature and the perfect will of God, Jesus spoke and acted with the simplicity of nature and with a Divine distinctness. No one ever more so. No one ever so much. And his most striking words and works—although to this hour, like all the things of God, their significance remains unexhausted—passed with the silent ease of Nature's sublimest creation, light, through the eyes and ears of those around him, into their hearts; and as easily and naturally did they pass from tongue to tongue, and at last imprint themselves on parchment and on paper. There were numbers at the time as well qualified as any to report his principal words and acts. And it appears to us not at all impossible that very considerable portions of our present Gospels may have been composed originally by persons who took no formal part in the Christian movement, and who were led to put these things into a written shape from a simple sense of their extraordinary character. There is that in the style and spirit of these writings which certainly gives color to this idea, as we have already remarked.

The foregoing remarks have had reference almost exclusively to the first three Gospels. The difference between these and

the fourth Gospel is very obvious. John's Gospel has less of the impersonality which is so marked in the others. It is distinguished by the peculiarity of its introduction ; by the distinct avowal of an express purpose (John xxi. 31) ; by the fact that the scene of the events which it relates is laid mostly in and near Jerusalem, while the incidents recorded in the other Gospels are mostly confined to Galilee ; and by a style of discourse unlike what is elsewhere attributed to Christ. We cannot undertake to account for these peculiarities. We can only offer a few remarks tending to elucidate them.

The Gospel of John illustrates, we think, a remark we have already had occasion to make ; namely, that it is not easy for one disposed and able to form opinions of his own as to what he sees and hears, and earnestly desirous of establishing a certain point, to represent things simply as they were. He will be pretty sure to shape his report to his own ideas. This Gospel shows us this,—shows us how difficult it was for one who knew Jesus, and had become penetrated with his spirit, and was moved by the express purpose of impressing other minds with his own convictions, to represent him precisely as he was, to describe him objectively. It gives us, in part, not the Jesus that walked about in Galilee and Judæa, but the Jesus that dwelt in the mind of the writer, and as that spiritual idea of him took color from the period at which John wrote and from modes of thought then prevailing. This Gospel is evidently the production of one who prepared it with a distinct religious purpose, and who had been led to dwell upon the claims of Jesus from hearing those claims discussed and controverted. Hence the prominence given in this Gospel to faith in Christ. It was written to set forth certain ideas which color and modify the writing. Of the discourses attributed to Jesus in this Gospel, the most marked trait is a tendency to amplification, which does not appear in the other Gospels.

And yet, amidst all these peculiarities, the same wonderful consistency that we find in the other Gospels is distinctly traceable. In the third chapter, which commences with a brief account of a conversation which Jesus had with a Jewish elder, Nicodemus, we recognize the same mind, the same thought, the same voice, that we hear in the third verse of the

eighteenth chapter of Matthew, while this passage of John's Gospel is evidently and in great part made up of the language and the sentiments of the writer. See especially that portion of it extending from the eleventh verse to the twenty-first, inclusive, and giving us, not the language of Jesus, but the language of John. "*For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,*" — these are not the words of Jesus, but the phraseology of the period when John wrote. See also the fifth chapter, which begins with an account of the restoration of the infirm man whom Jesus found lying by the fountain Bethesda, and in which stands recorded the ever-memorable reply which he returned to the superstitious clamor that was raised against him for discharging offices of humanity on the Sabbath, — "My Father is always working, and I work." The remainder of the chapter, following these words, shows traces of the style of John, thoughts and modes of expression belonging to the period immediately after that of Jesus. Once more, the sixth chapter, while it is marked by the peculiarities of this Gospel, still shows us the same Jesus, with the same characteristic mode of thought and expression. He is still recognizable. The utterances of Jesus, throughout all the four Gospels, are distinguished by a certain habit of mind beautifully resulting from his overflowing spirituality. We refer to his habit of moulding the expression of his thought in accordance with its analogy to some visible object or passing occurrence. It is exemplified in this chapter. The allusion made to the manna upon which the Israelites were fed in the wilderness, gives occasion to the long discourse here attributed to Jesus, concerning the bread of Heaven. Although we cannot venture to distinguish between Jesus and John in this passage, we hear the voices of both, distinct and yet in unison.

The intermingling of the thoughts and language of the writer with the spirit of Jesus, in these and other passages of this Gospel, while it has appeared to some to obliterate the distinctive personality of Jesus, to our minds bears witness to the spiritual power of that personality, and causes this Gospel to be just such a work as we should naturally look for from one who was in intimate sympathy with Jesus, writing at the period when he did.

But, after all, the peculiarities of style and construction observable in John's Gospel pertain only to portions of it. Elsewhere, in the story of the raising of Lazarus, in the narrative contained in the immortal thirteenth chapter, and in the whole history of the trial, crucifixion, and resurrection of Jesus,—thus in the most important parts,—the writer disappears, just as the writers disappear in the other Gospels, and the same exquisite and profound harmony is found pervading the story, and making it accord with itself and with Truth and Nature. Indeed, nowhere in all these four wonderful writings does the reality of the events related stand out more luminously visible, flashing an irresistible conviction of truth into the open heart, than in these portions of the Gospel of John to which we have just referred. It seems as if the scenes described had been transferred to the written page with the precision of an instantaneous photographic impression. It seems too as if the writer,—who elsewhere, where the things narrated and the sayings reported were of a less concrete and impressive character, or his recollections of them were less distinct, felt himself free to comment and amplify,—when he came to these most striking passages, lost himself in them and in the vivid sense of reality which they had created in his mind, and had scarcely a syllable to breathe beyond what properly belonged to scenes so touching and so sublime.

The life of Jesus of Nazareth is cardinal in the history of the world. He is the fullest revelation that we have of Man and of God,—the two highest existences that we know. No words of ours can tell the transcendent worth of that life, or how important it is that he who has been put at such a distance from us by false theologies and philosophies that his very existence has become to many a doubtful vision, should come again in true power and glory, at the head of the multitudinous host of the great and good of all ages and climes, and dwell and reign within us, according to his own promise, even unto the end of the world.

ART. IV.—ARY SCHEFFER.

Memoir of the Life of Ary Scheffer. By MRS. GROTE. London : John Murray. 1860.

IN her Memoir of the Life of Ary Scheffer Mrs. Grote has given a most agreeable picture of the famous French artist. It is written evidently with the hand of a friend, who is glad to impart to the subject some of her own tenderness of feeling. It is a satisfaction to find in this little history of the life of an artist, and in the portraiture of his character, the same traits that please us in his pictures,—the same purity and elevation of sentiment, the same self-sacrifice in his own bearing which he was fond of representing in his art. His life has all the interest of a romance, beginning with the history of the exertions of his mother for the education of her three sons. Madame Scheffer was early left a widow, with but a small fortune for her own support and that of her children. Ary Scheffer had already displayed his talent for painting, a picture of his having been exhibited in Amsterdam before he was quite twelve years old. Madame Scheffer determined that Paris would prove a better field for the cultivation of this talent, and she removed thither, from Belgium, in 1811. Here she was obliged to submit to the strictest economy, even to practise what little power she possessed in miniature painting, to give to her sons the education that their talents demanded. Her devotion to her children, her willingness to sacrifice everything to their welfare, was warmly repaid by their constant affection for their mother ; and this love in Ary Scheffer was, as Mrs. Grote expresses it, “the moving spring” of his life. In order to do his part in seconding these efforts of his mother, Ary Scheffer was obliged, in the midst of his study of art, to devote himself to the painting of pictures that would sell, and at the age of eighteen he had already begun to produce “those agreeable pictures in which the expression of the gentler sympathies forms the interest and the subject,—a description of composition always certain to attract purchasers, and falling within the powers of execution at the command of a youthful hand. The number of these productions I take to have been prodigiously great.”

The period in which the life of Ary Scheffer falls, from the time of his residence in Paris till his death, from 1811 to 1858, includes an absorbing period of French, particularly of Parisian history. It forms a most interesting background for the life of Ary Scheffer, as he himself played a conspicuous part in its changes. Always devoted to liberal opinions, Scheffer was ready to take an active part in every effort for the republican cause. In the first years of the Restoration he joined himself with his brothers to the confederacy against the government. They became members of the Carbonari, and, under the leadership of General Lafayette and others, frequently risked their lives in their opposition to the government. At this period Scheffer resorted frequently to the chateau of General Lafayette, as well as to his hotel in Paris, and was personally connected with members of the liberal party, and his life was "one of fatiguing excitement." It was at La Grange that Lady Morgan speaks of meeting Scheffer, "a young but celebrated artist who is painting the General's picture." At La Grange commenced an "intimate friendship, which lasted through long years, between Ary Scheffer and Augustus Thierry, the celebrated historian."

In 1826 Scheffer was introduced to the family of the Duke and Duchess of Orleans. He was appointed to be "instructor of the children in drawing and painting," but became from this time a trusted friend of the family. The friendship thus begun continued through all changes, in spite even of that regret which was felt by all liberal minds for the position taken by Louis Philippe after he was called to the throne. Ary Scheffer shared in this disappointment, and never afterwards could bestow upon the king that respect and warmth of feeling which he testified for others of his family, and always for the Duchess. Scheffer had accompanied M. Thiers on the morning of the 30th of July, when he visited the Duke of Orleans to prepare his mind for the proposed negotiation between the leading members of the liberal party and the family of Orleans, and, as we shall presently see, was by accident among those who were present at the departure of the de-throned king.

The Princess Marie of Orleans was one of the pupils of

Scheffer, and he had the power to foster the talents which she possessed. Ary Scheffer, after the death of the Princess, at the request of his brother, made a little sketch of her early life, which is so interesting, that we give it below :—

“ To furnish you, my dear Arnold, with what you require of me, namely, some particulars respecting the Princess Marie of Orleans, is no easy task for me to attempt.

“ She was brought up after the manner of all princesses, by Madame de Malet, a person of education, and religiously disposed, but having exceedingly narrow and restricted ideas of things. The Princess was, as a child, impertinent, heedless, and wild to a degree ; yet she learned what she was taught,—languages, history, and so forth,—though habitually indulging in saucy sallies at the expense of her instructors. One of these alone (Mr. Pradher) managed to control the Princess, and by an inflexible sternness, untinged with angry temper, to inspire his pupil with respect. He also directed, and with ability, her musical talent, which in itself was above the ordinary level.

“ Such lessons as, from the age of twelve years and onwards, I had been in the habit of giving her, were never much else than an amusing pastime, either for master or pupil. The Princess made but slight progress, and could at no time draw a head correctly from the plaster model. Upon the marriage of her elder sister, this young girl, till now careless and unreflecting, became all at once serious and pensive. She entreated me earnestly to afford her instruction of a nature to occupy and interest her mind, and to distract her attention from the loss she had sustained ; but she added, that ‘as to setting about to *copy*, it was too tiresome an affair by half for her to attempt it.’

“ So she took to composing historical subjects, and washing them in with water-color. The very first trials which she made revealed to me the existence of undoubted talent, and of her imaginative faculty. Within the space of two years she executed more than fifty drawings ; all of them showing a certain power of design, carried out with originality and good general effect, though faulty in drawing and but indifferently colored. The contracted notions of Madame de Malet, the scruples of the Queen, and the reverential feeling in my own breast, as towards maidenly purity and reserve, all these offered serious impediments to regular artistic instruction ; so that, being restricted to the copying of draped figures (and those abundantly draped), the Princess remained, of necessity, wholly unacquainted with the structure of the human body.

“ At length, weary of composing cleverly and executing unskilfully,

she became out of humor with her drawing; and one day she inquired of me ‘whether I could not find something for her to do less dull and monotonous, and less like what other people did.’ To say the truth, I was myself somewhat tired of having continually to correct her bad drawing of legs and arms, often distorted and out of all shape. I suggested then to the Princess the idea of trying her hand at modelling and sculpture, a walk of art wherein I was equally unpractised with herself, and which therefore offered to both of us the attraction of novelty.

“Our first essay was the small bas-relief of ‘Goëtz and Martin,’ very simply designed, and executed with the imperfect skill of mere novices. This was not a very encouraging beginning, certainly; but it happened that, on the day when the plaster cast of the clay was sent home, M. Quinet’s book, ‘Ahasuerus,’ fell into the hands of the Princess. She began a group forthwith of ‘Ahasuerus refused admittance within the abode of the angel Gabriel.’ In this ‘bas-relief’ was now disclosed the indubitable instinct of a sculptor. Along with a perception of distances (by diversity of surface) and quite an original style of arranging the figures, there was joined so much expression, that the whole thing bore evidence of a true vocation for the art.

“From this moment a passion for sculpture took hold of the Princess, and I must own that I felt scarcely less pleasure in giving her lessons in it. While she was at work, I sought out suitable subjects for her to execute,—in the works of Quinet, then in those of Schiller (which were new to her), and later from those of Goethe. Her first choice fell upon ‘Le Reveil du Poëte,’ from which she composed the whole of a bas-relief; my aid being rendered by drawing heads for her on paper. Viewed as an ideal piece of sculpture, and, furthermore, as a triumph over recognized difficulties, this performance must be regarded as something extraordinary in itself; but as the production of a young girl, who was actually only at her third attempt in modelling, and who had read works of poetry and fiction under the sober influence of a *gouvernante* of strict piety, this work is truly surprising: the gradations of the ground plan and the characteristic indications of the various personages introduced, being managed with singular and happy ingenuity.

“After completing this bas-relief, she modelled the ‘Joan of Arc on Horseback,’ of which the conception is entirely due to herself. The figure of Joan has much merit, but in the manipulation of this model I gave the Princess a good deal of help.

“About this period the King had bespoken of Pradier—our most approved artist in statuary—a monumental figure of Joan of Arc, for the museum of Versailles. Pradier chanced to be in no happy vein at

the moment, and so produced a design which fell far short of the mark. The King, not feeling satisfied with it, asked his daughter to try and invent another ; she accepted the commission, after consulting with myself, but coupled her acceptance with this stipulation, that, should the design be successful, she should be intrusted with the execution of it in marble.

"Just as the Princess had begun upon this task she lost Madame de Malet. To this poor woman—who, whilst she idolized her young charge, nevertheless tormented her from morning to night—the Princess rendered the tender offices of a daughter, attending upon her as such assiduously all through her illness. She would not quit her sick-chamber during several days and nights, until she at length received Madame de Malet's last breath. The devoted affection and disinterested character of Madame de Malet had caused her tiresome, querulous ways to be forgiven by those about her, insomuch that the Princess mourned over her loss with genuine regret. The parting from her own sister had brought about the first change in her character ; the separation which now took place by the death of her *gouvernante* affected her feelings profoundly, and, indeed, shed a painful reminiscence over her whole after life.

"Madame de Malet had always shown partiality towards myself, which encouraged the Princess to repose confidence in me. When her *gouvernante* died, she sent for me to come to her, and I may say that never was grief more sincere or affecting to witness.

"In the course of a little time I persuaded her to resume work again. Her attention first fixed itself upon a grand composition, 'Ahasuerus.' Above, she placed the figure of the Deity ; in the centre, Jesus Christ bearing the cross, and the Jew who refuses him permission to rest beneath his porch. On the right native tribes descending from the Himalaya Mountains, on the left monuments indicative of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman civilization. In the lower part of the design are represented infernal personages receiving the trophies of battle which had closed one or other of certain great historic periods. All this, wonderfully well handled and skilfully composed, might have done credit to no matter what artist, however distinguished.

"She then set to work upon the modelling of her celebrated figure, 'Joan of Arc watching by her Armor,' in attempting which both the fair sculptor and myself found ourselves very deficient in the mechanical experience required. Instead of moulding the form in clay, we took it into our heads to model it in wax. It fell to pieces more than once ; then it bent down at a third attempt ; furthermore, living models were unattainable. For all this, the statue finally came

out the best *modern* figure to be found at Versailles! Not alone does its impressive attitude, its simplicity, and its distinctive feminine character contrast favorably with certain vulgar productions among which it stands, but it carries upon itself the stamp both of the genius and the elevation of soul possessed by its author.

"The success which attended the appearance of this statue was prodigious. The most flattering applause was lavished upon it; yet I never saw flattery received with greater indifference than by this Princess. Though always manifesting more or less plainly her contempt for the 'official' tribe around her, she was as delighted as would have been any child at the success of her work among the people, and, more than all, with the admiration bestowed on it by the soldiers.

"Succeeding to the above came,—I. 'The Peri' bearing the tears of the repentant sinner to the foot of the throne of grace; II. Angel at the gates of Heaven; III. Ahasuerus and Rachel; IV. Bust of her sister with her son; V. Two small equestrian groups; and VI. 'The Pilgrim,' from Schiller. In each of these performances, and in some which followed, decided and progressive improvement was discernible. The occupation had, indeed, taken such hold upon her, that, unknown to her parents, she would actually sit up at night to pursue it. Her settled dream was, to lead the life of an elevated, conscientious artist, and thus to exercise a beneficial influence over high art in France. She chose for her studies books calculated to ripen and develop her intellectual faculties. Scientific treatises, imaginative works,—everything was read, and read with profit, by her. All that seemed great and worthy of admiration she prized at its full value. Thus, on learning the sad end of Armand Carrel the tears rose to her eyes, notwithstanding that he was, and she knew him to be, perhaps the most formidable among the enemies of her house.

"In the heart of this Princess dwelt a religious faith such as became a noble, womanly heart. Nevertheless, her ardent mind sought to penetrate into subjects offering certain difficulties, without fear of being led into danger by the inquiry.

"The artistic tastes of the Princess, the lofty range of her understanding, and the sterling benevolence of her heart (which was quite a different thing from the 'kindness' often present in the royal character), all combined to engender a coldness and contrariety of views between herself and the persons composing the court of her royal father. Her sentiments were of the kind termed aristocratic; still she was, properly speaking, in no wise the 'Princess.' Such early friendships as she had contracted in her childhood were religiously cherished and cultivated

up to her dying day. Animated as the Princess was by patriotic ardor in desiring the welfare of her country, it was to be expected that what was passing before her eyes in France should inspire her, as it did, with profound disapprobation and disgust.

"Her pulmonary disease, which lasted several months,—months of physical suffering,—was borne by the Princess with a resignation and courageous self-command worthy of herself. She was aware, indeed, of the inevitable fate which hung over her, even before she took leave of her family to go to her new home in Wirtemberg."—pp. 51–63.

Mrs. Grote appends to this sketch of Scheffer's, which bears the date of 1839, a few memoranda supplied from a different source:—

"The Princess Marie of Orleans had inspired Scheffer with sentiments of blended admiration and respect. He found in her a similarity of opinion in regard to political matters, together with an equal enthusiasm for the higher products of art.

"Whilst still young, she took pleasure in no occupations excepting such as related either to the arts or to instructive books. The sudden and abrupt exaltation of her family alarmed her; she felt all the risks involved in this greatness; she had even a presentiment of its termination; and this, being coupled with certain warnings, derived from very imperfect health, of her own premature decline, produced both upon the mind and the countenance of the Princess a settled character of melancholy resignation. She loved to retire within her modest 'studio,' (which she had caused to be fitted up in the palace for herself,) when there were given those splendid fêtes by which Louis Philippe hoped to sustain his waning popularity.

"On one evening when she was working in her atelier, in company with Scheffer, there were five thousand people thronging the salons below, wherein dancing and feasting were going on. 'When I reflect,' said the Princess to Scheffer, 'upon what is passing down there,—what ambition, what avidity for gain, what flatteries, and upon the way in which my father is cheated and deceived by them,—I feel happy to be out of it all!'"—pp. 198, 199, Appendix A.

Mrs. Grote gives an amusing account of Scheffer's assisting in the "hasty" departure of the king from Paris in 1848.

"It was towards noon on the morning of the 24th of February, 1848, that M. Scheffer, having been on duty (as Captain of the National Guard) ever since daylight, met M. Oscar de Lafayette, who was in search of him. 'Scheffer,' said Oscar, 'it is mighty disagreeable to be obliged to expose one's life for a monarchy which one does not

esteem ; but nevertheless it is our duty, and we must go and defend it at all price.' Scheffer assented. They repaired to the garden of the Tuilleries, and posted themselves on the terrace under the windows of the King's apartments. There was a great quantity of straw strewn upon the steps, which had been placed there to enable the dragoons to ride down the steps into the garden, from the other side of the château. They sat down on the straw, and after some time a voice was heard calling upon Scheffer by name. Scheffer heard it, 'but,' said he, 'I was too much absorbed with the thoughts which the grave events passing before me engendered, to pay any attention to the call.' 'Scheffer!' again cried the same voice, only this time still louder. 'Who calls?' cried Scheffer. 'It is I, the Queen.' Scheffer sprung up, approached the château, and perceived the Queen at the croisée. He said, 'What does your Majesty want with me?' 'I want you,' said she, 'to assist in conducting us out of the château. The King has abdicated, and we are going to depart.' Scheffer and Oscar Lafayette immediately entered the château, with the intention of ascending to the King's apartments ; but they had not got half-way up when they met the King and Queen, their sons, and sons' children, together with the Duchess of Orleans and *her* two sons, all coming hurriedly down the stairs. The Queen said, 'Scheffer, keep close to the King ; your uniform will inspire respect.' The King gave his right arm to the Queen, and they set out, proceeding through the gardens by the 'Grande Allée,' and not 'by a secret passage,' as has been foolishly asserted. Scheffer walked close to the King, on his left side, the rest of the party following in their train ; these consisting of perhaps ten or a dozen persons. Among the group was Scheffer's own brother Arnold,* who had joined them on their way through the gardens. A small escort of cuirassiers accompanied the party, to protect them on each side. Nobody spoke a word, except on one occasion, when an officer, unmindful of a bough of a tree which hung low, was swept off his horse by it. The King suddenly stopped and said, 'Pray somebody go and assist that officer.' When they reached the 'Grille,' which opens on the 'Place de la Concorde,' there was found a considerable mass of people, and Scheffer had some uneasy misgivings as to what might happen. There were no carriages provided, as has been stated by M. Thiers and others. But two public carriages — not 'Fiacres,' but what are called 'Remises' — chanced to be within hail, and were accordingly brought by one of the attendants to the spot at which the royal party had arrived. Scheffer, know-

* He had been thrown into prison some years previously by Louis Philippe for writing against his government.

ing the impossibility of getting them away unrecognized, took off his ‘shako,’ and, waving it in the air, called out to the people, ‘Le Roi part, vive le Roi !’ The people offered no opposition, but very few voices responded to his cheer. Scheffer then assisted the Queen into one of the ‘remises,’ the King after her; then one child after another was taken on to their laps, until five souls were in the carriage, and it could hold no more. The King kept calling out, ‘Où est donc mon portefeuille ? Sauvez mon portefeuille pour l’amour de Dieu !’ Scheffer caught the portfolio from the hands of one of the attendants, and threw it up to General Dumas, who had mounted beside the coachman. The second carriage having been filled in like manner with the first, the royal party drove off at a rapid pace, still escorted by the dragoons, and took the road to Passy along the ‘Quais,’ ” &c.— pp. 94—97.

Scheffer had retired from political life while the Orleans dynasty prevailed. Between the years 1835 and 1847, he devoted himself perseveringly to his art. It was in the course of those years that he suffered from the illness, and at last death, of the mother whom he loved so much. In 1839 he completed two pictures, one a single-figure portrait of his mother, the other representing her in her last moments. It was during this period of comparative seclusion that Scheffer was able to concentrate his imagination on lofty and sacred subjects. In an Appendix, Mrs. Grote gives a list of one hundred and eighty paintings, produced by Scheffer between 1810 and 1857, and this list does not include those that were exhibited in the Scheffer Exhibition in 1859. Mrs. Grote gives frequent extracts from letters of Ary Scheffer to his daughter. These, together with the cast of character presented by the whole memoir, portray the elevated moral sentiment that always animated him, and show the source of the religious vein that prevails in the subjects of Scheffer’s paintings. The following extract will give some idea of this characteristic, to which we add some passages from letters to his daughter :—

“ It can hardly have escaped the observation of the intelligent reader, that the substance of Ary Scheffer’s character was of that kind which, carried to exaggeration, becomes entitled to the honors of positive martyrdom. He invariably practised the self-sacrifices enjoined in his letters,—setting aside his own wishes and inclinations whenever they were crossed by those of other people. I have heard one of his intimate friends say that Scheffer could not bear to see a frown, or even a cloud,

on the brow of those around him. Here lay his weak point, and no one knew it better than himself. This quality, however, I take to be an element of original temperament and organization, scarcely capable of being effectually modified by its possessor, except at a cost more painful perhaps than profitable to himself. It was in poor Scheffer's case remorselessly turned to profit by a number of persons, of whom it were vain to attempt to give an account, through whose exigence and importunity the whole of his faculties came to be, as one may say, devoted to the service of others. Toiling without complaining, as we have seen he toiled, to gain the means of supplying the swarm of claimants who besieged his gates, he was nevertheless fully aware of his own slavery. I am tempted to quote one or two passages more on this subject, as curiously candid effusions of feeling.

“ ‘It is really very odd, how I have always been in a hurry throughout my life ! I have never once been able to paint a picture in peace and calmness, and I have never taken a single step in life without being driven by something or somebody !’ ” — pp. 181 – 183.

“ That word *must*, — fix it well in your memory, dear child ; your grandmother seldom had it out of hers.

“ The truth is, that, through our lives, nothing brings any good fruit except what is earned at the cost of either hand-toil or heart-ache ; sacrifices must be, in short, ever going on, if we would obtain any comfort or happiness. Now that I am no longer young, I declare that few passages afford me so much satisfaction to look back upon, as those in which I made sacrifices or denied myself enjoyments. ‘ Self-denial ’ is the motto of the wise man. Self-devotion is the virtue of which Jesus Christ set us the example.

“ It seems to me that sacrifices are, generally speaking, more readily made on great occasions than on ordinary ones. The first occur rarely, and, besides, the mind becomes strung up to them ; on slight matters attention is not awakened to them, and it requires an effort of conscience to perform a sacrifice from which no credit will accrue. But then how rich is the reward reaped by those in whom self-postponement is habitual, both in seeing the happiness it diffuses around them, and in their own unfading consciousness of well-doing ! This feeling indeed sometimes gathers such force as to alter our very nature, until we come at last to find pleasure and satisfaction in devoting ourselves to the interests of other people.

“ Farewell ! dear daughter ; strive to be of good courage, to be gentle-hearted, — these are the true qualities for woman. ‘ Troubles ’ everybody must expect. There is but one way of looking at fate, whatever that may be ; whether blessings or afflictions, behave with

dignity under both. We must not lose heart, or it will be worse both for ourselves and for those whom we love. To struggle and again and again to renew the conflict,—this is life's inheritance; and, for that matter, mine has had its full share; but I may add, with somewhat of honest pride, that never have I suffered my mental energy to falter. With a little more selfishness, perhaps, I might easily have passed my life in superior comfort, and have enjoyed greater composure of mind. I ought to have been capable of controlling that weakness in my character which makes me shrink from the sight of other people's vexation or displeasure. This is, however, the least censurable of weaknesses." — pp. 200 – 202, Appendix C.

The paintings of Scheffer can be called "religious" pictures in a far different sense from those of the Raphael school. He seems to have turned away from the fascinations of color, and from the charms of mere outline of form, to content himself with giving expression to the spirit. In an art which must content itself with expression, he abandoned himself, perhaps too much, to an effort to bring out the inmost feeling of the soul, those least earthly in their nature, and that have the least to do with outward expression. He seems to have delighted in a monotony of color, in almost a rigidity of form. As a devotee cuts off her shining golden hair, and conceals any outward graces of beauty in a conventional garment, in order to cherish more earnestly a holiness undisturbed by the world, it would seem as if Scheffer strove to lay aside all outer distractions of beauty, that he might paint more clearly the most elevated and the purest inward sentiments. It would seem as if he were almost inspired by an ascetic, monastic feeling, that led him to despise the outer attractions of the world, and to picture only holy inspirations. That he has succeeded in his efforts, his works remain to show. "Les Saintes Femmes" touch the heart with their deep expression of feeling, all unaided by mere extrinsic attraction of drapery and color, the "Beatrice" is still the "bella donna" of Dante's vision, and Goethe's Mignon stands with her appealing glance of helpless childhood. A consciousness that he possessed this power above mere material aids, Mrs. Grote alludes to. She says:—

"A little further on we find that, notwithstanding the inflexible mod-

esty which guards him from self-delusion, Scheffer has arrived at a consciousness of possessing a ‘something’ which is not present even in the great works of the Dutch and Flemish masters. One can enter into the complacent feeling under which he avows it.

“I have seen here some marvellously fine pictures of the ancient Dutch school. Nevertheless, I begin to think somewhat more highly of my own talent. . . . It seems to me that I have managed to touch a chord not hitherto attempted by others. When I return home I fancy that there will be found indications of my having made progress.”

“There it is,—the secret which enables Scheffer to arrest and enchain the attention of the beholder who stands before his compositions. *The secret, I repeat* — which cannot be imparted to another — of kindling the intelligent sympathies through the medium of art. Even while gazing on the masterpieces before his eyes, he recognizes the absence of that peculiar, subtle charm, for which his own best works are prized; namely, the true ‘out-look,’ as the Germans have it, of the emotions, be they what they may, by which the persons portrayed are supposed to be animated.” — pp. 110, 111.

This tendency of mind was probably assisted by the deficiencies of Scheffer’s early scientific education, which render his *mechanical* style open to criticism. Mrs. Grote has some judicious comments upon this criticism, which we quote.

“Scheffer certainly aspired to delineate certain forms of humanity in connection with immortal and religious conceptions; the poetical rendering of Christian traditions and faith, in short. If in his hands these endeavors partook too much of what is commonly termed ‘the German spirit,’ we should call to mind Scheffer’s paternal origin, and the ineffaceable qualities of race, whenever and in whatsoever form the ‘æsthetic’ vein finds vent.

“Furthermore, I would ask whether the department of realistic, material art be not abundantly furnished with able interpreters? Many renowned painters of our own day have given us splendid examples of felicitous coloring, of imitative texture, of ingenious treatment of light and shade, of truth of ‘character,’ of severe and learned drawing,—of all excellences indeed pertaining to the ‘craft,’ excellences some of which, speaking candidly, cannot be ascribed to Ary Scheffer. . . . Yet, although the admiration of mankind may be justly due to the exhibition of these qualities, it is no wise to be regretted, but is even fortunate for the world, that ministers of art should now and then arise, who, being differently gifted, essay a new flight, and seek to employ

their pencil upon other than purely familiar subjects, or great historical passages.

"Towards the afternoon of life, as one may call it, whilst Scheffer's ability as an inventor and designer maintained its power, his management of the brush may be said to have become more experienced and dexterous, insomuch that it is quite conceivable that had he lived he might have produced works surpassing in point of *execution* those which remain to us. But, notwithstanding this undiminished skill, his longings — his dreams, as they may be termed — after an ideal perfection which he found himself incapable of attaining tormented and discouraged him; indeed, he grew more fastidious, more exigent in reference to his own works, in proportion as his mental and critical faculties rose higher in tone.

"The tendency to depression of spirits, which latterly (as I have related) bespread itself over his life, would seem to have had its share in disposing Scheffer to seek in the speculative and spiritual a refuge from the poignant disappointments of the every-day world. To this source I conceive that we are in great measure indebted for the peculiar charm which distinguishes his late works, to which this same sombre tone of mind doubtless gave the key-note of religious, thoughtful melancholy." — pp. 140 — 142.

In a note in her Appendix, Mrs. Grote alludes to the engraving of "Le Christ Consolateur," which was published in the United States, where the slave was erased from the print! It is indeed a pitiable satire, that a society calling itself "Christian," in a republic that was based upon principles of freedom, should find it necessary to mutilate the work of an artist whose life was devoted to liberal principles, in a subject intended to portray the broad, unfettered love of Christianity. A childish attempt, too, to think, with a few strokes upon a steel plate, to remove a fettered slave, whether white or black, from beneath the hands of "Christ the Consoler," or in this way to get rid of glances that still appeal to humanity. Its childishness might excite to ridicule, but the laughter must be as sad as it is bitter.

In conclusion, the Memoir of the Life of Ary Scheffer occasions a regret, which the best books give us, but which, in these days of facility of writing, is seldom allowed us, — a regret that the book is not longer. We close the book wishing that we could have had a more complete description of the times and

friends of Scheffer. Those days of the hopes and fears of France, rising and falling as she passed from one extreme to another, from revolution to narrow despotism, days with which her literary men sympathized, and in which they labored,—these are so full of interest that a larger volume might have been devoted to the work, especially in such able hands. At the same time, the omission of all personalities is to be applauded, as well as all egotism in the biographer. As it stands, it is a most interesting picture of an interesting life and time; of a man who avowed that his pleasure, as well as his duty, was to devote himself to his friends; of an artist who lost no moment in giving himself to his art; of a patriot whose last hours were imbibited by the thought that his country had not reached the liberty he would have fought for; of the warm-hearted son, father, and friend. Such a picture must needs be valued by all who cherish the works of the artist whom it commemorates, and who will be pleased to find in his private life nothing that will not harmonize with the pure and exalted beauty of his creations.

ART. V.—THE CHURCH OF HOLLAND.

1. *Tien Jaren vit den Tachtigjarigen Oorlog.* (*Ten Years of the Eighty Years' War.*) By the DOCTOR FRUIN. 1859.
2. *Christologie.* By J. J. VAN OOSTERZEE, Pastor at Rotterdam. 1855—60.
3. *De Nood der Kerk.* (*The Needs of the Church.*) By D. CHAUPÉE DE LA SAUSSAYE, Pastor at Leyden. 1859.
4. *De Waarheid en hare Kenbronnen.* (*Truth and its Sources.*) By C. W. OPZOOMER, Professor at Utrecht. 1859.
5. *De Leer der Hervormde Kerk.* (*The Doctrine of the Reformed Church.*) By J. H. SCHOLTE, Professor at Leyden. 1860.

FOR some time we have been collecting materials for an article on the Church of Holland. Fortunately, however, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for the 15th of June, 1860, we find a discussion on the history and present condition of theology in that country, so able, full, impartial, and free as to leave nothing more to be desired. The author, Rev. A.

Réville, is pastor of a church in Rotterdam ; and the paper which we give here is simply a translation of his summary. In the present number we have room only for the historical sketch. A future number will contain an account of the theological tendencies and shades of opinion in the Churches of Holland, with notices of the most eminent living writers and scholars.

No nation of Europe has more claim upon our interest and our sympathies than Holland. In the past, it can be affirmed that she has twice saved the liberty of the world and of modern thought. In our own time, she invites especially the attention of those who, convinced that all liberty is maintained by the ties of a close solidarity, love to see this in simultaneous operation in the various provinces which divide a national life. In fact, it would be hard to mention a land where the theory of all kinds of freedom is more fully admitted and more widely applied : civil liberty, religious liberty, liberty of the press, of the tribune, of association, of commerce,—Holland can boast that she possesses all these. Her material prosperity and admirable colonies on the one hand, her scientific and literary development on the other, plead beforehand in her favor, more especially when the narrowness of her domain is taken into account. We wish here to indicate but one aspect of this teeming moral activity ; our purpose is only to describe the historical progress and the actual condition of religious science in Holland. In most countries of Europe, as all know, even in those where political liberty is far advanced, religious science has still to encounter the prejudices which routine begets and fear sustains. There may be then a benefit in inquiring concerning this in a land where it has only to contend with such obstacles as the nature of the human mind presents. When we have indicated the historical development of the several Churches, we shall pass to consider the questions which engage theological debate in the present schools of Holland.

About two thirds of the population of Holland profess the Protestant religion, and the great majority of Dutch Protestants belong to the "Reformed Church," that is to say, to the branch of Protestantism which in the sixteenth century received the enduring impression of the genius of Calvin. Setting

aside all religious opinion, it was unquestionably a severe misfortune for the Catholic Church in the Low Countries to have identified its cause with the fearful Spanish tyranny during the eighty years of savage warfare out of which at last came liberty for the Netherlands. We may say, in honor of Holland, that she was the first among the nations of Europe to put in practice those principles of toleration which in the sixteenth century were confined to a few minds of the better class, and were disregarded by men who ought to have found them in their own religious convictions. Edgar Quinet,* in his study on Marnix de Sainte Aldegonde, has ably shown the method which was then followed by a republican power desirous to reconcile national independence and liberty of conscience, but determined to consolidate the first as the principal thing. "The States," says he, "kept Catholicism dependent and almost contemptible, while it was formidable; but when they thought it to be impotent, they gave it with alacrity a semi-liberty." In our day, there is no longer any state religion; all trace of legal inequality in the various Churches has vanished, and the Dutch Catholics use freely this privilege to the profit of their Church. Their political importance has increased by the annexation of some southern provinces, which did not belong to the Republic, yet would not follow Belgium in the separation of 1830, to the kingdom of the Low Countries. Generally submissive to their clergy, they form a compact mass, on which the spirit of the eighteenth century seems to have made no impression. Their compatriots reproach them for this subordination of political opinions to Catholic policy; and, without passing upon the justice of this reproach, we must allow that the reception they have given to recent changes in Italy does not disprove the charge. Notwithstanding, we must admit that they are deeply attached to their Church, and disinterested devotion to a principle is always worthy of respect. In religious science, the Dutch Catholic Church has produced nothing remarkable since the sixteenth century, unless it be some controversial books, which, as usual, brought out others on the opposite side. This scientific barrenness comes, perhaps, from the fact that social

* See *Revue des Deux Mondes*, 1854.

rank and culture are divided between it and the rival Church in a measure quite different from the numerical proportion.

In speaking of Dutch Catholicism, we ought not to omit a fact scarcely known out of the land, of the existence of a Church which the people call *Jansenist*, and which styles itself "the Old Church." Its popular title is derived from the direct perpetuation in this body of those Jansenist ideas which made large inroads among the former clergy of Holland. We say *direct*, since this "Old Church" professes itself to be the legitimate heir of the ancient Catholic Church of the Low Countries. Before and after the Reformation, up to the beginning of the eighteenth century, the Dutch Catholics were spiritually subject to the Archbishop of Utrecht, whose suffragans were the Bishops of Harlem and Middleburg, and by virtue of ancient canonical rules the chapter of Utrecht nominated the Archbishop. In 1702, from motives which we cannot wholly divine, but to which the Jesuit party gave force, a decree of the Roman Court abolished abruptly this traditional episcopate, and changed the Catholic Church of Holland into a mission, to be governed henceforward by a vicar, nominated directly by the Pope. The clergy, thus despoiled of their ancient right, resisted, in a manner certainly illegal according to Ultramontane notions, but justifiable on the principles of ancient episcopal law. Though excommunication was hurled against them and those of their flocks who upheld them in this resistance, the Dutch priests continued to perform their function and perpetuate their hierarchy in the ancient way. The great majority, however, of the Catholics abandoned them; and at present, although they have an archbishop, two bishops, a seminary, and twenty-five parishes, the number of their members does not reach six thousand. Solemnly excommunicated every time that they choose a new archbishop, or whenever a new Pope is raised to the chair of the Vatican, they do not the less stay firm in their conviction that they are the true Catholic Church of the Low Countries. Moreover, this clerical body, respectable by its virtues, and what we may style also its misfortunes, shows a great breadth of view; and in its austere piety, unaffected by the recent forms of Ultramontane devotion, we find still that peculiar savor of Jansenism

which authorizes, perhaps more than its special dogmas, the surname which the people have given it. Like our ancient Jansenists, the sectaries of the "Old Church" commend earnestly the reading of the Bible, of which they have and use their own version. They have ardently protested against the Immaculate Conception dogma, which the Dutch Catholics in fellowship with the Holy See have unresistingly accepted. Something sad and touching is associated with these remaining veterans of a great ruined cause.

The Reformed Church, properly so called, numbers in Holland about 1,900,000 souls. Protestantism had been silently growing for a long time in the heart of the Dutch people, when the events of the sixteenth century summoned it to publicity and triumph. During the whole of the fifteenth century, the societies of the "Brethren and Clerks of the Common Life" were tending, conformably to the mystic temper of their founder, Gerard Groot, and of his friend Radewyn as well, to lessen the importance of exterior ceremonies and works of devotion, while they were bringing into relief the need of interior piety.* The influence of Thomas à Kempis guided the minds of the people in a similar direction. Another mystic theologian of the fifteenth century, John Wessel Gausfort, of Groningen, went still further, and Luther was surprised to find his own principles in the writings of the Groningen doctor, who had died in 1489. From this cause, when, in the sixteenth century, the religious revolution ran through Europe, it met in the Low Countries a soil long since prepared for it. Besides, Erasmus and the *Renaissance* had come, in the interval, to finish the work of the mystics. At first the diverse tendencies which separated the early Protestants disputed the rule of the Netherland provinces. Lutherans, Zwinglians, Calvinists, Anabaptists, furnished for a long season bloody offerings for the hecatombs of the Spanish Inquisition, which signalized itself in Holland by the most infernal cruelties. The horrors which it wrought, even the historical science of our own day,

* The learned Delforat, a descendant of French refugees, and former pastor at Rotterdam, published in 1830, and again in 1856, a profound and very much prized work on the history of these societies, whose secret power was felt in all the North of Germany. A German translation by Prof. Mohnike appeared at Leipsic in 1840.

with its superior critical skill and its new provision of documents, has only rendered more hideous, while it has reduced so much the traditional proportions of other famous monstrosities. Nevertheless, the majority was seen gradually to concentrate itself on the Calvinist side. Anabaptism destroyed itself by the excesses which terrified the masses and their leaders, of every form of faith. The doctrine of Zwingle was so nearly that of Calvin, that the partisans of both could make common cause, and it was at last the Calvinist type which triumphed in the Dutch Reformation. The numerous Flemish and Walloon emigrants who had taken their Protestantism from France, and who contributed much in organizing Protestant churches in the northern provinces, the democratic forms of the Genevese Church, the influence of Taciturnus and of his heroic friend Marnix de Sainte Aldegonde, may explain in part this triumph; but perhaps we must seek its principal cause in the very remarkable fact, which historians have mostly overlooked, that Calvinism, in other words, the French form of primitive Protestantism, was generally considered, in the sixteenth century, as the final and complete Reformation. It seemed that the great Protestant movement of this epoch had found in this stern formula a rest and an expression most conformed to its essence. Lutheranism had not gone beyond Germany, while Calvinism planted itself in Switzerland, France, Holland, England, Scotland, Hungary, and many parts of Germany itself, where it nearly gained Melancthon and his friends. This system, radical for the age, with its strong logical rigor, fascinated the minds of men; and what testifies that it best answered the ardent aspirations of the epoch is, that, wherever the Reformation had to conquer its right to existence by martyrdom and sanguinary struggle, the Calvinist leaven showed itself most indomitable. Wrought out in the midst of terrible persecutions, by the light of the martyr fires of Francis I., sombre as the time of its birth, referring all to the incomprehensible decree of God, and drawing a stern joy from this very sense of absolute dependence, Calvinism was everywhere naturally the favorite doctrine of the persecuted. It seemed made expressly for them; and this was as evident in Holland as elsewhere. The "Gueux" of

Zealand, who inscribed on their sailor caps, "Sooner Turks than Papists," and set up on their sand-hills the flag of national independence when nowhere else men ventured to unfurl it, were Calvinists. All around had bowed under the terror of Spanish tyranny ; but there were found the inflexible souls who could restore the fallen.

The Reformed Church of the Low Countries was not long in becoming the national church, and in profiting most by the victory gained for the cause of independence. When the struggle ended, it was hardly the strongest in numbers, at least it seemed that the Catholics could reckon almost as many adherents ; but the Reformed Church had so well borne the weight and nourished the fire of the strife,—it had so evidently been the soul of this long and glorious insurrection,—that the new nation found itself, as it were, identified with it ; nor would the privileges granted to this Church to the exclusion of the other sects have been necessary to reduce these to a weak minority, while the prestige of the Reformed Church kept them in the shade. At present, there are reckoned to be in Holland 57,000 Lutherans ; but many of these come either from the forced immigrations of the seventeenth century, especially from Belgium, or from the voluntary residence of numerous Germans, brought by business affairs into this mercantile country. As to the Baptists or Mennonites (about 42,000), who are distinguished from other Protestants in deferring baptism to adult age, they are only the very respectable and pacific remnant of the stormy Anabaptists of the sixteenth century. Not all of these shared the fanaticism of their brethren ; and when the explosion had fairly subsided, their fragments came again together under the leading of an old priest, Menno Simons, of Frisia, a man of gentle and practical piety, whose spirit still dwells with the communities which bear his name through all their vicissitudes. The most fraternal relations prevail to-day between these societies and the Reformed Church ; and it is not rare to see the "Reformed" preachers supplying the places of their Baptist or Lutheran colleagues, when sickness or absence keeps these from their functions. In 1853, when the general synod of the Reformed Church attempted a revision of the Dutch version of the Bible,

the task was shared by a considerable number of distinguished theologians and pastors, of whom some were "Mennonites" or Remonstrants.

To finish this rapid sketch of the Churches of Holland, we must mention also the Protestant Churches of the French tongue, or the Walloons, who belong to the Reformed Church, yet with an organization of their own. Founded by the Belgic immigration of the sixteenth century, they received a new impulse by the arrival of the numerous victims of the proscription of Louis XIV., who found in these Churches homes ready to receive them. Although they are largely fused with the Protestant mass of the land, they make still one of the notable elements of Dutch Protestantism. Their small numerical importance is compensated by the rank of a large part of their members, and by their language, which constitutes a sort of official channel between the Reformation at home and the Reformation abroad. Made illustrious by the ministry of numerous exiled preachers, such as Claude, Dubosc, Jurieu, the two Basnages, D. Martin, Jacquelot, and above all J. Saurin,—able to claim in many regards Bayle, Chaufpié, Beausobre, Leclerc,—they reckon still among their pastors descendants of the refugees.

So many sects opposed to each other, although amicably, suggest very various reflections, according as one is a friend or a foe to the Reformation. All know that the principles of Protestantism have never allowed it to realize the unity and immutability of doctrine which make the essence of Catholicism; but the natural judgment upon the contrast which, in this regard, the two great forms of religion offer, must vary entirely according to the point of view of the observer. While the foes of the Reformation regard what they style its "unceasing variations" as its original sin and the patent sign of its steady dissolution, its friends, especially the more enlightened, allege that in this is the vital source of an incalculable strength, and are constrained to see in the immutability of the Catholic dogma the cause of a gradual weakening, which is not the less sure that it is so gradual. We may here borrow from politics a comparison. Let us suppose that under an absolute government, Russia for instance, a certain number of the Czar's sub-

jects should set themselves to scatter in the land the germs of a great reform agitation, should appeal openly to the masses by meetings or powerful societies, and should attempt in this way to force from the ruler the measures which he was unwilling to grant; not only would the sovereign use the most elementary right of monarchy in severely repressing such attack upon his authority, but if the agitators should go so far as to impose their wishes upon the Imperial will, there would be every reason to believe that the Russian system of government would soon issue in anarchy. Shift, on the other hand, the agitation to England, and here you have only the regular working of national institutions, the exercise of recognized rights, the condition, in a word, of the very national life and progress. Thus, according to the dominant principle of a political constitution, the same facts may be signs of life or symptoms of death. Reserve being made for the worth of the principle, we may never consider its applications as an evidence of growing weakness. In like manner Catholicism, resting upon the principle of authority, would be destroyed by diversity in dogma, while Protestantism, which rests upon individuality, would be destroyed by immutability in dogma. In fact, if Protestants are right in finding in the Reformation something more than freedom of inquiry, if every unprejudiced mind can discover in the doctrines preached in the sixteenth century a great religious affirmation, of which "Justification by Faith" may be taken as the most general expression, it is nevertheless the fact that this affirmation would not have been made in opposition to the Catholic Church, if the individual conscience had not felt itself right in denying the ancient tradition. It is true that, for the authority of the Church, the Reformation readily substituted that of the Bible. Yet, as it was needful in the next place to know why the individual, freed from tradition, still believed in the Bible collected and handed down by this very tradition which he rejected, as the translation and interpretation of the sacred books could come from nothing but individual judgment, the final result was to rest everything upon the free consent of separate consciences.

The question in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries was,

then, how with liberty a common life could be organized ; in other words, how with the principle of individualism a unity of religious society could be reached. This question was rather proposed than solved in the sixteenth century. The masses who accepted the Reformation were more moved by needs of conscience and by a spiritualist piety than by any theological reasoning, and they adopted without much examination, sometimes without understanding, the complicated formulas which the "professed theologians" drew up, and which became the "Confession of Faith" of the epoch. The masses only wished to have defined sharply, clearly, even under a paradoxical form, the tendencies which urged them on.

What gave to Calvinism a large part of its ascendancy in Holland was, that its special doctrines expressed, with an energy rude enough, yet agreeable for that reason to the popular religious feeling, the sentiments and ideas which the Reformation as a whole had brought into life. It is a mistake to set down Calvinism as only a monotonous collection of hard and questionable principles ; and it is singular that in France one of the most remarkable fruits of the national genius should be so often treated with the scornful disdain of ignorance. One need not be a Calvinist to appeal from such superficial judgment. The real peculiarity of this doctrine is an intense mysticism, showing itself under very sharply defined forms, and in a line of principles which are chained to each other with mathematical exactness. The absolute sovereignty of God as the starting-point, the assurance of eternal salvation seized and enjoyed by the believer as the goal ; these are the two great religious interests to which this mysticism sacrifices everything else, cutting through the flesh, if necessary, rather than going round or evading. Here is the secret of the charm which was found in the sixteenth century in that Calvinist Predestination which so much terrifies us now. The believer, to be sure of his salvation and to become capable of the works and sacrifices which this assurance alone can inspire, must believe that his salvation rests, wholly and from all eternity, not upon works always defective, or upon human decision, but upon the sovereign will of an immutable God. We can see, for example, in studying the Calvinist dogma of the Holy Eu-

charist, (and by comparing the diverse doctrines on this point of the diverse Churches of the sixteenth century, we can best appreciate the spirit and the several tendencies of these Churches,) the reality of the profound mysticism, which was concealed under forms which might already be stigmatized as "rationalist."

We must then think, that, even while raising very grave and well-founded objections to Calvinism, the modern thinker ought to recognize in it a high religious worth, without which the influence which it has held, and still continues to hold, upon so many minds, would be incomprehensible. It is equally easy to see that its continued prestige supposes a highly excited state of soul, and that cool reflection necessarily discredits it. Moreover, Calvinism, very radical on points which directly touch the question of salvation, had wished to remain very conservative in other portions of the former Creed of the Church. The Reformation, while rejecting in great part the tradition of Rome, did not exactly know how far it ought to go in this direction. The truth is, that we may bring against many very important dogmas which it felt obliged to keep, the Trinity, the Incarnation, Original Sin, the satisfaction offered to Eternal Justice by Christ's atoning death, &c., almost the same arguments as those which were used to open a breach in the Catholic Church. We know how frightened the first Protestants were at the sight of Unitarianism, when this began to make itself felt. This fright was the cause of the death-sentence of Servetus, the enormous sin in which Calvin and his age were accomplices. If then, in the sixteenth century, dogmatic unity was well enough kept to hide the defects and fill the chasms in doctrine by the heat of enthusiasm, yet it might have been foreseen that this state of things could not last. The eternal question then came back, "What will become of the Church, what will become of the community, when individual differences shall ask their right to life in the name of the common principle of the Reformation ? Must they be proscribed, or may diverse doctrines be allowed to coexist in the same religious brotherhood ? In Holland, from the beginning of the seventeenth century, this question was most earnestly pressed. The sharpest side of Calvinism

— the predestination of some to happiness and of others to eternal damnation — shocked many souls who could not find, even in the joy of feeling themselves the objects of Divine favor, a sufficient counterpoise to the horrible sense of the consequent and opposite certainty of the irrevocable perdition of so many others. They thought that such a doctrine was irreconcilable with the justice and the goodness of God. Such was the chief motive which led a considerable number of Dutch theologians to separate themselves from Calvinism under the direction of the Leyden Professor, Arminius, who died in 1611, and afterward of his disciple and friend, Episcopius. While they preserved as far as possible the expressions which officially defined the Calvinist dogma, they sought to bring into this modifications which allowed "free-will" and the co-operation of man with God. This was enough, however, to change the whole structure of the system. After violent discussions, in which political passions mingled their poison, (for the Arminian party was mostly of the liberal and aristocratic classes, while the people easily identified its three favorites, Calvinist doctrine, the House of Orange, and a free land,) a general synod, assembled at Dordrecht, formally condemned these attempts at reform, and the disciples of Arminius were forced to go out of the Church. Thanks to the liberal temper of the institutions and the ruling classes, unpopularity could not hinder the Remonstrants, as they were called from a remonstrance which they addressed to the States previous to the synod, from gathering themselves, some years after their condemnation, into separate communities. They kept the organization and most of the Reformed doctrines, but as a reform grafted upon reform ; and they continued to manifest a spirit more liberal, and more independent of what can now be styled the Protestant tradition.

At present the Remonstrants, very much lessened in numbers, cannot count more than five or six thousand souls ; but it would be very hard to state exactly in what they differ from the other Reformed Churches, with which they are united in the general progress of religious ideas. The ancient hatreds have been replaced by the most fraternal relations ; and this is the principal cause of the small number to which the Re-

monstrants have been reduced. Many of them, coming to reside in localities where there is no Remonstrant society, go directly into the Reformed Church, quite different in spirit from what it formerly was. Those who separate themselves from this Church now are Calvinists behind the time, who do not understand, and cannot bear, this dogmatic liberalism. However, this schism, almost wholly confined in Holland to the lower classes, is without influence upon the general movement of the Church, and especially of religious science. In fact, Time, that grand logician, which brings their consequences out of principles in spite of all artificial hinderances, has taught Protestants that, if they would stay in large ecclesiastical bodies, they must obey the condition of a broad toleration in doctrinal matters. More and more they have come to learn that, in the work of reformation in the sixteenth century, fundamentals must be carefully separated from accidentals, and permanent principles from those which apply to special times, places, and men. Without formally breaking away from the primitive confessions of faith, using these always as the point of departure for Protestant thought, they have felt that the rigorous upholding of these confessions would be an absolute denial of the individuality which makes the life and force of the Reformation. Seeking the unity of the Church less in dogma, on which men must always differ, than in the Christian life, founded on the communion of the spirit with Christ, they have gained by degrees a ground where free inquiry and the religious life are reconciled, and the steady purification of ecclesiastical tradition can go hand in hand with earnest attachment to the Church.

An illustration taken from political history will explain our thought. Certainly the English Constitution of to-day in no way resembles the Magna Charta of 1215. In its actual form, as we all know, this Constitution has in no part been reduced to system. It lives even by its development. Yet it is not difficult to show, as the illustrious Macaulay has done, that the majestic breadth which in our day it wears was held in germ in the principles set forth by the Commons and the Barons of John Lackland. So far as we may compare religious affairs with secular, an analogous process has gone on in

the progress of the Protestant Churches. We may say that they have always had, that they always will have, their *Right* and their *Left*, their party of resistance and their party of movement,—only they understand this necessity now better than they formerly understood it. The right wing holds always close to the primitive doctrines of Protestantism, while the left wing strives always to harmonize, at the cost even of great changes, these primitive principles with the demands of science and of the existing logic. It is their very antagonism which makes the source and principle of development. It is, doubtless, natural to those whose religious ideal is a strict unity of doctrine, to look upon such a state of things with an extreme aversion; but everything in this matter depends upon the fundamental idea that we have of the nature of religious dogmas. The members of the party which we characterize here as the most Protestant of all, allege that the Church, like the State, in accepting such a constitution escapes thereby the double curse of stagnation and of revolution; that the individual member is thus not doomed to an entire isolation, which is never good for man, but, in religion especially, is fatal to him, nor on the other hand to that religious communism under which faith, the property of every one, becomes the property of no one; and that, after all, this is only an application of one of the most cherished principles of the philosophy of history, that of the rightfulness of a free development upon an historical foundation once laid down.

Naturally, the great transformation of which we are speaking did not come in a day. During the seventeenth century, the doctrines consecrated at Dordrecht ruled, so to speak, without division. We can only see in the spirit of the discussions between the Voetians, the rigid orthodox party gathered around the Professor Voetius, and the Cocceians, or disciples of the famous allegorist Cocceius, that a close conformity of views could not prevent the formation of a Right and Left within the Protestant Church. At the end of a century, an Amsterdam pastor, B. Bekker, wrote his curious book, "The World Bewitched," in which he openly attacked the vulgar ideas concerning the Devil and the sorcerers. Another pastor, Roell, ventured to try his criticism upon the doctrine of

the Trinity. In the eighteenth century the Bible was the particular object of the learned inquiries of the Dutch schools. The honor of inaugurating a system of broad exegesis belongs especially to the labors of Schultens. Yet we must remark, that, while erudition here steadily lengthens the line of those whom it honors, the philosophy which goes to the heart of great religious problems makes very little progress. Calvinist predestination certainly was set in the background ; and if free-will were not affirmed positively, it was spoken of as if it had been so affirmed. No open declaration was made against the old doctrines of the Trinity, of Original Sin, and of the satisfaction offered to God by Christ. Yet studies so exclusively Biblical must necessarily work to the injury of dogmas the presence of which in the Bible is very questionable. In fine, a certain indifference for dogmas — an indifference which the existing philosophy, the fear of schisms, the annoying turn which former discussions had taken, concurred equally to nourish — availed itself of the sentiment, so dear to the eighteenth century, that in religion morality is the essential thing, the only thing needful. They had restricted to the Bible alone that attachment which before was shared by the Bible and the Church Confession ; and, without suspecting the ravages which some day would be made by criticism, the daughter of philology, in the traditional ideas upon the origin and authority of the sacred collection, they loved to think that faith in the Bible, as a supernatural revelation, was a sure harbor against all the storms of heart and mind.

The man who most fully embodied the Biblical tendency was, *par excellence*, Van der Palm (1763–1838). Certainly, if a theologian is to be judged by his amiable traits and the influence of his word upon public opinion, no one will deserve a place superior to that of this excellent man, whose memory all Holland reveres. A preacher of rare eloquence, a graceful writer, an accomplished Orientalist, he did very much to sustain among the enlightened classes of his country that profound respect for the Bible peculiar to Protestant lands, which irreligious philosophy so much tended to destroy. He compiled a voluminous “ Sacred History for the Young,” as clear as this title required, yet of a nature to please every

age, in which he commented upon the Biblical stories, avail-
ing himself of all the light which the times could give him
and his extreme prudence would permit him to use. In the
same spirit he published, in two quarto volumes, a new trans-
lation of the Bible, with explanatory notes. His tendency
is that of a moderate supernaturalism,—conservative, yet
making here and there notable concessions to modern ideas.
Pure Calvinism is not to be detected in his religious opinions.
A spirit of sound and practical morality, entirely suited to the
character of his land, penetrates all his writings; but we must
add, that now this mild and placid theology would by no
means satisfy the religious sentiment, still less satisfy religious
science. In spite of his eminent gifts, Van der Palm was
wanting both in historical insight and critical taste. While
he piously accepted the miracles as they are related in the
Bible, he found a way to smooth down their sharp points by
explanations, usually very arbitrary, and often very flat. For
instance, the conversation of Eve with the serpent-tempter in
Eden could only have been a series of reflections, an internal
dialogue suggested to the first woman by the sight of a ser-
pent eating without any injury the fruit of a forbidden tree!
Jonah was really swallowed by a huge fish, but it is not said
that he *lived* in the belly of this fish; and why could not God
have brought him to life when the monster had ejected him
upon the shore? One may go very far in this style of dispos-
ing of the Divine omnipotence. Moreover, this tendency,
eminently rationalist in the true sense of the word, was in
some respects a general tendency when Van der Palm wrote;
and even out of Germany, few minds were then willing to
agree that it is better to let alone venerable traditions under
their simple form, seeking only more freely the substantial
and true ideas beneath them, than to turn them violently from
their natural sense by arbitrary explanations, which lessen
their beauty without making them seem more probable.

Those who are familiar with modern theology will doubtless
be surprised at the small influence which the immense move-
ment of ideas in Germany for the last century has had upon
the minds of a people so near in territory and so kindred in
race. There are several causes for this. In the first place,

the Dutch and the German mind are very far from being sympathetic. The Dutchman finds fault with the German for his unpractical dreams ; the German detests prosaic life, and insists that the Dutchman does not know anything better. In the next place, the character of the Dutch people has a singular union of decision and timidity. By inclination it is conservative, by reason it is progressive ; and if we must allow to it a solidity which will meet any test, and an untiring perseverance when it sets itself to gain an end which it can see clearly marked and clearly for its interest, we must add also that it does not willingly run risks ; novelty is no title to its favor, and when progress cannot bring for itself commanding pleas of justice or interest, the love of things existing fixes this people in the most obstinate routine. To this we must attribute the small work of pure philosophy in the country of Spinoza, in the home of refuge of Bayle and Descartes. It cannot be said that these thinkers have had a very marked influence upon the ideas of the people around them. In fact, the movements of philosophy always suppose a great speculative and critical boldness, arising from a deep existing dissatisfaction, and the Dutch, like most precocious men and nations, were too proud of their acquired superiority, too self-conscious and self-sufficient, at least in the matter of intellectual exchange. Judging religious principles by their fruits, Holland found itself, in its social and ecclesiastical relations, above the countries by which it was surrounded. The infidel and mocking philosophy of the last century had been received with counter-blows of apologetic treatises, and repelled by these respectable quartos even less than by the sober sense of the people. The political consequences of the philosophy then dominant, better received, it may be, than the principles of this philosophy, were not of a kind to reassure men's minds, especially when Holland saw itself obliged to sacrifice to them for a time its independence. Only Kant's philosophy could have a partial success, and this on its practical and positive side. In this they found an imposing confirmation of the theory, that in religion morality was the only essential thing ; but they never dreamed of submitting traditional dogmas to the severe critical method, which this philosophy had applied so radically to metaphysics and psychology.

Nevertheless, the human mind, when it is free, cannot forever remain stationary,—and it was free in Holland. And to the general pictures we have here given there are notable contradictory exceptions, and under that quiet surface which the amiable star of Van der Palm lighted by its serene rays, more than one noiseless trouble was in agitation. The eloquent preacher lived in an age when the crisis could be predicted the development of which to-day we are witnessing.

ART. VI.—GARIBALDI.

1. *Giuseppe Garibaldi e la Legione Italiana di Montevideo.* Losanna : Buonamici e Co. 1847.
2. *Mémoires de Garibaldi, traduits sur le Manuscrit original, par ALEXANDRE DUMAS.* Paris : Michel Lévy Frères. 1860.
3. *La Campagne d'Italie de 1859. Cronique de la Guerre par le BARON DE BAZANCOURT, appelé par Ordre de l'Empereur à l'Armée d'Italie.* Paris : Amyot, Editeur. 1860.
4. *I sessantacinque Giorni della Rivoluzione di Palermo nell' Anno 1860. Memorie Storiche per J. E. G. BORGHESI.* Palermo : Stamperia di Domenico Maccarone.
5. *Mémoires authentiques sur Garibaldi, mis en Ordre, par CAMILLE LEYNARDIER.* Paris : Arnaud de Vresse, Libraire-Editeur. 1860.

THREE times within the last thirty years have the Italian States attempted to throw off the foreign yoke, to vindicate their rights, and to re-establish the nationality of their common country. Metternich's assertion, that Italy was nothing but a geographical expression, rather roused than laid the desire of reviving its independent political existence. The insurrections began in 1830, and were quenched in 1833 with the blood of their leaders ; the revolutions and the war commenced in 1848, and were suppressed in 1849 by foreign intervention ; the national conflict was undertaken, with the support of France, in 1859, and suspended towards the end of 1860, after all foreign rulers, except the House of Hapsburg from Venice, had been driven away. These were the argu-

ments by which the Italians undertook to refute the unnatural principle of Metternich. At those different epochs, as well as during the intervening periods, hosts of noble youths devoted their lives to a cause for which so many martyrs had fallen, and the glorious names of many heroes resounded amidst the roaring of cannon and the clashing of swords. The highest minds of the Peninsula never ceased to educate the people for the new destiny to which Providence seemed to call them, though compelled to perform their noble office from distant countries and at the risk of their lives. But all those worthies, one after the other, like meteors, have passed away ; and although their memory will ever live in the hearts of their countrymen, the efficient action they brought into the struggle is lost, or passes unnoticed, — superseded by greater deeds. Joseph Mazzini himself, — the man of faith, who knows no obstacles, — the steady promoter of Italian unity, whom nothing discourages, not even the ingratitude of his countrymen, — the persistent and obstinate thinker, to whom New Italy owes her laborious regeneration, — Mazzini himself is at present as if condemned to absolute inaction by the very men whom he had awakened from their lethargy. The prophet and forerunner of the regeneration of Italy, his mission drew near to its end when the deliverer appeared. This he foresaw and expected when, in 1833, at Marseilles, a young man scarcely twenty-six years old was introduced to him, and left him saying, " You can rely upon me." This he knew and felt in 1848 and 1849, when, in Lombardy first and in Rome afterward, he saw this same young man, enriched with fifteen years' hard experience, standing alone against the enemy of his country, refusing to submit on any terms, and declaring that " Italy must and should be free." This at last he beheld and rejoiced at in 1860, when in Sicily he met for the third time the fatal man, — no longer persecuted and alone, but at the head of the nation, surrounded and supported by millions, and conquering the common foes as if by the power of his will alone. Mazzini, who had observed how that man alone had passed through all the trials and overcome all the obstacles under which the rest had gloriously sunk, could not fail to recognize in him the anointed one, to whom the moral and political redemption of

his people had been committed. His mission had ceased, that of Garibaldi still continued.

Garibaldi,— who has not heard of him ? Who does not feel interested in his success ? Who but wishes to know something more about him than what is reported in newspapers ? Every one feels that he is one of those men who do not belong to any particular country, but is a true citizen of the world, to whom are directed the vows and aspirations, in whom are concentrated and upon whom rest the hopes of mankind. The numerous works published about him, the subscriptions opened everywhere to supply means for the furtherance of his plans, and the attempts by writers of different nations to prove that he is the descendant of some legendary hero belonging to their history, are evidence of the general feeling towards him which exists in enlightened communities. It has been said that no great idea can be inaugurated as a fact without miracles ; and certainly Garibaldi's achievements in Southern Italy are almost miraculous. On one side, a king with an army devoted to his interests, a fleet and an inquisitorial police at his command, a well-provided treasury at his disposal, and all the advantages derived from absolute power ; on the other, a child of the people, the son of an honest sailor, for twenty years an exile from his country, having no fortune but his patriotism and the justice of his cause, followed by a few volunteers, with no army, no fleet, no cannon, almost without guns and ammunition. This man attacks the army of the king, and in a few days compels it to capitulate, enters the capital of Sicily as a deliverer, erects the standard of independence in the name of God and of the people, and calls the inhabitants to declare what form of government suits them best. Then, mustering a small army, with the rapidity of lightning he directs his steps to the capital of the kingdom, and, stirring the people on his way, obliges the king to shut himself up in a fortress and prepare to leave forever his kingdom !

Garibaldi's career has been most wonderful. No life was ever more adventurous, and at the same time more useful, than his. Born at Nice, on the 22d of July, 1807, his first few years passed unnoticed. But he soon manifested a bold and adventurous disposition, a decided aversion to sedentary occupations and

protracted studies. His courage and self-reliance were characteristic. He was not yet eight years old when, seeing a woman fall into the water, he threw himself after her, and saved her from drowning. The sight of the sea, especially if rough and stormy, exerted a powerful influence over him. Hour after hour he would remain motionless on a cliff, with his eyes fixed on the waves, utterly unconscious of whatever was going on, and regretting his reverie whenever his playmates awoke him from it and called him to join in their sports. One day his teacher found him sitting by a window, with an open book in his hand, so absorbed in the contemplation of a stormy sea that it was necessary for him to wait some time before the child noticed his presence. At last,—

“‘What are you doing there, my boy?’ asked the teacher. ‘I am reading,’ answered little Joseph. ‘But you do not even look at the book.’ ‘It is true,’ replied the child, somewhat disconcerted by the remark. ‘Where were you reading, then?’ ‘O, I was reading yonder, in that sea, in that beautiful sky.’ ‘And what did you read there?’ insisted Mr. Arena, astonished at that precocious admiration of his pupil for the spectacles of nature. ‘I don’t know,’ thoughtfully said the child; ‘but it seems to me I read there finer things than in books.’ ‘That may be; but to learn how to read the great book of Nature you must begin by reading your own books, otherwise you will turn out to be an ignorant man.’ There was an instant of silence; then the boy ventured to ask, ‘Can an ignorant man be a good sailor?’ ‘Certainly.’ ‘Well, then,’ said he, throwing away the book, ‘rather than to break my head with all those things, I choose to be a sailor.’ ‘Why?’ ‘Why,’ said the child, hesitating, ‘because the sea is beautiful, is grand.’ ‘But when it is agitated, when it is roaring?’ ‘O,’ quickly replied young Garibaldi, with transport, ‘then it is by far more beautiful and far more grand.’”

He was then twelve years old. From that time his father ceased to resist his son’s inclination, and the boy became a sailor.

He did not, however, give up his books. Beside mathematics, astronomy, and ancient history, which always had for him a peculiar attraction, the young sailor studied geography and modern history,—devoting as much time as he could take from his several occupations to the modern languages. He

did not pursue any regular course of education ; but he is far from being an uncultivated man. Five European languages and several Indian dialects are so familiar to him that he can speak them fluently, and write them with sufficient elegance. The science of legislation, with all the branches connected with it, has been one of his favorite studies from an early age, and the works of the best statesmen have received a good share of his attention. In history, mathematics, and astronomy he is a scholar. From everything that he has read he has learned enough to reach a culture that would place him above mediocrity ; in what he has not studied, his good sense and natural penetration often give him the advantage over many who have spent years in particular studies. The writer of this article has known Garibaldi since 1848. When he was in New York, almost every day we spent several hours with him, and we do not remember that a subject was ever taken up for conversation in which he did not appear at home. Theology itself, though it is the science for which he has the least inclination, did not seem to be in his mind the confused system of subtleties and contradictions which it is in books. Being well acquainted with the Bible, portions of which he has committed to memory, possessing a good knowledge of ecclesiastical history, and entertaining the highest opinion for those ministers of the Gospel whose lives do not belie their profession, he easily disposes of most theological questions, and it is very seldom that his conclusions or judgments are not correct. Religion is to him a reality. Whatever is calculated to make men better and happier he eagerly accepts, believes, and practises ; but anything that has no practical bearing on the heart, anything that does not commend itself to the mind for its simplicity and beauty, anything which has a tendency to render men selfish, self-conceited, or intolerant, he does not regard as religion. No soul was ever more open to religious emotions. Whatever is pure, beautiful, and great throws him into an ecstasy of delight and admiration that becomes contagious, and makes every one present experience the same feelings.

This disposition of his mind greatly influenced his choice of a seafaring life. If anything diminished the pleasure of starting on his first voyage, it was the separation from his mother,

whom he tenderly loved. "One of the bitternesses of my life, and not the least," he ingenuously confesses, "has been to have saddened the latter days of my mother's existence. God alone can know the anguish which my adventurous career must have given her, for God only knows the immensity of the affection she bore me. If there is any good feeling in me, I loudly declare that it is from her I received it. Her angelic character could not do otherwise than have its reflex on me. Is it not to her pity for the unfortunate, to her compassion for the suffering, that I owe the great love, the profound charity for my country, which has procured me the confidence and sympathy of my unfortunate fellow-countrymen? Surely, I am not superstitious, and yet I will affirm that in the most terrible instances of my life, at the most solemn moments, when the ocean roared under the keel and against the sides of my vessel, when bullets and grapeshot whistled in my ears like the wind of the tempest, and showered around me like the hail in a storm, I constantly saw her on her knees offering prayers to the Most High for her beloved son. What gave me that courage, at which people have sometimes been astonished, was the conviction I felt that no harm could befall me whilst so holy a woman, such an angel, was praying for me."

Of his many voyages, that which left the deepest impress on his mind and heart was the second, which he made with his father to Civita-Veccchia. As he was only a few miles from Rome, he could not resist the desire of seeing that noblest of cities. By the advice of his brother and the care of his teacher, Mr. Arena, his youthful studies had been turned towards its history. What else was Rome to him, a fervent lover of antiquity, but the capital of the world,—a dethroned queen, from whose immense, gigantic, and sublime ruins issues the memory of all that is great in the past? At the sight of those magnificent temples, the monuments at once of Italian genius and of that religion by which the chains of the slave were broken, and whose first apostles were the emancipators of nations, Garibaldi's imagination saw more clearly than ever the hand of God writing on the luminous pages of her history the imperishable formulas of the faith of the future, purified from the degrading elements of the faith of the past. Under

the influence of such impressions, Rome appeared to him as the holy city predestined to march at the head of the nations on their way to independence. But in proportion as his thoughts abandoned the illusions of first impressions, they were directed to realities but little calculated to foster enthusiasm in a generous soul. Those monuments, the object of his admiration as evidence of man's creative power, were now to his disenchanted mind so many tombs erected over human freedom to prevent its ever again rising to life. Rome itself seemed to be changed into a vast sepulchre, closed on one side by the ruins of the Italy of the Cæsars, and on the other by those of the Italy of the Popes. Under such circumstances he thought it impossible for a human hand to build upon the rubbish, underneath which lay buried both the Roman eagle and the Papal thunderbolt, a new edifice worthy of commemorating the inauguration of the approaching era, when the world will be regenerated and united into a family of brothers. No language can convey to the mind an idea of the conviction and exaltation with which Garibaldi relates his feelings during his stay in Rome. It is a prophet, and not a sailor or a soldier, to whom one listens. No wonder, if shortly after his journey to Rome he asked to be initiated into the mysteries of a secret society known under the name of Carboneria, whose aim was the moral and political renovation of Italy. From that moment all his actions and thoughts were intended to prepare and fit himself for his noble work. His ardent and loving nature found a subject worthy of its devotion. He looked upon no sacrifice as too great or impossible, if it only could benefit the common cause, and improve the condition of man. The tenderness of his heart, which was manifested when a child by shedding tears at the sight of any living being in trouble, he exhibited now on every occasion, by engaging in all the benevolent enterprises he heard of. The weak, the afflicted, the oppressed—of whatever race or tongue, condition or faith—never applied to him in vain. Nations, like individuals, constantly occupy his thoughts and draw largely on his affections. After the part he took in the liberal movement of Italy in 1833 compelled him to leave a country where he had been condemned to death, he went to South

America, and there distinguished himself for his fidelity to the cause of the oppressed. Engaged in business at first, he gave it up to enter the service of the Republic of the Rio Grande against Brazil ; and when he thought his services were no longer needed he hastened to Montevideo, where the independence of the Argentine Republic was threatened by Rosas, the despot of Buenos Ayres. He never asked for any pay more than was strictly necessary for his support.

Many anecdotes are related of his disinterestedness, his repugnance to receive anything from the people he defended, his honorable voluntary poverty at times when he held in his hand the destinies of a nation. These anecdotes, indeed, reveal the man such as he really is ; but it is difficult to tell which of them are true and which are not. On this point, as well as on many others, Garibaldi's biographers do not seem to be very scrupulous in ascertaining the truth of the facts they state. There are before us seven different works, professing to be more or less authentic memoirs, which we very seldom find to agree in their simplest statements. One puts his birth on the 4th of July, the other on the 7th, a third on the 22d. The Memoirs published by Dumas affirm that he was born at Nice, not only in the same house, but in the very chamber, in which the celebrated General Massena was born. Leynardier, on the contrary, assures us that a ship on the high sea, tossed about by a most terrible storm, was the place of his nativity. In one book we are told that Garibaldi never, before his marriage with Annita in South America, had loved a woman, or even thought of marrying ; whilst in another a romantic story is given of a first love and betrothal with a lady named Beppa, somewhere on the coast of France, abruptly broken off by the drowning of the girl, in spite of the superhuman efforts of the lover to save her. According to one writer,—and this we heard from Garibaldi himself,—Annita's hands were innocent of blood, and, though constantly at her husband's side during his battles, she never went further than to load the muskets when a few men happened to fight a superior number ; whilst another writer insists that no better shot than Annita ever trod this earth. In short, such is the disagreement existing between these memoirs, that we

have made it a rule not to admit a fact here, however tempting and characteristic, which we do not remember as directly or indirectly alluded to by Garibaldi himself. That the Republics of the Rio Grande and Montevideo are almost exclusively indebted to him for their existence ; that he never kept his share of the booty when, by the established laws of war, it would have been his right to do so ; that he in no case allowed his men, or permitted himself, to take by force, without being compelled by necessity, anything from the populations through whose villages they passed ; that he never asked or accepted a salary from the nations for whose independence and freedom he fought, beyond food and clothing ; that his honesty, humanity, energy, matchless courage, ability to command, disinterestedness, and generosity have never been doubted by any one who has served as a volunteer under him ; that no man has greater control over his feelings, more presence of mind, higher respect for misfortune, or is capable of nobler sacrifices ; these are facts only denied, if at all, by those who, being themselves incapable of generous deeds, find pleasure in thinking that no one else can be. Certainly, the men are few who, after having given up a prosperous and profitable business to engage in the service of a country, would not expect and ask for a reasonable compensation, or at least tallow candles enough to find their way to their bed-chamber ; for it is true that, in order not to increase the government expenses, Garibaldi, the commander-in-chief of the land and sea forces of the Oriental Republic, thought he could dispense with such a luxury. And when General Pacheco, on being informed of the fact, sent him as a present a hundred dollars, not to wound his friend's feelings by refusing, Garibaldi accepted the money, and on the following day distributed it among the widows and children of the soldiers killed on the preceding day in the battle of San Antonio ; only reserving for himself enough to buy a pound of candles for the occasion of an evening call from a friend.

It is impossible for us to give our readers anything like a detailed account of the twelve years spent by Garibaldi in South America. The incidents of his military life in Rio Grande would of themselves afford ample material for an en-

tertaining book. From the moment when, with a crew of sixteen men and a bark of thirty tons, he declared war against Brazil, to the day in which, after being convinced that the object of the war had changed, he left the territory of the Republic,—a period of about three years,—Garibaldi had been engaged in so many battles, obtained so many victories, and suffered so many defeats, that it is doubtful whether any other man ever endured and accomplished so much within so short a space of time. One day at the head of a band of volunteers he had himself organized and taught never to submit to the enemy; another, on board a ship as the commander of a fleet he had extemporized and as it were created,—always brave, always intrepid, always disinterested, he did not cease to exhibit on every occasion his unfeigned devotion to the cause of the independence of a nation. As he had married during the first year of his residence in Rio Grande, his wife was ever with him. Dangerous expeditions, painful marches, continual alarms, incessant struggles,—nothing could deter that noble woman from following the man whom she tenderly loved and admired. They both, without expecting the least reward from a republic which they knew could not pay, faithfully stood for the right of the feeble till it became evident that the war had become a mere quarrel between ambitious parties. Garibaldi then, too independent and high-minded to serve individual interests, especially if to the disadvantage of the majority, resigned his command, and left, with his beloved Annita, for Montevideo. A life of excitement and danger, which seemed as necessary to his nature as the very air he breathed, was all the compensation he had found in that adventurous war. At one time, on a frail boat, surrounded by a few determined men, he attacked a well-armed fleet, and compelled the enemy to avow their inability to capture him. At another time, on horseback, followed by the same adventurers, who like him faced with equal bravery every peril both on sea and land, he completely routed and put to flight armies ten times more numerous than his own. Always and everywhere, as we have said, accompanied by the loving and cherished woman whose intrepid and chivalrous soul so well understood and so perfectly resembled his own, he cared

but little for other society, for the comforts and pleasures of ordinary life. He was then thirty years old. His hopes were in the future. The luxurious magnificence of Nature as she appears in Brazil, which at other times and under different circumstances would have excited his boundless admiration, was now for him nothing but a kind of superfluity, which he enjoyed as a relaxation from a life of self-devotion, danger, adventure, hope, and love he had chosen for himself in those distant parts, and for which his nature seemed to have been moulded.

As soon as he arrived in Montevideo, however, he felt that a romantic, adventurous life is but an incident of man's existence. Positive life, with all its material wants, is not long in making its appearance ; and more philosophy, more moral courage, is often required to go through it, than to follow the impulses of the heart, however great the hardships they may bring. He was now a father ; he had a family to support ; it was necessary to provide for their wants ; there were no means except his capacity and energy. The idea of teaching occurred to him as the most practical for the moment, and he became a teacher of mathematics. The occupation was not certainly the best suited to his taste and habits. Nevertheless he would cheerfully have continued in it longer, if the political situation of Uruguay had not thrown him again into that life of uncertainty and danger which seemed so well calculated to develop his noblest qualities. His delicacy as well as his sense of duty would not allow him to be a charge upon any one, or even to accept from his friends what was spontaneously offered, because he felt he had not earned it. Garibaldi's achievements in Brazil were known in Montevideo, and the government, when informed of his arrival, fixed their eyes upon him as the only man who could defend and save the country from the despotism of the Dictator of Buenos Ayres, Juan Manoel Rosas. He was charged with the defence of the Republic on the sea-side. Three cutters were placed under his order, the only fleet they had, and with that he was expected to resist all attacks from the comparatively powerful navy of the Argentine Republic. The expectation of the government and the confidence they had placed in him were

soon justified. His first naval expedition exhibited in its fulness his energetic military audacity, and was a complete success, though it cost him the destruction of his fleet. Six men-of-war belonging to Buenos Ayres were cruising in the Parana, whose mouth was protected by strong batteries. To seize on those batteries, force his entrance through the river, go with his three cutters and attack the six vessels of the enemy in their own waters, did not appear an impossibility to Garibaldi, — and he attempted to do it. Placing himself before the batteries, after four hours of furious cannonading he causes their fire to cease, takes them by assault one after the other, and spikes all their guns. Excited by this first success, he ascends the river, but his pilot, not being sufficiently acquainted with its waters, runs the vessels aground. The position was most critical. The Buenos Ayres fleet, manoeuvring without obstacle in deep waters, could freely direct its fire wherever it would be most effective. This it did, with great energy, whilst Garibaldi was getting afloat. But in spite of all disadvantages he withstood the enemy for two long days. His cutters pierced with balls, the wheels of the helms broken or carried away, the sails literally torn in rags, it is difficult to conceive how such a condition might have become worse. It did become worse nevertheless, — the ammunition failed. Having no more cartridges or balls, Garibaldi commanded all the chains and cables on board to be broken and cut, and then used as grape-shot. These being exhausted, nothing more could be done but blow the vessels up, and thus employ the only means left to injure the enemy. Such an expedient had once succeeded against the Brazilian fleet, — why should it not against that of the Argentine Republic? No sooner was it thought of than executed; and so powerful was the explosion that it threw disorder into the enemy's ranks, and enabled the small boat in which Garibaldi's little band had embarked to reach the shore in safety. But this movement had been anticipated by Rosas's Admiral. He sent a body of his troops to oppose their passage, and the least they could expect was to be taken prisoners to Buenos Ayres and shot. Garibaldi, however, was not the man to be thus arrested. Without reckoning the number of the enemy, he commanded a bayonet charge, put himself at the

head of his brave men, sword in hand, and, opening a way through, retreated in such good order that all efforts of the enemy failed to break his line. Thus he arrived with the remnants of his navy in Montevideo, conquered, but so great in his defeat that he was received by both government and people with demonstrations of the greatest sympathy. Twenty-two days had been occupied in effecting the retreat.

During that time the condition of the Oriental Republic, as it was called, had not improved. Oribe, Rosas's general, was threatening the city, already blockaded by the Buenos-Ayrean squadron, with siege, and laying waste the suburbs. Garibaldi's return brought a notable change in that most critical situation. To replace the lost fleet, the government had placed at his disposal a few insignificant boats, with which he was obliged to confine himself to guarding the coasts. It was at that time and under such circumstances that he conceived the idea of organizing the celebrated Italian Legion, which was to render so great and important services to Uruguay. The Italian residents, who had their property to defend against an unscrupulous enemy, enlisted under his banner with unfeigned enthusiasm. Four hundred men were thus united by a common interest, as well as by perfect confidence in their chief. As they wore a red shirt with green facings, the name of red men — which five years after became so renowned in the defence of Rome — was given them. With the organization of the Italian Legion the war assumed a peculiar character. It began to make Rosas feel uneasy on his dictatorial chair; and notwithstanding the advantages of his position, both in regard to men and money, he foresaw that his power would not last many years. Garibaldi's genius he could neither resist nor bribe. His influence over the Italian Legion rendered it impossible to conquer or allure them with magnificent promises. Any attack from them, by land or by sea, Rosas looked upon as a deadly blow to his interests, as a calamity to his power and party. And such it really was. Garibaldi is one of those men whose defeats are even more fatal to the enemy than their victories. The Legion, however, on first sallying forth to meet the foe, did not give much encouragement to their leader. Seized by a panic, the whole retired without firing a

single shot. One of the commanders was obliged to resign ; a few discontented and troublesome members were dismissed ; and a powerful address from Garibaldi restored order and revived courage amongst the soldiers. Their character also, so sadly stained at their first sortie, was to be restored. An attack was therefore proposed, and unanimously agreed to, upon the troops of Oribe before Ceno. With Garibaldi and his friend Pacheco at their head, the Italians attacked the enemy at two o'clock in the afternoon, and put them to flight at five. The Legion, consisting of four hundred men, charged a battalion of six hundred. One hundred and fifty of the enemy were killed, and two hundred made prisoners ; whilst on their side six were killed and about a dozen wounded. From that moment Garibaldi was at ease. The Legion had retrieved its honor by a baptism of fire. After the second engagement it had created such an impression, that the enemy, when they saw them advancing with the bayonet, did not wait for the charge, or, if they did, they were sure to be overthrown.

In Montevideo, as formerly in Rio Grande, at the head of both the army and the fleet, Garibaldi with his handful of men rendered the most efficient service to the Republic. The traits of boldness and bravery, of swiftness and daring, which are related of him, seem to bring back to us the fabulous ages of mythology. Sallies of an incredible temerity, desperate charges, attacks and surprises of an unheard-of audacity, skirmishes by leaps and bounds, heroic defences and obstinate resistances,—nothing marvellous is wanting. At one time he might have been seen falling like a whirlwind upon the battalions of the enemy, and, after having cut and scattered and thrown them into disastrous confusion, disappearing from the field so suddenly that the numerous dead left on the ground were the only evidence that the whole had not been a dream. At another time, intrenched behind a dilapidated wall, he withstood a mass of assailants far superior in number, and, though fatigued and harassed, kept them at bay by a desperate resistance ; and when the enemy thought to have surrounded and taken him, he slid away like an eel from the hand of the fisherman, either by opening a way through the amazed lines, or by some unperceived impracticable path, going through which

required more energy than to face the enemy. Once at Bayada, Fernando Gomez, one of Oribe's generals, had pitched his camp of twelve hundred men, strongly intrenched on an eminence, from which he could command three roads. That spot was necessary to Garibaldi, and, in order to carry out his plans, must be taken. Gomez's army being too numerous for an open attack by three hundred and fifty men, he dislodged them by one of those stratagems which so often saved his Legion. Improving the opportunity of a dark night, he divided his band into two columns, one of two hundred men on horseback provided with resin torches, the other of one hundred and fifty men on foot, armed with two small field-pieces beside their muskets. At midnight the latter attacked the camp on one side, firing with a determination that started the unsuspecting enemy from their sleep and made them think that all the forces of the Oriental Republic had surrounded them. They hastened, in the dark, to seize their arms. Garibaldi, who was awaiting that moment, commanded his horsemen to light their torches, and, marching before them, made the turn of the camp at the utmost speed, shaking the torches in the air and uttering the most savage yells. The enemy, surprised, frightened and distracted, thought they beheld a legion of demons, led by Lucifer himself, dancing around them some infernal dance, and scattered in every direction, without even attempting to fight. The camp was occupied by Garibaldi, who found it provided with everything necessary to support his men and to maintain his position. From that place he was enabled, to the end of the campaign, to act on all points and brave the whole forces of Rosas. Two days afterwards, Gomez, ashamed of his defeat, advanced with his division in order to retake the position; but he failed, with the loss of above one third of his command.

For five years Garibaldi and his Legion faithfully defended the country that had given them hospitality. At Monte Cerro, Las Tres Cruces, San Antonio, and Topera di San Venangio, they exhibited the same bravery, ever followed by the same success. Nothing was deemed impossible to them, and the government did not hesitate to intrust to them the most arduous enterprises. Their services were not limited to military operations on land. On the sea, in spite of the insignificant resources

placed at his disposal, Garibaldi rendered to Uruguay no less important services, and his naval exploits did not lessen the confidence in his ability. Before its destruction on the Parana, the fleet of Montevideo consisted of three cutters, with eight guns in all. That of the enemy counted fifty. Such a disproportion of forces compelled the former to confine her operations to watching the movements of the latter, or, at most, to chasing a few coasters carrying provisions to the enemy's army. Garibaldi was not satisfied with such service; in his opinion the three cutters could be made to accomplish much more than that. He never allowed the enemy to approach Montevideo by sea. As soon as their vessels were seen at a distance the three cutters were in motion, and went to meet them with such audacity, that often, without firing a shot, they would quietly retire. It was by such a navy that the fleet of Buenos Ayres was rendered useless. Once, after the destruction of the three cutters, whilst meditating an attack on the squadron of Rosas with the few long-boats that had replaced them, Garibaldi, protected by a thick fog, ventured with fifteen men into the waters commanded by the enemy to inspect their position and strength. Suddenly the fog was dissipated by the wind, and the bold reconnoittrer found himself in the midst of the fleet, and obliged to pass under the fire of its guns in order to escape. Shouts of joy, which betrayed the terror inspired by the intrepid chief, and the value attached to his capture, were heard to resound through the fleet. "Garibaldi is taken!" "Garibaldi is taken!" was the cry from every deck. Ten boats, each equipped by twice as many men as that of Garibaldi, went immediately in pursuit. He seized the helm, and managed it with so much skill, that in a short time he foiled all their efforts to capture him. A schooner of ten guns was then detached, which succeeded in driving him into a small bay, whence there was no way for him to get out, and cast anchor at its entrance awaiting the morrow. During the night, Garibaldi, profiting by the tide, pushed up on the shallows as far as he could, took the boat across a neck which separated the bay where he was shut up from a neighboring one, put again to sea, and returned to the schooner. The crew were asleep; the man on the look-out did not perceive his

approach. He reached the larboard side, climbed with his men on board, entered the cabin, and a desperate struggle began, which lasted twenty minutes, and ended in making him master of the vessel.

We have dilated somewhat on Garibaldi's achievements in South America, not only because that was the theatre on which he first attracted the attention of the world, but also because we have heard the facts we have given often related by him or some of his band. He used to regard his military career in America as a preparation for the war of independence in Italy, and he never assisted in a battle without exclaiming, "Would to God it were for Italy that we were fighting!" Indeed, the only thought that comforted him in his exile, the only hope that sustained his energy and courage, was the thought and the hope of soon being engaged in the work of her deliverance. "I do not remember," he says, "to have doubted for a moment that the time would come when I should be able to do for my native country what I did for the countries of my adoption. So sure I felt in my expectation, that in the presence of the enemy, in the midst of danger, and surrounded by death, the possibility of my being killed never entered my mind. I *knew* that God, the Father of the oppressed, would protect and spare me." He could not be—he was not—disappointed. When Pius IX. was elected Pope, Italy, encouraged by his first acts, rose from her sleep, and all her children, the noblest of her children, who were scattered abroad and had fought for the cause of liberty in other countries, hastened at the call of their common mother, delighted at the idea that the Church stood foremost in the movement for freedom and blessed it. Garibaldi was informed of what was going on by some friend, and immediately made his preparations to leave for Europe. In the mean time he wrote to the Pope, through his Nuncio in Montevideo, offering the services of the Italian Legion, and his own, to the cause in which he sincerely believed Pius IX. was engaged in all earnestness. "If the men who have some acquaintance with arms," thus he concluded his letter, "are accepted by his Holiness, it is useless to say, that more willingly than ever we shall consecrate them to the service of him who does everything for

his country and the Church. We shall consider ourselves happy if we can aid Pio Nono in his work of redemption,—we and our companions, in whose name we write to you,—and we shall not consider we pay too dearly though paying with our blood.” This letter was made the subject of criticism some time ago by the anti-liberal press of our country, and Garibaldi was charged with not having abided by his promise when he returned to Italy. In reply, let it be simply observed, that his offer was never accepted, his letter never answered. The answer published by some papers, thirteen years after he wrote, he never saw, and we are inclined to think it a fabrication. The fact is, that, receiving no response, he left Montevideo six months after, and sailed for Nice.

Charles Albert was in Lombardy, to support with his army the insurrection against the Austrians. He had declared to the nation that his soldiers were going “to bring the succor that the brother expects from the brother, the friend from the friend.” Garibaldi hastened to Lombardy, asked and obtained an interview with the king, offered his services to his country, and they were not accepted. Charles Albert committed many blunders in that war,—this refusal was the most fatal of them. It is said that General D’Aspre, when the king was defeated, and had to submit to the humiliating conditions imposed by Austria, rudely addressed him in these words: “The man who best of all might have served your cause, you were unable to recognize; and this man is Garibaldi.” If such words were really uttered by General D’Aspre, they are so much the more characteristic, since during the war he often had to struggle with him, and had had occasion to appreciate his ability as a military commander. Garibaldi had endured almost everything a human being is capable of enduring; but never before had he suffered the humiliation of having his service rejected with contempt. He could not help at that moment feeling his superiority over the king and his generals. Indignant at seeing the offer of a sword which was not without value so little appreciated, he went to Milan, where the struggle against Austria was more energetically carried on than in the council of King Charles Albert.

His fame had preceded him to Italy. An account of his

exploits in America had been published in Lausanne, and widely circulated in the Peninsula. In Milan he was received with transport. He had scarcely manifested his desire to be employed, before the committee on the war authorized him to levy a body of volunteers to protect Bergamo, threatened by the Austrians. Popular instinct, better inspired than royal policy, answered the appeal with enthusiasm. Attracted by the influence of his name, about three thousand volunteers enlisted under his flag, and Northern Italy saw in them the best of her defenders. Charles Albert's capitulation, and the occupation of Milan by the Austrians, neutralized Garibaldi's operations. He held on, however ; — his recruits multiplied on his way, and enabled him to attack the body commanded by D'Aspre, beat and harass them, and successfully dispute all their passages. "Have you no weapons ?" said he to the peasants ; "take your scythes, your ploughshares, your hatchets, and follow me." Everybody arms as well as he can ; everybody goes wherever Garibaldi bids. Castelletto, Lucivo, Stabio, Laverno, Seppo, Merazzone, saw in succession our hero resisting forces far superior in every respect to those he commanded. On Lake Maggiore he seizes two Austrian steamers, embarks with his bands, descends the Ticino, and beats a strong column of the enemy, who believed him sixty miles distant. Upon the heights and territory of Varese he resists for twenty days the whole division of General D'Aspre. On such days of ardent and passionate struggle the man of thought and action was revealed in Garibaldi ; — the man of action, whose valiant and adventurous life recalled to the mind the gallant knights of another age, with their chivalrous deeds, — the man of thought, who, amidst those great patriotic struggles, and through the smoke of battle, saw, as if behind a veil, the independence and unity of his country. To them that saw him in those moments, at the head of his horsemen, charging the enemy at full gallop, he appeared in all the reality of those legendary and fabulous forms with which the vivid imagination of his countrymen had endowed him. Behind the falling walls from which the enemy tried to dislodge him, it was always the same man, with his zealous activity, his prodigious bravery, his matchless patriotism ; hastening from

combat to combat, intrenching himself under the shelter of an extemporized rampart or an abandoned house, never avoiding the enemy, using as a weapon everything he could lay hold of, and never thinking of surrendering, whatever the number of his opponents might be. All the isolated detachments of troops that had kept the field after the capitulation of Milan had been destroyed or dispersed. He was last to abandon the territory occupied and ravaged by the enemy. But the moment came when he also could stay no longer. He mounts a horse, assembles his companions, from three to four hundred in number, and thus addresses them : " My children, we have neither provisions nor ammunition left ! We can no longer eat or fight. . . . Shall we surrender to the Austrians, or pass over their bodies, and show them how the last defenders of Italian independence can die ? " Electrified by these few words, the little army determined not to surrender, and immediately moved towards the enemy. General D'Aspre, who already knew Garibaldi, divined what would be his plan, and concentrated his forces at the head of the bridge of Nontoli, with a view to cut off his retreat to Switzerland and take him prisoner. Garibaldi reached the bridge, which a discharge of artillery covered with grape-shot, unaware of the preparations made by the enemy. " Seize on the cannons, children," shouted he ; and before the enemy had time to repeat his discharge, the guns were taken and the men killed. Seeing that the passage of the bridge would be warmly contested, " My children," he cried, " if we must die here, let us kill as many of the Croats as we can ; it will be so many enemies the less for Italy. Let us fight as if every one of us had four bodies to defend his country with, and four souls to love her. *Viva l'Italia !*" The infantry mounted behind the cavalry, so that every horse carried two combatants. The whole body, closing together, fell with the violence of an avalanche on the Croats, and literally hewed open their way to Switzerland.

A few months after, they again showed themselves in the field. In March, 1849, King Charles Albert, after the formal declaration that the armistice agreed upon in August, 1848, with Marshal Radetzky, was over, resumed his arms, and the

war of Italian independence recommenced. As a tardy acknowledgment of the courage and prodigious popularity of Garibaldi, the king offered him the grade of General in the Sardinian army. But he declined the honor, and left with three hundred volunteers in order to go to Venice, where the resistance to the common enemy had not been suspended, but was carried on with the utmost vigor. He had already arrived at Ravenna, when the news from Rome, where the greatest events had taken place, called him to the defence of that city, towards which his patriotic aspirations had ever been directed.

We shall not relate now all the particulars of the attacks against the infant Republic of Rome by the French, nor those of the siege and the defence of the city. The Catholic powers had been appealed to by the Pope, and the President of the French Republic thought it his duty to respond to that appeal. Posterity will judge him as impartial history has done already. In the checkered pages of his biography, the disappointment of a nation which he betrayed, the sacrifice of principles prostituted to his personal interests, and the destruction of a republic which he was bound by the constitution of his country to protect, will not certainly be pointed out as the most glorious of his deeds. The Italians had the same right as the French to choose their own form of government and their own rulers, especially after their former rulers had so basely abandoned the cause of the people, and thrown themselves into the arms of their enemies. Pius IX. was not the least guilty. On the 24th of March, 1848, he addressed the Roman volunteers, at the moment of their departure for the war of independence, in the following words : "As the Vicar of Jesus Christ I am at peace with the universe, but as an Italian prince I have the right to defend the common country. I bless you ! The cause you defend is holy,—God will grant its triumph. I bless you once more. Combat and triumph in the name of the Lord." A month later, April 29th, that same Pius IX. wrote in his "Encyclical" : "As the head of the Church, I cannot declare war against the Austrians, for they are also my children. If the Italian princes have joined in the struggle, they were compelled by the unreasonableness of the people. The Pontifical troops have no other mission than that of de-

fending the frontiers of the state, and if they have crossed the Po, it can only have been in disregard to my orders." Is it strange that the people, disgusted at the conduct of their prince, demanded that he should abide by his words ? or that they should give themselves a government when he had left the state, and refused to listen to the messengers repeatedly sent to assure him that his person would be in no danger in Rome ? After all the efforts to persuade the Pope to return had failed, the inhabitants very naturally assembled to concert for means of defence in case the fugitive prince should send foreign troops to attack their homes. Having ascertained for a certainty that Naples, Austria, Spain, and France had resolved on sending their armed hordes against the unprotected citizens, a few brave and generous men hastened from all parts of Italy to the call of a city which they regarded as the centre of their dearest hopes.

It was under these circumstances that Garibaldi appeared in Rome. The enthusiasm with which he was received can be understood, but it cannot be described. Every one felt that, if any man could save the city, or at least preserve her honor, that man was Garibaldi. His first victory over the French did not add to his popularity,—that was impossible,—but it gave him boundless power over the people, and an immense weight in the councils of the government. How he put to flight the Neapolitans, numbering eighteen thousand men ; how he compelled six thousand Spaniards to re-embark, by simply showing himself with a few hundred of his volunteers ; how he defended Rome against twenty-five thousand French, during a siege of two months ;—all this is known to every American that felt at the time any interest in the fate of Italy. And though the public press of Europe, and to some extent that of America, on the authority of a few shameless or deceived correspondents, misrepresented the facts to the disadvantage of the oppressed and their defender, history has done justice to their moderation and patriotism, relating events as they really happened, and corroborating them by authentic documents. All historians, the French as well as the Italian, agree in stating that Garibaldi never appeared greater than when the defence of Rome had become impos-

sible. Full of hope in the justice of the cause he had fought for, more than ever convinced that Italy was by Providence destined to be free and great, he refused to lay down arms and surrender. "Let him who loves his country follow me," said he to the small army that had so well deserved his affection and admiration. "I have nothing to offer him but privations, suffering, and death. He shall have no pay, no rest. Bread and water will be his food, when by chance we shall find them. Whoever is not satisfied with this lot had better remain. The gates of Rome once passed, every step backward will be a step towards death." Four thousand foot and nine hundred horse ranged themselves around him; they constituted two thirds of the defenders of Rome that were left. The skill Garibaldi displayed in leading them safely through the enemy that on every side surrounded and chased them, has no example in the annals of the world. In San Marino, convinced of the impossibility of escaping the hands of the Austrians if his little army continued their march together, he disbanded it. Two hundred, mostly from amongst the officers, refused to abandon him. They attempted to enter Venice, the only spot of Italy where resistance to the enemy had not yet ceased. It was, however, too late, and they were compelled to part, in order not to fall a prey to the Austrians. Several had already been taken. Ugo Bassi, the patriot priest, who had been the comforting angel to the wounded and dying ever since the beginning of the war, was of that number. His life was sacrificed by the Croats, his name slandered by the priestly party. Garibaldi was now alone with his wife and a friend. Within a few days from his departure from San Marino, Annita's condition became so dangerous that he prepared himself for a new sacrifice, without murmuring or shedding a tear. After her death he hastened towards the Sardinian States, where there was no more danger for him, and where he arrived in thirty-five days from the moment he left Rome.

But his wandering life was not to cease. Notwithstanding the demonstrations of the people and the resolutions in his favor passed by the Parliament, an order from the executive suggested his departure. He left. His health was shattered, his wounds both bodily and mental were open. An appeal to

the constitution of the state might have spared him the troubles and the dangers of a new exile. But it is not Garibaldi's habit to resist when resistance has no other object than himself and his own advantage. He appreciated the motives which prompted the Sardinian government to take that step, and submitted. Subscriptions were opened in his behalf; the government, as well as his friends, offered him means to live for a few years, until the time for action should again come. He refused everything. "When I am actually serving my country," he wrote to the Secretary of the National Italian Association in Turin, "it is for her to feed and clothe me. On all other occasions this duty devolves upon my own hands. They never have, and I trust they never will fail me. I am touched by this new token of my countrymen's interest in me. Give them my hearty thanks; but tell them I cannot accept it."

He arrived at New York during the summer of 1850, where a reception was offered him. He declined the honor, and declared that he would not enter the city unless he were sure that all thought of a public greeting had been given up. Any assistance from both Americans and Italians he constantly refused, and engaged in manufacturing tallow-candles till his strength would allow him to resume a more active life. About two years restored his health so far as to enable him to accept the command of a merchantman. Several voyages to South America and China at first, and then to different ports in the Mediterranean, somewhat retrieved his finances, and ministered to the support and comfort of his children. He bought a small farm, upon which he lived, laboring with his own hands, till the events of 1859 claimed once more his arm for the war of Italian Independence. Ten years had brought great changes in the North of Italy. Under the protection of a liberal constitution, freedom had taken deep root in the heart of the people, and the nation felt prepared to strike one more blow for their deliverance. Fortunately, the Emperor of the French found that his own interests were one with those of oppressed Italy, and earnestly joined in the movement by sending a powerful army to support the efforts of the king of Sardinia. Piedmont was thus enabled to measure its strength with Austria, and take the lead in breaking the foreign yoke

and uniting Italy into a nation. Garibaldi had watched the whole movement with delight. The moment had arrived that he had anticipated, and so efficiently aided in bringing about. Being assured and satisfied that Victor Emmanuel was the man around whom it was necessary to rally in order to secure the desired result, he put himself at his disposal, not caring what either friends or foes might say of his determination. The young king, made wiser by the mistakes of his father, was delighted to welcome Garibaldi to a co-operation with himself in his noble work, and gave evidence of the trust placed in him by taking counsel with him on the most important measures.

Before France and Piedmont had reached the field of battle, as soon as Austria commenced hostilities against the unarmed people, with the celerity that has on all occasions characterized his movements, Garibaldi darted on the territory of the enemy. He had been intrusted by the king with the organization of a new body of troops, to which he gave the name of *Cacciatori delle Alpi*,—the Hunters of the Alps. At first they did not exceed 3,500 men and 500 horses, and for some reason or other they were obliged to start without artillery. Garibaldi considered them sufficient to begin his operations in Lombardy, where at his voice the population would rise, and thus undermine the very soil already trembling under the feet of the Austrians. On the 10th of May he was on the banks of the Dora. Gliding along the mountains he soon reached Gattinara; whence resolutely pressing onward, he found himself at Romagnano and Borgomanero, and on the 23d he made his appearance in Castelletto on Lake Maggiore. It was important not to let the enemy know the direction of his little army. Garibaldi wrote to the city authorities of Arona to inform them of his speedy arrival at that place, taking at the same time a contrary direction, and passing the Ticino at Castelletto by a ferry that took him and his men to Sesto Calende. As soon as he finds himself on Lombard soil, he calls on the oppressed inhabitants to rise. "Servitude must cease," he cries. "Whoever can seize a weapon, and does not, is a traitor." The signal was given and obeyed for a general insurrection. Without loss of time, Garibaldi hastened to Varese, where he arrived on the evening of the same day, and was received with

“Viva l’ Italia Independente!” On the following morning the citizens united and put themselves under the order of their deliverer, ready to meet the Austrians, who were advancing with a large force. On the 25th, at four o’clock in the morning, they appeared before the town ; but Garibaldi had already prepared for the defence. After a useless and bloody struggle, which lasted several hours, the enemy were compelled to suspend fighting and send for reserves. They returned at two o’clock in the afternoon, and opened a violent fire of artillery against the city. Notwithstanding the determined courage of the besieged, it was feared at one time that they would force their way through the barricades, and carry the day. The danger was imminent, the moment critical. Garibaldi took with himself the bulk of his troops, sallied out of the city, and, concealing his march behind a ridge of hills, fell suddenly upon the unsuspecting assailants. This attack on their flank and rear threw disorder into their ranks, and obliged them to retreat a second time, leaving the artillery on the field of battle. General Urban, who commanded, retired and reformed his columns at Camerlata, a very favorable position from which to defend the city of Como. Garibaldi in his turn resolves to attack them without delay, in order to occupy Como and prevent the enemy from collecting a larger force at that point. His troops, divided into two columns, set out on their march ; the one on Camerlata, the other from Biella to Chiasso, following a narrow path between the mountains and the lake. The Austrians had already occupied the other extremity, with the intention of defending the passage. But whilst they were waiting for the Hunters of the Alps at Camerlata, Garibaldi rushed against their advanced posts at San Fermo, and forced them to seek shelter in the suburbs of Como. There he attacked them again, scattered and put them to flight, and at ten o’clock in the evening entered the city.

How much these two achievements, with which the campaign of 1859 began, contributed to the victories of the main armies under the command of Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, it is difficult to say. Both commanders have confessed their admiration for Garibaldi, and declared that he deserved well of his country and of the army. It is certain that their first

plan was changed in consequence of his successes, and their operations greatly facilitated. As he had begun, so Garibaldi went on, from victory to victory, during the war, until, by the peace of Villafranca, he was obliged to change his field of action, and from Lombardy carry the war to Sicily. The accounts of that memorable expedition, and the success that followed it, are too well known to be repeated here. It is difficult to say whether his wonderful achievements in the South of Italy will be the last laurels he gathers fighting for the independence of his country. Had he accomplished nothing more than the deliverance of Naples and Sicily from the tyranny of the most infamous government that ever existed, that would be enough to place his name among those of the greatest benefactors of mankind. What he did there for his native land, he had always and everywhere done with the same energy, faithfulness, disinterestedness, and modesty. The close of his expedition has no example in history. It shows that his ambition is, doing good for its own sake. Scarcely had he secured freedom for the people to declare what form of government they preferred, and to choose their ruler, when he invited them to do so without delay ; using his influence to reconcile the conflicting parties, without any regard to his own principles and feelings. There was a moment when the enemies of Italy began to rejoice ; thinking his opposition to the government of King Victor Emmanuel, and especially to Cavour, would plunge Italy in a civil war, and facilitate their plans against her. But they knew not Garibaldi who thought him capable of such a mistake. At the very time when several measures were taken which seemed calculated to wound his feelings, he was doing everything in his power to bring about the desired result,—the annexation of the emancipated territory to the rest of Italy, under Victor Emmanuel. The people manifested their will in that direction ; they pronounced for annexation, and elected the *Galantuomo* king, as Garibaldi calls him ; and he immediately proclaimed that vote, only waiting for the king himself to resign his power into his hands. When he heard the king had entered the state, he left the apartments assigned him in his official capacity, and took humble lodgings in a retired tavern. On the

26th of October, early in the morning, he proceeded with his staff to meet Victor Emmanuel. As soon as he saw the vanguard of the Sardinian army approaching at a distance, he put his horse to a gallop, and in a few minutes was in their presence. The column commanded by General Cialdini recognized him, opened, and presented arms, as he embraced their gallant commander, who had advanced to meet him. Garibaldi continued his course until he was in sight of the king. Victor Emmanuel hastened forward and seized his hand. Thus they remained for several moments, both evidently deeply moved. When the officers on both sides saluted the king by the cry, "*Viva Vittorio Emmanuele!*" Garibaldi added, "*Re d' Italia!*!" "Thank you!" said the king. And they went on, holding each other's hands for more than a quarter of an hour, all the time conversing together. The dictator had spontaneously yielded his power. If he had wished it, there is no doubt the people would have raised him to the head of the nation; and from one end of the Peninsula to the other he would have been supported. What has been said of his tears at seeing himself neglected after the arrival of the king, and of his disappointment when others were intrusted with the highest dignities, is so unlike the man that we cannot believe it. The greatest rewards and the highest honors were offered him. He refused everything, protesting that he would never be anything else than a soldier for the independence and happiness of his country. He had long since determined to retire, until the day, impatiently expected, when his sword should again be required.

Garibaldi is a republican, a strong and most uncompromising republican, by conviction as much as by long habit of life. But he could not think of carrying out his principles and views to the detriment of the independence and unity of his beloved country. His penetrating mind cannot fail to perceive the insurmountable obstacles that an Italian Republic would encounter, both from the great European powers and the present condition of the inhabitants themselves. Besides, Garibaldi acknowledges the right that nations have to establish such form of government as they deem most expedient; and being satisfied that the will of the majority, headed by the

best educated classes, was a constitutional monarchy, he exerted all his powers and energy to forward that single object. It is mostly attained. Rome and Venice alone — the two cities representing the greatest glories of Italy — are not yet brought within the family-circle of their sister states. They suffer and hope, they struggle and call for help, but do not complain. The hour is not far off that will bring redemption to them also,— Garibaldi has given his word for it, and he never promises in vain. There seems a disposition on the part of the Emperor of Austria and of the Pope to grant what they can no longer deny. It will be late,— too late, maybe,— but better too late than never. This solution of the Italian Question we desire and look for with anxiety,— for the evident interest of Austria ; for the honor of Christianity, deeply wounded by the Roman See ; for the prosperity, political and religious, of Italy ; and, finally, for the sake of her noblest son, Garibaldi. By giving up the idea of keeping Venice, Austria might to a certain point be restored, if not to her former influence, which she has lost forever, to a normal condition that would secure for her an humble, but permanent and quiet existence. A devout submission to the decrees of Providence, which are too manifest to be resisted without impiety, might partially atone for the innocent blood shed by the Roman Church in support of her ambition, no less than her unchristian tenets. And Italy,— what would not Italy become in a few years, if delivered from the scourge of war, and allowed to devote her resources and energy to the works of peace ? If relieved from the malignant influence of her spiritual incubus, she could freely obey her better instincts, and make the sublime moral, the divine religion of Jesus, a living reality ? In his farewell address to the people on leaving Naples, Garibaldi used this strong language with reference to the Bishop of Rome : “ Before fighting against the enemy outside, you have internal enemies to beat down, and I will tell you that the chief of them is the Pope. If I have acquired any merit with you, I have acquired that of telling you the truth frankly, and without a veil. In using this privilege, I tell you again that your chief enemy is the Pope. I am a Christian, as you are. Yes, I am of that religion which has broken the bonds of slavery

and has proclaimed the freedom of men ; but he who oppresses his brothers, who betrays his country, is not and cannot be a Christian, — he denies the very principle of Christianity." These words from such a man are the final sentence pronounced against the temporal power, and we fear, in so far as Italy is concerned, of the spiritual jurisdiction, of the Popes. We know that what is generally believed of the reverence of the Italians for the Pope is not true. They love their Church as a national institution, but care not whether a man calling himself the Supreme Pontiff, or a number of citizens in their own name, preside over its interest. If the past may be taken as a sign of the future, there is little probability that Italy will fight for the support of the spiritual supremacy of the Bishop of Rome.

We have said that we desire a peaceful solution of the Italian question for Garibaldi's sake. It is time that he should be permitted to enjoy that rest which he longs for, and which he has so richly deserved by a life of constant self-sacrifice, and almost exclusive devotion to the good of others. Not that we entertain the least apprehension for the ultimate triumph of his cause. The will of God cannot be made void by the wickedness of any man. Leone Anzani, — the only man who might compete with Garibaldi, according to the testimony that Garibaldi himself has borne of him, — Leone Anzani on his death-bed said to Colonel Medici : " You must not judge Garibaldi ; he is a man that has received from Heaven such a mission that it is good to support and follow him. The future of Italy is in him. That is predestined." And, as if he intended to give more solemnity to his words, a few minutes later he added, " Do not forget what I told you with regard to Garibaldi," and breathed his last. This took place at the house of the Marquis Gavotto, in Genoa, twelve years ago. Whether those words were justified by the subsequent deeds of Garibaldi, we need not say. But we must be allowed to confess that we consider him as the man *predestined* to be the deliverer of Italy, the messenger of the Almighty to whom the commission was given to prepare his own countrymen for a new life.

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

PROF. TISCHENDORF's long-desired account of his new manuscript* must interest every scholar. We share his enthusiasm as we read how, after a four years' search of the European libraries had fired his zeal to visit also the still hidden treasures of the Eastern, he found, in 1844, at the Monastery of St. Catherine on Mount Sinai, in a basket of waste paper destined for the oven, the fragments of a most ancient manuscript of the Septuagint. The greater part of this prize was claimed by the monks; but the few fragments which Tischendorf was allowed to retain convinced him of its value, and when, on his second visit to the pious brethren, they told him they did not know what had become of it, he caused diligent search to be made for it in Europe. "At longe aliud atque opinabar Deus providerat." In 1859 the liberality of the Russian Emperor enabled Tischendorf to make a third visit to Mount Sinai. "On the 4th of February, when I had already sent out a servant to collect the camels with which I meant to return to Egypt the next week, I took a walk with the steward of the monastery and conversed with him about the Septuagint, some copies of my edition of which, with others of my New Testament, I had brought to the brethren. When we returned from our walk, we entered the steward's chamber. There he said that he had also a copy of the Septuagint, and placed it, wrapped in a cloth, before my eyes. I opened the cloth, and beheld what was beyond all hope. There were the abundant remains of that manuscript which I had long ago pronounced the most ancient extant of all Greek manuscripts on parchment, including not only those books of the Old Testament which, in 1844, I had taken from the basket, but others, and, what was far more important, the entire New Testament, not deformed by even the least gap, together with the whole Epistle of Barnabas, and the first part of the Shepherd of Hermas. I could not disguise the great delight into which this threw me. By the consent of the steward, I carried the book, or rather the fragments of a book, for the single leaves were loosened in many places, and had no other binding than the cloth, into my bed-chamber. There, when I fully understood how great a treasure I held in my hands, I offered praises and thanks to God, the Author of so great a favor to the Church and to myself. That same first night I spent in transcribing the Epistle of Barnabas, since it seemed wicked to sleep."

He goes on to tell how he and two of his friends copied it at Cairo in the next two months, and how the saintly monks, who, as he incidentally proves, knew all about the manuscript in 1846, were finally persuaded that their most advantageous speculation would be to present it to their Emperor, which they did, September 28th, 1859.

* Notitia Editionis Codicis Bibliorum Sinaitici Auspiciis Imperatoris Alexandri II. Susceptae, etc. Edidit AENOTH. FRID. CONST. TISCHENDORF, etc. Lipsiae: F. A. Brockhaus. 4to. pp 124.

Tischendorf proves — first, from the general appearance of the text, which agrees with that of the most ancient manuscripts ; secondly, from the addition of Barnabas and the Shepherd, which were pronounced uncanonical by the Councils of 364 and 397 ; and thirdly, from the omission of the last twelve verses of Mark, which are found in all our five hundred manuscripts, from the fifth century down, but which Eusebius, who died in 340, says were “wanting in most manuscripts” — that this Sinai manuscript, henceforth to be known as the Codex Aleph, Ι, is at least as old as the fourth century. It may have come down to us from the Martyr Age itself.

The Codex Aleph agrees most nearly with the next oldest manuscript, that of the Vatican, but differs freely both from that and from Tischendorf’s last edition, though not so much as from our Received Text. To the latter we expect Tischendorf’s next edition must approach nearer in some passages, but retreat farther in many others, than his last. Literal infallibility remains, we fear, as distant as ever. Two of the principal readings of Griesbach and Tischendorf are confirmed. 1 Tim. iii. 16 reads : “Great is the mystery of godliness ; he who was manifest in the flesh.” Not “which” or “God,” — ὁ, not ὁ or Θεός. “He who” was, however, corrected to “God” “about the twelfth century, but with such extreme caution that the most ancient reading is left intact.” In 1 John v. 7, 8, the words we bracket are entirely omitted. None of the men who corrected our Codex in eight thousand places dared touch it here : “For there are three that bear record [in heaven, the Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and these three are one ; and there are three that bear witness on earth] the spirit, and the water, and the blood [and these three agree in one].” That is, “There are three that bear record, the spirit, and the water, and the blood,” *absque additamento*. In Acts xx. 28, however, we have still, “The Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood”; and in John i. 18, “The only begotten God which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him.” Jesus is not called the *first-born* son of Mary in Matt. i. 25, though he is in Luke ii. 7. The reading of John v. 1 favors the idea that the Passover is alluded to. The accounts of the trial of the adulteress, and of the troubling of the pool of Bethesda by the angel are omitted, as are also the doxology of the Lord’s Prayer, the phrase “without a cause” in Matt. v. 22, and some short verses, supposed to be inserted in Matthew from Luke. Gal. iv. 25 reads, “For Sinai is a mountain in Arabia.” Peculiar to Codex Aleph are the readings Luke v. 32, “I came not to call the righteous, but the ungodly to repentance ;” Rev. ii. 3, “And thou hast patience, and hast suffered afflictions, and endured in my name, and hast not fainted ;” Rev. xxii. 21, “The grace of the Lord Jesus be with the saints. Amen.”

The headings of the books are the shortest possible. Their order is changed by placing Hebrews before, and Acts after Paul’s pastoral Epistles. All these circumstances, with the singular abbreviation of the diphthongs, and the disregard of the Greek laws of euphony, by neglect-

ing to assimilate dissonant letters, and by presenting such Hebraisms as Maththath, Maththew, Beezeboul, Bethzatha, Acheldamach, Smyrna, favor the manuscript's high antiquity.

On the millennial anniversary of the foundation of the Russian Empire, about the middle of 1862, a fac-simile of the Codex Aleph will be published at St. Petersburg, in four magnificent quartos, and a cheap reprint by Brockhaus of Leipzig, and the entire imperial edition will be freely distributed "throughout the whole Church of Christ, wherever there is place and honor for letters."

ONLY frequent and long-continued use as a book of reference can fairly test the value and accuracy of such a work as Smith's Dictionary.* All notice of such a work on its recent issue must, of course, be quite inadequate. The first thing that it occurs to us to say is, that the work, though published by an American house, is printed and bound in England, and has all the excellences in type, paper, and illustrations which belong to English books. The next thing to say is, that it is, beyond all precedent in English Biblical Dictionaries, full and comprehensive, having in the present volume, which is only half of the complete work, no less than 1176 octavo pages, in double columns, and with small print; more in this single volume, indeed, than in the whole Dictionary of Calmet, and nearly as much as the Dictionaries of Calmet and Brown united. The third remark to make is, that for every title, however small, the Hebrew name is given in the Hebrew character, the Greek name in the Greek character, and often the Arabic name in the Arabic character, while the Hebrew is also given in English characters for the benefit of those who may not understand that language. The wants of scholars and of Sunday-School teachers are equally met by this method. The fourth thing to say about the volume is, that the text is most amply supplemented by notes, maps, plans, woodcuts of implements, buildings, and scenes, leaving in this regard nothing to be desired; while on the other hand there is no redundancy in this pictorial embellishment. So much, even a casual turning over of the pages of the book enables us to say. Still more assurance is given as to the value of the work by the fly-leaf inserted after the title. On this we have the names of the *fifty-two* gentlemen who have assisted Dr. Smith in the preparation of the Dictionary. It would be only a repetition of the usual formula to remark, that such names are a "guaranty" of the ability and thoroughness of any work which such men undertake. Six of the contributors are American,—President Felton, Professor Conant, Professor Hackett, Professor Stowe, Professor D. T. Smith, and Dr. G. P. Thompson of New York city. Nearly all of the others are either Professors or Fellows in the English Universities, or Rectors of some of the great English schools, or eminent English divines. Those best known to American readers are Henry Alford, James Fergusson, Austen H. Layard, R. Stuart Poole, J. L.

* A Dictionary of the Bible, comprising its Antiquities, Biography, Geography, and Natural History. Edited by WILLIAM SMITH, LL. D. In two volumes. Vol. I. A — J. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1860. 8vo. pp. 1184.

Porter, Charles Pritchard, George Rawlinson, H. J. Rose, Arthur P. Stanley, and the Editor, William Smith. Many of the other names are of distinguished Biblical scholars; and after reading the articles which have been furnished by William L. Bevan, George Grove, H. W. Phillott, E. H. Plumptre, and William A. Wright, we have registered a vow not to omit any of their future productions, albeit none of them are members of learned societies, or more than simple Masters of Arts. The complete list of contributors includes ten Doctors of Divinity, four Doctors of Laws, three members of learned societies, and one nobleman, who is also a priest. Few cyclopædias of any kind can exhibit a better list.

Not wishing, however, to rest entirely on this authority of great names, we have devoted three days to an examination of the volume, not reading the articles in course, or taking them at random, but selecting fifty articles in ten different classes of subjects, and examining these with conscientious care and patience. Of biographical articles we have read Adam, Abram, David, Jonah, and Judas Iscariot; of articles on Biblical books, Apocrypha, Canticles, Genesis, Ephesians, and Hebrews; of articles on mythology, Ashtoreth, Baal, Beelzebub, Demon, and Jehovah; of articles upon cities, Beersheba, Bethlehem, Cæsarea Philippi, Gaza, and Jerusalem; upon the land of the Bible, Carmel, Goshen, Desert, Engedi, Jordan; upon natural history, Cedar, Conies, Behemoth, Eagle, Fowl; upon sacred customs, Altar, Census, Dance, Fasts, Festivals; upon domestic life, Burial, Food, Gift, Handicraft, Education; upon dwelling-places, Cave, Field, Garden, House, Inn; and upon personal customs, Arms, Cross, Dress, Frontlets, Hair. The general impression derived from all these articles is of great thoroughness, research, clearness of method, and vigor of style, and in most instances of freedom, candor, and love of truth. In no case have we found the writers indisposed to treat fairly opinions opposed to their own, and in not more than three of the fifty articles does any spirit of dogmatism appear. The articles well represent the average of the best English scholarship. We shall mention only a few peculiarities which we have noted.

The article on Jerusalem, which is the longest in the volume, and would fill an ordinary duodecimo, is the work of two hands, William A. Wright and James Fergusson. It is a masterly production, both in its historical summary and its topographical minuteness. The only positive error in it that we saw was in making Hebron twenty miles from Jerusalem, when, even by the windings of the road, it is only eighteen. Mr. Wright admits that the origin of the name Jerusalem cannot be determined. Mr. Fergusson brings forward the theory that the so-called "Mosque of Omar" is in reality the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and argues this startling proposition with great ingenuity and earnestness, but, as it seems to us, with doubtful success. He fails to explain how a building so long a shrine should lose, without demolition, its traditional honor, and how another building so inferior should gain such a fame. As a criticism upon the reputed site, Mr. Fergusson's article is good; but as a new theory of the place of the

Holy Sepulchre it seems to us quite unsatisfactory. His view of the small population of ancient Jerusalem, too, is entirely untenable. He makes it no larger than Providence, R. I.

The article upon "Adam" is liberal in its admissions. The writer holds that Adam before the Fall was imperfect; that he was timid, sensual, inferior in intellect, and by no means equal to his children since the Fall. The writer on "Gaza" makes the mistake of saying that that town is now "larger than Jerusalem"! The writer on "Jonah" blinks the difficulties of the narrative, and would leave the impression that the miracle was real. Dr. Stanley, who has furnished the splendid monograph on "David," has confined himself to the Scripture account of the person and dress of the king, and has neglected to enrich his account with those new details which our friend Professor Ingraham has brought forward in his brilliant romance. This will, of course, be regarded as a fatal omission by our Evangelical brethren. Why, he even calls David *red-haired!* Mr. Plumptre, writing upon "Judas," notices all the theories; but, as we think, dismisses somewhat too hastily that of Neander and Whately, that Judas wished to hasten by his act the Master's assumption of royal dignity.

The article on "Desert" notes the remarkable fact, that this term is the translation of *four* distinct Hebrew words, and dissipates so the confusion which most readers of the Bible find in the accounts of the Desert. The only exceptions which we take to the admirable article on "Jordan" are the misplacing of Ænon and Salim, the true place of which Dr. Barclay has found, and the statement that the water of Jordan is too impure to be long kept. We have some which is quite pure after seven years' keeping. In the article "Cedar," the old Lebanon grove is robbed of its honors, since Mr. Phillott decides that "cedar" is the general name for *many kinds* of evergreen, and that the wood of those trees is certainly not the wood which Solomon used in the Temple. Mr. Drake tells us that the "Eagle" of Scripture is a kind of *vulture*, and that "Behemoth" is beyond doubt the hippopotamus. Mr. Grove is able to find on "Carmel" the exact place of Elijah's sacrifice. Mr. Clark notes the fact that the modern Jews have twenty-eight regular "Fasts," while only one is enjoined by their Scripture; and he remarks the close union of the "Feasts" with the mystic number *seven*. The writer on "Apocrypha" finds in these books no prophecy and no poetry, only morality and legends, and is not disposed to rate them very highly in comparison with the regular canonical books. The article on "Canticles" is learned and able, but comes to no conclusion about the plan of the book, and to the conclusion false, as we think, that Solomon is its *author*. Mr. Ellicott's article on the "Epistle to the Ephesians" is the most narrow and weak of any that we have read, treating very unjustly the critical doubts concerning the genuineness of the Epistle. And the splendid paper on "Genesis," by Mr. Perrowne, with all its vigorous argument, is hardly better than special pleading, is evasive in tone, and afraid to meet in a frank way the difficulties which science and criticism find in this narrative. With Mr. Bullock's conclusion that Paul was the author of the Epistle to

the Hebrews we cannot agree, though we admit that his argument is fair and moderate.

Mr. Bevan tells us, in his article on "Food," that the Hebrews lived mostly on bread and fruits; in his article on "Gift," that they had fifteen words to express that idea; in his article on "Dress," that the figures on the Beni Hassan tombs are *not* Jewish; on "Hair," that it was cut every eight days, and shaved as the sign of mourning, unlike the modern Egyptian custom; and on "Field," that these were left *unenclosed*. He holds that the name "Beelzeboul" was intentionally changed to "Beelzebub" as an insult, and that it was always joined with the idea of *demons*. The writer on "Education" tells us that female children were taught in the schools, that genealogies were the principal branch of learning, and that education was very low at the time of Christ. Mr. Grove, in a remarkable account of "Arms and Armor," dwells upon the fact that *no relics and no paintings exist* to tell us what kind of weapons the Jews used. Mr. Farrar, in a most learned investigation of the history of the "Cross," disposes of the Catholic relies thereof by the single remark that the cross was always burned after the execution was over, and that therefore Christ's cross could not have been found by St. Helena. He explains also the significance of the various forms of the cross. Mr. Brown maintains that the Jews borrowed from Babylon the custom of wearing frontlets, and although at the time of Jesus every one wore them, except Karaites, women, and slaves, yet there is no allusion to them in the Old Testament. Mr. Wright, who exhausts the subject of "Inns," shows their relation to the modern Khan, and doubts if they are mentioned anywhere in the Hebrew record.

The mythological articles are very complete; "Baal" is discussed in a scientific style, and the various compounds of his influence are catalogued; "Ashtoreth" is not only described as the Phoenician Venus, but the extent of Hebrew devotion to her is fully admitted; the "Demons" have full justice done to them; and the discussion of Jehovah and Elohim is a rare piece of able theological writing. The author, Mr. W. A. Wright, entirely discards the notion that Elohim indicates the Trinity, or in any way prophesies it. He distinguishes Elohim as the God of Power, and the Jehovah as the "Moral" God. He rejects the pronunciation "Jehovah," although he does not decide for "Yah-veh," or any other style. The whole question of the proper articulation of the four Hebrew letters is, after very able discussion, pronounced to be insoluble.

But we have said enough already to show that this new Bible Dictionary is a magnificent addition to our theological resources; and although we must wait a year longer for the second volume, we advise all who can afford it (and the price is moderate) to get the first volume at once.

THE literary journals of London frequently hide in the mass of their advertisements the title of some little book which has more worth than those conspicuously announced and celebrated. This was the fortune

of a volume on "The Religious Tendencies of the Age,"* which was contained for a few weeks in the list of Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co., and then withdrawn. If it disappeared so soon from notice because the edition was speedily exhausted, we are glad; for it is certain that the publishers will not soon issue a better book, whether in style, thought, candor, or impartiality. It consists of six essays, on "Private Judgment," "The Church of Rome," "High-Churchism," "Latitudinarianism," "Practical Christianity," and "The Signs of the Times." These are discussed with a modesty, a sincerity, a breadth of view, and a quiet dignity, which indicate consciousness of power, with entire absence of dogmatism. We have never read a theological treatise in which there was less of the sectarian temper, and from which all polemical animosity was more absolutely banished. The defects of the various Churches, Roman, Anglican, Evangelical, and Broad, are exposed in a very lucid manner; but the excellences of every system are set forth in equally bold relief. The author might pass for a genuine Romanist when he exhibits the strength and influence of the ancient Church; yet no Romanist would show the ugliness of his idol so openly. It is not until we close the volume, that we can fairly be sure on which side are the sympathies of the writer, whether on the side of orthodoxy or of liberalism. The final inference is, that he is one in whose mind the strife of traditional ideas with free thought and scholarship is still going on, and who would reconcile the troublesome debate on the middle ground of "Practical Christianity." He belongs, we think, to the school of Jowett, Temple, and the rest, with a mind somewhat more timid and conservative. He praises Emerson, while lamenting his theological unsoundness; and if he speaks of "the desolating Unitarianism which is so prevalent and so fashionable in America," and "the Rationalistic theories which seem to have corroded the Christianity of Germany to the core," he shows that Unitarian and Rationalistic ideas have really great mastery over his own thought. He is an advocate of the largest freedom, and says emphatically, that "the best thing in the world is on the side of liberty." In opposition to Mr. Roberts, he says, "I know of no passage declaring that the New Testament is inspired at all, or in any degree different from ordinary pastoral letters." He maintains that in the early Churches no test was required but belief in Christ; no questions asked concerning human "works," or the nature of the Atonement. And he insists that the Christian idea of God is widely different from the Jewish, and that the Old Testament Jehovah is not the Deity of enlightened faith. We trust that some American publisher will give this unpretending volume a new and larger circulation.

If any living man has a right to offer precepts upon the art of "preaching," it is that remarkable man who has, for more than thirty years, been the acknowledged head of the French Protestant Church.

* *The Religious Tendencies of the Age.* London: Saunders, Otley, & Co. 1860. 16mo. pp. 320.

We are compelled, however, to confess some disappointment in the work which he has produced as the fruit of his long experience.* It is good, but altogether too slight and hasty; and, for fulness, method, and real ability, is far inferior to the work of the Abbé Vétu which we recently reviewed. It is rather a series of hints and, reflections than a well-reasoned scientific treatise. The indexes which are appended seem really unnecessary for a book which can be read in two sittings, and which will hardly become a work of reference. Nevertheless, many of the hints are excellent in their kind; and readers will be interested, in comparing this with English and American manuals of preaching, to note the difference between French and English ideas of this art. Wit is not wanting, although Coquerel differs from most of his secular countrymen in underrating the value of *esprit* in the treatment of sacred things. The criticism of defects is at once gentle and keen, and the book as a whole may be taken as a profitable companion for Henry Ware's Hints on Extemporaneous Preaching, which indeed Coquerel frequently alludes to. Coquerel is a firm believer in the "art" of pulpit oratory; yet he has no toleration for artifice in it, and is a close censor of the mistakes which those make who would have *acting* pass for preaching. He will not have falsetto tones, nor fantastic gestures; will not have imitation or rant. The cardinal sin of preaching with him, however, is dulness; and he pronounces all kinds of preaching to be good, but the *tedious* kind. All sermons, he holds, ought to be "moral" and "dogmatic," but none wholly moral or wholly dogmatic. The only sort of quotation in sermons which he favors is quotation of Scripture, or perhaps from a few of the Reformers; the Fathers he rejects, and the writings of secular men, or living men, seem to him wholly out of place in the sacred desk. If preachers quote, too, let them quote prose rather than poetry. A poetic or flowery style in sermons is his abhorrence. *Anecdotes* he objects to, no matter how close their bearing on the subject of discourse, and mentions the remarkable fact, that his own *six volumes* of printed discourses contain only *one* anecdote. He does not think it absolutely necessary that all the sermon should be in the text, but he would have the text frequently repeated in the sermon, and he has no partiality for the selection of queer texts, or for passages which are merely adapted after the discourse is written. He mentions, as an instance of odd perversion of a Scripture passage, the text which a preacher once took on the occasion of preaching before the Wedgwood family in England: "And thou shalt make the dishes thereof, and the spoons thereof, and covers thereof, and bowls thereof." (Exod. xxv. 29.) *Personality* is by all means to be avoided in sermons, whether it be the personality of the preacher or the hearers. A minister ought very seldom to allude to circumstances in his own life or experience, or to bring his own sufferings or sorrows before his congregation. Nor ought he to make the affairs of his hearers a topic of public discourse, or allow any to say that one or

* *Observations Pratiques sur la Prédication.* Par ATHANASE COQUEREL. Paris: J. Cherbuliez. 1860. 12mo. pp. 327.

another of the congregation was evidently aimed at. The very thing which is so much satirized in our American preachers, Coquerel recommends,—that the sins of the Jewish people be set forth, rather than the sins of the present time and place. He does not think it desirable, either, for a preacher to scold his hearers for staying away from church ; for, in the first place, those who deserve the scolding are, for the most part, not present to hear it ; and, in the second place, if a few of these happen then to be present, it is more likely that they will be irritated by the discourse, and henceforward *stay away altogether*. In fact, he would exclude all special matters from the pulpit, except such as have direct bearing upon great practical Christian interests or issues. Such a subject as "Suicide" seems to him inappropriate, and even the fine sermon of Huet cannot make "the glow on the face of Stephen" other than an undignified theme. The poorest sermon which a man can write is one which is long, but filled with trifles and little things in great variety.

Other views of Coquerel in this volume are, that the preacher ought never to flatter ; ought to be modest in his youth, becoming bolder as he grows older ; ought to educate his audience ; ought to be at once ardent and sincere ; and ought to have consistency of character to give weight to his preaching. He takes distinctly the ground, that no man can be a "good preacher" who is not a *good man*. Contrary to the opinion of those who would have the minister in church devoutly abstracted and absorbed in worship, he insists that the preacher ought to *see his audience*, and to take heed of what is going on in the pews before him ; that his gaze, like his word, should not be vague and in the air. He vindicates the *sermon*, too, as the *principal thing* in all Protestant assemblies, and insists that Protestants go to church to be edified rather than to worship, and that it is right for them so to go ; that the singing and the prayers are only the auxiliaries to the preaching, and are worth nothing without this. And he is strongly opposed to the notion, that any true minister can stop writing sermons, or fall back on his old stock ; he should keep on thinking out sermons, and keep on writing them out.

A question to which a good deal of space is given in Coquerel's volume is the question of extemporaneous or *memoriter* discourse. Reading from the manuscript he absolutely rejects as stiff, formal, unsympathetic, and fatal to all good effect. He takes it for granted that that English absurdity has no friends among those whom he addresses. If any will practise it, however, he advises them to do it thoroughly, to make no pretence of reciting, but to read right on, and read the whole. The process ought to be frank and complete. As between the other two methods, he makes no dogmatic decision, though he commends the *memoriter* method as the better method for all who have not the gift of "improvisation," and confidence in their own power to speak impromptu. He sets aside the plea, that a minister has not time to commit to memory all the sermons that he must write, by the counter-plea that he should not write too many sermons, and that practice makes "memorizing" comparatively easy. In the twelve years of his ministry at Amsterdam he wrote and preached from memory two hundred and

fifty sermons, an average of twenty-one in a year. Whether he favors the repetition of sermons to the same congregation he does not tell us ; but it is evident that, without very frequent exchanges, no minister could meet the expectations of his hearers with only twenty-one new discourses in the year. Coquerel thinks that *one sermon* on Sunday is quite enough, and that, where there are two services, the second should be a lecture or an exegesis of Scripture, quite unlike the discourse of the morning. He does not approve the custom of multiplying services, or of excessive preaching, and mentions only to reprove the vice of crowding Sunday with sermons. Drelincourt, who once preached *seven* times in the day, is an example to be shunned rather than followed.

Where one is equal to it, Coquerel advises strongly the extemporeaneous method ; so explaining this, however, that it shall lend no aid to indolence or poverty of thought. He requires a preparation for this as full and careful as for the other kind. The thought is all pre-arranged in his extemporizing, nor is the expression left wholly to chance. He thinks that "extempore" sermons had better be previously written out, and that a preacher ought to have his manuscript in his pocket, though he may make no use of it. The *seven* rules of good improvisation which he gives are, that the discourse should be,—
 1. Carefully prepared ; 2. Methodical ; 3. Close to the text ; 4. With the thought *doubled*, that is, *that the preacher should be able, not only to think what he is saying, but at the same time to think what he is going to say next* ; 5. Not too long ; 6. Emotional,—a preacher preaches most effectually, when his feelings overcome him ; 7. Self-possessed, both on account of the *larynx* and on account of the *grammar*. Haste and confusion produce, not only bad articulation, but bad etymology and syntax. As to the question of *length*, Coquerel gives no definite rule ; if his own sermons are to be the standard, he would probably advise about forty-five minutes.

As quaint an oracle as the volume contains, is the wise saying, that if a preacher would be most sure of preaching well *occasionally*, he must preach well *always*.

THE title of Mr. Thornton's book * sufficiently explains it. It is the republication — fitly with fac-similes of the original title-pages — of some nine discourses, preached, in the revolutionary period from 1750 to 1783, by ministers like Mayhew, Chauncey, and Stiles,— faithful men, who, in those years, did good service in the cause of freedom, giving to it the integrity of pure characters, the zeal of warm hearts, and the cultured strength of clear minds. The editorial work appears in a general introduction and a prefatory note to each sermon, with a running commentary and elucidation in numerous foot-notes. It is work well done and worth while. It shows large research among historical

* The Pulpit of the American Revolution : or, The Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. By JOHN WINGATE THORNTON, A. M. Boston : Gould and Lincoln. 1860.

documents and authorities, nice discrimination of the telling points and salient arguments in the speech, writing, and conduct of the time, and a sympathetic comprehension of what was nobly done and thought in the good cause. It sets forth the general state of feeling then, and details the particular circumstances of each of the occasions which called out the separate discourses. It proves how great a power the Puritan pulpit was then in New England, how eagerly and effectively it lifted up its voice in unison with the voice of popular assemblies and Provincial Congresses, speaking for the people's rights in church and state against the assumptions or assaults of king, parliament, and hierarchy,—for freedom instead of tyranny. It is a work not to be done with slight power, meagre material, or narrow purpose. And the editor may well be congratulated on so worthy an issue to his labors, which could not have been small, though carried through with hearty enthusiasm.

Statists and politicians often go back now to early records, to learn what were the principles and conduct of the fathers of the republic. It is thought that information from that memorable past may have a good influence upon present perplexities and alarms. This book takes us back to the political views and patriotic counsels of the fathers of the New England Church. And the journey among those high thoughts and just purposes we hold to be profitable for reproof of our times, and for their instruction in righteousness. Those old days of virtue and bravery in state and church heard much political preaching, and of the right sort. It was passionate without scolding, bold without intemperance, hearty but not heady. It fronted political evils and wrong manfully, it sided at once and unflinchingly with what was politically right and pure and free; but in this was ever of the spirit which scourged intruders from the temple, never of that which would call down fire from heaven. It is just the time for such a book. Its suggestions are weighty, and likely to be entertained, of the need or value of political preaching now, what place there is for it in present exigencies, what should be the tone of it, what spirit should possess it of sobriety and justice, and what power should enforce it of good thought, calm judgment, and high principle. The present application is not anywhere hinted in the editor's work. But if he hoped or intended it, he chose, by this reticence, the very way to insure it. In things unspoken Mr. Carlyle finds the supreme influences, the ultimate powers among golden silences. Aristides's justice unpraised is potent; on many tongues it is an offence. The orator wisely tells Toussaint l'Ouverture's or any hero's story without comment. What he leaves unsaid is surely felt, and what he keeps to himself strikes home to the audience. To know simply what those rebel preachers of freedom did, is more to the present purpose than any fervid appeal to follow in the way of their action, and the bare statement of their virtue more persuasive than the eloquent commemoration of it. "The Pulpit of the American Revolution" imparts that knowledge and makes that statement, and discreetly rests the matter there. Its appearance is well-timed. *Faustum sit omen.*

ESSAYS, ETC.

A VOLUME from Mr. Emerson is a date in the literary life and intellectual experience of a circle of readers, not numerous at any one time, as compared with the public which devours the numbers of Mr. Dickens or the New York Ledger, but widely extended as the English speech. Wherever, within the range of that tongue, there is sympathy with profound and original thought, with just views of men and things, with absolute sincerity, with the poetry of a heart in unison with nature, with delicate wit and the highest style of literary art, these nine Essays, which the author has entitled the *Conduct of Life*,* and which Ticknor and Fields have clothed with such a shapely exterior, will find their way and cordial welcome.

We had hoped to devote an entire article to the consideration of this volume and its author, whose literary claims have always been discussed in former numbers of this journal. But we can do no more at present than to render our *devoir* of grateful acknowledgment for this last utterance of the great essayist to whom we had previously owed so many weighty and dear sayings, and whose thoughts are always edifying if we cannot always adopt his views.

The present volume, though discoursing in the same vein and imbued with the same spirit which so marked the first and second series of Emerson's Essays, is by no means a mere reiteration of the same thoughts, or a harping, with slender variations, on the same string. New problems are propounded and new experience brought to the consideration of the old,—new insight and new life. No writer of his class — if classed he can be — repeats himself less than Mr. Emerson, or maintains his mannerism (for mannerist he certainly is) more free from cant. The manner remains, but the thought, the experience, the life are progressive, and the new volume is as great an advance in power and wisdom on the Essays of 1841, as Literature and Philosophy have a right to demand of an author of twenty years standing and a *litterateur* by profession. In one respect we note a very considerable improvement, namely, in firmness and facility of handling. The first Essays we thought graceful at the time, but the writing, as we now turn back to them, seems almost hard and stiff compared with these fluent pages.

Mr. Emerson has developed a new trait in this latter period of his genius. Both in the English Traits and in the present volume there sparkles here and there a certain playful humor which is wanting to his earlier publications. Here is a sample, not the most striking perhaps, but the first which comes to hand:—

"The worst of Charity is that the lives you are asked to preserve are not worth preserving. Masses! the calamity is the masses. I do not wish any mass at all but honest men only, lovely, sweet, accomplished women only, and no shovel-handed, narrow-brained, gin-drinking million-stockingers or lazzeroni at all. If Government knew how, I should like to see it check, not mul-

* The *Conduct of Life*. By R. W. EMERSON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1860.

tiply, the population. . . . In old Egypt it was established law that the vote of a prophet was equal to a hundred hands. I think it was much underrated. Clay and clay differ in dignity, as we discover by our preferences every day. What a vicious practice is this of our politicians at Washington pairing off! as if one man who votes wrong going away could excuse you who mean to vote right for going away, or as if your presence did not tell in more ways than your vote. Suppose the three hundred at Thermopylae had paired off with three hundred Persians: would it have been all the same to Greece and history?" — p. 219.

Mr. Emerson has been a professional preacher; in early life he spoke from the pulpit "as the Spirit gave him utterance." Dissent from the faith and traditions of the Church, and a growing dissatisfaction with its methods, made that position in time incongruous and untenable. We could not but regret, when this divorce took place, that so much genius and dignity of nature should be lost to the service which so much needs these qualities in its ministrations. But in truth Mr. Emerson, in all these years, has not ceased to preach. In laying aside the professional habit he bated no jot of his interest in the moral and spiritual verities and dignities which the pulpit is supposed to have in charge. However we may mourn his loss to the Church and to Christian traditions, we cannot deny, but gratefully rejoice in, his prophetic mission. If no confessor, he is also — we have great satisfaction in testifying to the fact — no iconoclast, no railer. He does not shock and disgust his readers with reckless and frivolous assaults on the sanctities dear to believers. The element he deals in is not negation, but hopeful and brave affirmation. And though his voice is no longer heard in Christian pulpits, yet what preaching can be more practical and evangelical than this?

"A man hardly knows how much he is a machine until he begins to make telegraph and loom, press and locomotive, in his own image. But in these he is forced to leave out his follies and hindrances, so that when we go to the mill the machine is more moral than we. Let a man dare to go to a loom, and see if he be equal to it. Let machine confront machine, and see how they come out. The world-mill is less complex than the calico-mill, and the architect stooped less. In the gingham-mill a broken thread or a shred spoils the web through a piece of a hundred yards, and is traced back to the girl who wove it, and lessens her wages. The stockholder on being shown this rubs his hands with delight. Are you so cunning, Mr. Profitloss, and do you expect to swindle your master and employer in the web you weave? A day is a more magnificent cloth than any muslin, the mechanism that makes it is infinitely cunnier, and you shall not conceal the sleazy, fraudulent, rotten hours you have slipped into the piece, nor fear that any honest thread, or straighter steel, or more inflexible shaft will not testify in the web." — p. 70.

It is a very great favor to the thinking public, when the customs of any trade, mystery, or profession are set forth in plain speech, by some one competent at once to deal with them professionally and to go behind them to the reasons and facts they rest upon. It is not invidious, perhaps, to say that the Law peculiarly needs such an interpreter to the educated understanding of mankind. No man has a right to think without deference and respect of the enormous experience in real

things that has gone to make it up, or without gratitude of the massive sense of security which invests it, or without admiration of the splendid ability and wealth of learning that go to its equipment. Even in our critical moods, when we grumble over our Blackstone for the penny-worth of principle to his intolerable deal of precedent, we submit in humility to the dictum, that "the common law is the perfection of reason," and consent that our lives and fortunes shall be trusted, without protest, to a system that so completely balks our ignorance.

It is a very interesting thing, and a very welcome service, when the expounders of the law address our common sense and common humanity,—when also their words carry just weight in their special field. The whole educated public is a debtor for such service as that just rendered by Judge Appleton in his admirable and most readable book on "Evidence."* He is not only an honored and trusted judge, commanding singular respect for the learning, the wisdom, and the literary grace of his opinions from the bench. He has, by habit of mind and professional taste, been a philosophical student of the law. The maxims and writings of Bentham, which have made a sort of text-book of law-reform, have been a familiar study with him; and the State of Maine is indebted to his very able argument for some most important modifications of her courts, dating six or eight years ago. Many readers will remember the vigorous and very striking paper on the Law of Evidence, published in the "Massachusetts Quarterly Review,"—one of the many excellent words of that able and intrepid, but short-lived journal. The present volume is an expansion of the argument there presented. We find it here resting on the same basis of bold and clear good-sense; but grown to the fair proportions of a volume, robed in the comely drab that wins so ready homage from lay readers, hedged about with all necessary learning, and with gathered illustrations to make it worth study by the mere hunter of curiosities.

Certainly, as we listen to the maxims of courts, or read the arguments of famous trials, we, the unsophisticated, are scandalized and distressed to find how completely a technical rule can be made to tell against the ends of justice, and hinder the discovery of truth. From an unprofessional stand-point, we should be afraid to state the case half so strongly as we find it put by this experienced and scholarly jurist.

"It may be said, without the slightest exaggeration, that if the knaves and criminals, great and small, had united upon a code the object of which should be to afford the greatest security to each, consistent with the existence of law; had they taken 'sweet counsel together,' with full power to establish rules of evidence which should afford the minimum of protection to society and the maximum of security to themselves, with yet a remote possibility of punishment,—it is difficult to perceive how, having any rules, they could have materially improved upon the existent law." — pp. 9, 10.

Judge Appleton rests his argument on the very startling and radical

* The Rules of Evidence Stated and Discussed. By JOHN APPLETON, Justice of the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine. Philadelphia: T. & J. W. Johnson & Co. 8vo. pp. 284.

proposition — which the reader will find assumed on every page — that *the object of evidence is to get at facts*: and this in a court of justice as well as in affairs of common life. The examples he gives of the perversions from this plain principle are some of them very entertaining, some of them very shocking and painful. The worst affronts which "common law" has offered to common sense are shown to be gradually giving way before the legislation of our States. But many wrong things remain, and many fallacies are bestowed on the defence of them. It is worth the while of every student and philosopher, nay, of every citizen, to see this clear and able exposure of those wrongs and fallacies.

The order of argument is as follows : — first, the general principle of excluding persons who can testify; next, the grounds of incompetency, religious, moral, or arising from interest; then the testimony of criminal accomplices and of married parties; then the deeply interesting questions, admirably treated, as it seems to us, of "privileged communications" from client to counsel, and of "confessions and hearsay," how far either may be required as evidence; then several points of more purely technical bearing; and finally, a most convincing and summary handling of the matter of "judicial oaths." The conclusions at which the volume arrives are thus stated in the Preface : —

" All persons, without exception, who, having any of the organs of sense, can perceive, and perceiving make known their perceptions to others, should be received and examined as witnesses.

" Objections may be made to the credit, but never to the competency, of witnesses.

" While the best evidence should always be required, the best existing and attainable evidence should not be excluded, because it is not 'the best evidence of which the case in its nature is susceptible.'

It may surprise some of the uninitiated to be told that the above propositions are not only disputable and disputed, but that they are against the maxims and practices of most civilized tribunals; and that a volume of illustration, fact, and argument should be required in defence of them. The question as it lies between Judge Appleton and other authorities on the subject, it is not for us to decide. But for the non-professional reader, at least, we are glad that the argument has been presented in so full, so readable, and so discreet a way.

THE works continually appearing on the "Woman Question" show that it is no superficial or capricious movement, but a necessary development of the spirit of the age. No sooner is one work fairly before the public than another appears, as if the right word remained still to be uttered. In the work of Mademoiselle J. de Marchef-Girard * we have a book of 566 pages, written with much fervor, and from a feminine point of view, embodying an historical summary of the position of woman from Eve until now. M. de Lamartine says, in his gallant letter: "Your style has no sex; it is a man who thinks, and a woman

* *Les Femmes, leur passé, leur présent, leur avenir*, par J. DE MARCHEF-GIRARD, avec une Lettre de M. DE LAMARTINE. Paris. 1860.

who writes. I depart from the world disenchanted wholly in regard to man, but without having lost any of my esteem or tenderness for woman. Humanity is a medallion, which God has made with two faces, and to continue to love it I must fix my eyes on one only ; we are the reverse of the medallion, you are the beautiful face. This it is which alone makes me regret life, for it was the charm of life's morning, and is the consolation of its evening." This is wholly in the spirit of the book, which assigns to woman the sphere of ministration, consolation, and blessing, as daughter, sister, wife, mother, teacher and friend. It interprets the present unappeasable uprising of the question of woman's position and claims, as meaning this, — that woman hereafter is to take her place by the side of man as his equal, and hand in hand with him is to help forward the progress of human civilization. She is not to be man's rival in what is manly, but to be his co-operator by a truly feminine development on the plane of equality of rights, and by an independent stand within the sphere of her own nature, her own inspirations and functional endowments. The author says : " If the present reaction in regard to woman be really the spontaneous movement of the human heart towards the just and true, — a movement begun in the first ages, and continued unremittingly through all the succeeding until the present, — the destiny of woman now has reached the epoch of a radical change." The voice of antiquity is that of malediction upon woman ; and yet the idea of her higher vocation has never been lost. The author presents the various types of woman in the past, the theories in the present, and the prospect in the future.

The woman appears on the threshold of all histories as an intermediate between humanity and the principle of evil ; she is a type of fatality. The same legend is found in all mythologies, — the Eve of Genesis, the Pandora of Greece. She finds in these legends — rightly, as we think — a symbolic account of the development of human intelligence, which man has perverted into the support of his own disposition to tyrannize over what is submissive, dependent, and weaker than himself. The best gift of the gods is aspiring intellect, — it is the root of all progress, — and this necessarily involves all that humanity suffers. It was the perfect human intelligence which was symbolized in Egyptian Isis, in Grecian Pallas. The symbol became perverted as man interpreted it by his own gross states.

Woman next appears as a prophetic type among the Hebrews, the Greeks, the Romans and Barbarians, and the perverted view regarded her as but the instrument of evil and diabolic powers, and aided her debasement in man's eyes. Part Second examines the past types of woman, under the heads of the Biblical, the Greek, the Roman, and the Christian. The progress towards amelioration is traced in these different periods. From the bosom of shameful Eastern polygamies, the Jewish woman begins to take her place in society ; she knows what patriotism is ; she is no longer a slave. In the history of Greece and Rome, woman continually appears in noteworthy manifestations as loving, brave, chaste, and prudent ; and, rising out of the " limbo of wretchedness and despair between the past and the future," shines the form

of Hypatia, and of the virgin saints. Christian history gives us the types of Mary and of Magdalen. The figure of woman is the central one of the Middle Ages, and she has since been prominent in every sphere, from the throne to the scaffold.

Part Third considers the moral and intellectual faculties of woman, and discriminates between those of man and woman. Humanity is made up of two parts, — they are *one* in their inspiring principle, *equal* in their several ends, and different in their methods of manifestation. Woman is the absolute equal of man, but is not man ; she has not the same instincts, or virtues, or work, and is sovereign in her own sphere, as man is in his, though neither should be despotic. Her intellectual faculties are the same as man's, but modified by the feminine organization. Genius takes in her its predominant coloring from the heart, and not the intellect. When woman represents woman, there is always an identity of instincts and ideas ; but man paints her with very different colors ; for man paints woman as society has moulded her, and woman paints her as nature has formed her.

To woman sensibility has always been attributed ; and this proves the exaltation, and not the inferiority, of her nature. It belongs to all great, manly souls ; it constitutes heroes and martyrs, while thought makes only learned men. In the enslaved condition of woman, noble sentiments are the attributes of man more than of woman, as the sentiment of heroism, religious devotion, even love. The education of man is adapted to call out the noblest faculties, while the young girl has no discipline calculated to inspire honor, magnanimity, courage, and greatness of soul. Little is done to regulate and much to inflame and derange the action of the affections and passions in woman, by irrational education. She is deprived of the resources which man has at his command against abnormal and morbid states. Her religious tendencies are perverted. She is religious by the instincts of her soul, and finds there consolation and refuge for her susceptible and dependent nature. Woman has well played her part in Christian history, as mother, saint, martyr, sister of charity, and devotee. She has also showed herself patriotic and devoted to the defence of her country. The tender and religious sentiments dominate in woman, and these give force to those virtues which play the principal part in private life, — charity, fidelity, patience under adversity, and courage. Vice is blacker in her than in man, because the contrast is greater. The faults which belong to her organization and position as woman — capriciousness, frivolity, vanity, jealousy, and love of admiration — are aggravated by her education, and spring out of roots that make feminine excellence.

Parts Fourth and Fifth consider the present tendencies and the future prospect of woman in civilization. We stand now upon the point of a great change ; there is no symptom of a decline or retrograde tendency. Each nation is pressing forward and stirred with fresh life ; superstition and atheism decline ; the crisis is one of renovation, and not destruction, and the movement affects woman as well as man ; her part becomes more complicated ; it is studied by philosopher, poet, historian,

romancer, and philanthropist. All questions in regard to her nature, position, destiny, and rights are agitated. To be under man's protection, and to exist only through him, will not suffice ; the change to a different state has begun, and must go on. She demands respect as well as protection,—the right of self-manifestation, and to decide for herself what shall be her rôle.

The author combats many notions and customs peculiar to French society in regard to education of girls, marriage, parentage, and separation. She examines the wrong methods of female education, and demands that it shall be more thorough, practical, and scientific ; that it shall prepare the girl to perform her part as wife, mother, and teacher. To the bad organization of the schools for girls in France she traces the false and abnormal position of woman in that country. She finds neither in Bloomerism, Saint-Simonism, Positivism, nor abstract theories of woman's rights, the true ideal type of the woman. As the result of her examination of the position and destiny of woman, she says that "at no period has woman's true social position been appreciated, for at no period has man properly honored her, regarding her as a secondary and inferior being. Her part has been regarded as to love and to please, that being esteemed as all-sufficient to fill out the days measured to her by the Creator. But nature indicates something grander,—that she is one of the elements of the life of nations, one of the vital forces of the universe. The ideal woman is not a divinity, she is a woman,—mother, daughter, wife, friend. She must reach the ideal, whatever she does,—whether she sings, or labors, or speaks,—through sacrifice, devotion, and tenderness. It is blasphemy to make anything else a primary, and the home a *secondary* interest. She has other work than to please man's frivolous tastes. Whose fault is it that her true mission of consolation, love, succor, and blessing has not been fulfilled? Reorganize the system of instruction, cultivate her powers, help her to comprehend the true grandeur of her mission, and then cast into her arms all the wretched ones of society, and perhaps she will make of them men. And, women, believe in yourselves, if you would have men believe in you."

The style of the book is of the French, declamatory, eloquent sort ; but the whole tone of thought is far removed from the methods of viewing the "Woman Question" common of late in "La Belle France." The whole subject is treated with feminine tact and delicacy. There is nothing mawkish-sentimental, though much true sentiment. It will not satisfy those who ask for a positive theory and a definite solution of this mooted question ; but its negative criticism of errors and abuses, and its survey of the past, are suggestive, and especially valuable for the French meridian.

"THE Recreations of a Country Parson" * have already won a popularity which renders any notice of them almost superfluous. The volume is what its name indicates. The author enjoys what he calls

* The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston : Ticknor and Fields.

the happiness of the essayist, to "wander about the world of thought at his will," and uses "the style of the essayist," — "the perfection of freedom," — which "permits him, in writing upon any subject whatsoever, to say whatever may occur to him on any other subject." Indulging in a large and discursive liberty, he has given us a series of charming papers, (many of which have appeared from time to time in Frazer's Magazine,) on topics that concern every man's daily walk and conversation, and are admirably adapted to help every man in his conduct of life. He is bright, lucid, and flowing in his rhetoric as a mountain stream. He is playful, with a quiet humor; apt in illustration; amuses with slight intellectual eccentricities and a half-earnest cynicism; moves with delicate pathos; enchanting with fine touches of description, and pleases with exquisitely sketched word-pictures. He is a gentle satirist; a lover of nature; a student of men; a healthful as well as thoughtful philosopher; understanding the social world in its many phases, — its strength and its weaknesses, — and doing justice to all persons with a rare good-humor. There is ample evidence that the range of his reading has been wide, and that his taste is catholic. His fresh openness is delightful; and even his intentional, sly over-statements are suggestively instructive. He has a good digestion and a large heart. He is a serious, compassionate, reverential, and benevolent man, notwithstanding his buoyancy and fun. Something of Charles Lamb peeps through his practical good sense, his active interest in human affairs, and his keen relish of life. His fine affections are united to a steady brain; and he talks wisely, as well as wittily and tenderly. He is every way a choice specimen of the *mens sana*, etc.

In speaking thus of the man, we are speaking of the book; for that is anonymous, — unless two or three things in it warrant a guess as to the writer. The volume is one of the most quotable we have met with for many a day. There is something for everybody, and something for everybody to take home and put in practice. As a whole it is quite a treatise on the art of living in peace with one's self, one's neighbors, the world, the age, men, things, and animals. We advise all readers who are ever troubled with the "blues," with the "blisters of humanity," — who wish to learn the medicinal virtues of "tidiness," how to deal with "nervous fears," how to work and how to play, how to meet "the worries of life," how to "give up" and how to "come down," how to grow old, and how to see dignity in dulness, — in short, we advise all readers who desire to have at hand a physician for the soul, to administer sugared and palatable homœopathic doses to relieve their mental ills, or who would like the company of a chatty, well-read, observant, philosophic, polished, gentlemanly friend, sympathetically meeting with his varied talk their changing moods, and unobtrusively and smilingly magnetizing them with the influence of his own manly, mirthful, pensive, and truly Christian spirit, to introduce themselves at once to the "Country Parson," and cultivate his acquaintance into as constant a companionship as they can.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE paper and type of the new volume upon "Jerusalem and its Environs,"* which the American Tract Society have recently issued, are unexceptionable; the illustrations, if somewhat highly colored, are at least accurate and pleasant to the eye; the arrangement of topics is good; and the book is of convenient size. But here commendation must stop. Dr. Tweedie's part of the production is not remarkable either for good sense or for good taste. Its scholarship is very meagre, its views are superficial, it abounds in exaggeration, and its moral reflections are only tiresome platitudes. Dr. Tweedie has not the faculty of describing graphically or of criticising wisely. He endeavors to make up by vehemence of epithet his lack of analytic power, and he parades a cold pietism where he feels that there should be a true religious sentiment. The sentiment of the book is made to order. We are inclined to think that he has actually travelled in the Holy Land, although the mistakes of his book are unaccountable on such a supposition; and the composition seems rather to have been made from a collation of the Biblical Concordance with the standard books of travel than from any fresh personal memories. Some of his authorities are of doubtful value (W. C. Prime, for instance); and sometimes he misuses the slight authority which he has, as where (p. 61) he describes David's Tomb as "tawdry and mean." The "Hadji in Syria," who was privileged in seeing this, and from whom the information about it must come, does not so represent it, either with pen or pencil. He says that the four closed gates are *never* opened; a fact which more than one traveller is enabled, from personal knowledge, to dispute. He sends his readers out to Gethsemane and Bethany by the "Jaffa" gate, which would take them, in the first case, at least more than a mile out of the way. And as a conspicuous instance of his extravagance, p. 172 may be mentioned, where he says that the very dreary road from Jerusalem to Ramleh is "*studded* with ruins and *crowded* with Scriptural associations." The exact opposite of this is true. The ruins are very sparse and uninteresting, and the Scriptural associations less than on most routes in the Holy Land.

Dr. Tweedie does not seem to us an unamiable man; and the tirades against Moslem and Catholic which he has sprinkled over his pages have the tone of forced bitterness. He has but one fling at the "Socinians," where he remarks, (p. 102,) that they "have even *overtured* the followers of the impostor on the subject of their common views." It is singular, however, that, while he throws doubt upon nearly all the traditional sites which he is called to notice, and ridicules the monkish legends, and lashes himself into a righteous indignation in his horror at Papal superstitions, he takes pains to regale his readers with so many of these very puerile stories. And this fervor leads him into inconsistencies of statement. Forgetting what he has said again and again about

* *Jerusalem and its Environs; or, The Holy City as it was and is.* By the Rev. W. K. TWEEDIE, D. D. Published by the American Tract Society. Boston. 1860. 16mo. pp. 224.

the holy men of the Old Testament, about Elijah and David, he makes, in speaking of Ramleh, the extraordinary remark (p. 177), that though the Holy Land might seem to be *fair* apart from Jesus, it "could in no sense be *holy*." And on p. 64 he is moved to ejaculate that all else beside the Bible "is a lie, or tends to lies." On p. 211 he intimates that Syria cannot become fruitful again until it comes under the Bible Society's influence, or, as he expresses it, "till the Word of God has free course there."

Dr. Tweedie's style is at once weak and ambitious. He mixes his metaphors, while he cannot sustain them. He speaks of fishes "floating" down the Jordan to die in the Dead Sea. "Gairish" is one of his words, "encomiast" another. He is very severe on Herod, whom he calls a monster of all conceivable iniquity, and he gives the generic name of "Satan" to those bodies of Christians in Palestine which are not Protestant. His poetical quotations are of the ferocious and intense kind, and his aphorisms are specimens of bathos. Hear the close of his pious improvement of Dr. Thomson's description of the view from the tower of Ramleh : "In truth, the Holy Land is a test of the state of our hearts. Can we wander amid its scenes, and admire its beauty, or weep for its degradation, without thought of Him whose right it is to rule here? Then is the heart right with God? On the other hand, is the Anointed always the centre to which we turn? — is He the terminus at which we rest? Then we are like-minded with Peter and Paul, and all the inspired band. Jerusalem on high is our real home." And hear his sagacious meditation at the convent of Mar Saba : "To what purpose all these paraphernalia? Was Christ wrong when he said, 'It is finished'? Did he leave his work so imperfect that monkery must complete it? Were his sufferings not enough? Must those of man himself be added? Is it not true that 'the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin'? These questions, rightly pondered and Scripturally answered, would sweep earth clean of all such systems as the convent of Mar Saba helps to uphold."

We are sorry to express so unfavorable an opinion of a book so neatly printed and illustrated, but the Tract Society must try again, if they would furnish a volume on Jerusalem which shall become a standard authority.

THOSE who would acquaint themselves with the spirit and methods of modern Jewish life in a region where the race of Israel has its largest influence, will do well to get Stauben's volume on the Jews of Alsatia.* It is rare that so charming a series of sketches comes under our notice. Purity of thought, of sentiment, and of diction are here joined to variety of detail in so delightful a union that the interest of the reader never flags. We are introduced not only to the synagogue services, but also to the domestic life of the Hebrew people, — the customs of their families and firesides; and we listen to the legends and stories which make their favorite pastime. We are guests at their

* Scènes de la Vie Juive en Alsace, par DANIEL STAUBEN. Paris: M. Lévy. 1860. 12mo. pp. 296.

bridal feasts and witnesses of their burial service. Passover, Pentecost, the week of sadness and Expiation, and the week of joy at the Feast of Tabernacles, Purim, the Jewish carnival, and Hanouka, the thanksgiving season in memory of the Maccabees, all pass before us with their ceremonies, their songs, their prayers, and their festivities. We see how lovers are betrothed, how presents are made, what games are played, and what meats are eaten. Many of the customs here told are curious and peculiar to the Jews of that locality. One cannot see in London or Paris what is never omitted in Muhlhausen and Colmar. And it is all told in a temperate and natural way, which precludes the suspicion of any attempt to present Jewish life too favorably. By way of supplement, we have critical sketches of a Jewish poet, Wihl, and a Jewish moralist, Weil, both of them remarkable men and justifying by their writings the favorable estimate of Stauben. The short essays upon Ruth and the Canticles are not so satisfactory, and from the theory of Stauben in regard to the latter production we wholly dissent. He does not understand, as it seems to us, either the plan of the poem or its moral purpose.

This volume is one of the best in Lévy's remarkable library of cheap French literature.

MR. ATKINSON has now presented the public his second book upon Russia in Asia,* devoted especially to the Kirghis tribes and the river Amoor. A braver, harder, more accomplished, and cheerful traveller cannot be found. With a facile pen, a skilful pencil, a quick eye for the picturesque, a hunter's joy in the chase, Mr. Atkinson unites science enough to preface his book with an exceedingly valuable map, close it with a catalogue of the animals, trees, and flowers of the Amoor Valley, and illustrate every other page with pictures which are themselves the best descriptions. Barring the monotony of savage life, the repetition, day after day, of similar wanderings among the most ancient of nomad nations, it would be hard to find another recent narrative of half the interest. The novelty of his route, the sublime scenery through which it leads, the inexhaustible mines it brings to notice, the generous yet savage races with whom it converses, the steadily encroaching despotism of Russia, the inevitable doom about to fall upon the unconscious aborigines, the frequent traces of vast tumuli marking the resting-place of seeming giants, crown these Travels on the Upper and Lower Amoor with a charm which will secure their popularity far beyond the usual circle of would-be travellers. The reader will be interested in the true story of the "Emigration of a Tartar Horde," which makes the topic of De Quincey's magnificent narration, as told from material gathered on the spot. The tribe, (which escaped from Lower Russia, in 1771,) after near a century of wild independence, ventured too near the cannon's mouth of a Russian fort, and are now loyal subjects of the Czar. A strange romance of nomadic life is given in the tale of the elopement of the Kirghis maiden, Ai-Khanym, with her lover, Souk,

* *Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor.* By THOMAS WILLIAM ATKINSON. New York: Harper and Brothers.

and her tragical death. And an account, at once curious and pathetic, tells of the desperate effort of forty brave Circassians to escape from their Siberian exile,—the terror which vague rumors of their march spread among the frontier villages,—and their miserable fate, shot down at bay, or dying in the bleak wilderness. Less valuable as a revelation of the astonishing mineral wealth of Siberia than Mr. Atkinson's former work, (which we pretty fully noticed two years and a half ago,) it is even more curious in its details of the wild life of those strange populations, and of the appalling grandeur of the Altai mountain scenery. How odd was his discovery (p. 292) of the old tale of Alexander and Bucephalus among a Tartar horde, to whom it had crept round, in the shape of picture and legend, by way of China!

WHY the author of "Ninety Days' Worth of Europe" * has the great contempt for books of travel which he professes in his Preface, we do not understand. Surely, out of the multitude published, there are surprisingly few poverty-stricken in thought and interest; and the best of them are a real boon to home-keeping folk, whose wits would be much homelier without the excursion and stirring abroad which they get in following the steps of some genial traveller through distant lands and cities. And why he should bring under that same large contempt his own pleasant book, quite passes our comprehension. He gives no reason, and we cannot discover any. It is a solecism to print a book, which the public are entreated not to read.

This blame, moreover, may be laid at his door, that the journal is too brief. It is vexatious to note, all along the book, hints of what might have been recorded,—"We could, an' if we would," or, "If we list to speak,"—in the way of pleasant adventure or good information, but is refused, either from want of time to write it down, or because it seemed hopeless to transfer to notes by the way the vivid impression and the delightful excitement. Here is such a brisk and entertaining report, that we have a plain right to find fault with the frequent suggestion of a good deal held back, which makes us feel as though defrauded of much amusement and instruction. Here is a package of good things, handsomely done up by the enterprising publishers; but it is short measure, and what buyer does not grumble at that always?

For the sake of those who have not already seen the volume, we add, that it consists of notes—partly made up from correspondence by the way, and illustrated here and there with drawings taken on the spot—of a fortnight passed in England, a rapid journey through the Rhineland and across the Alps, a brief stay in Florence and Rome, and the return through Geneva and Paris, with pleasant reminiscences of London and its Library, Cambridge and its University, and a week's rapid run through Ireland. The "ninety days" begin with the arrival in British waters, October 2, 1859, and end with the embarkation off Cork, January 1, 1860. A letter on the political state of Italy fifteen

* *Ninety Days' Worth of Europe.* By E. E. HALE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

months ago is very interesting now; and the only elaborate piece of art criticism, that of Story's "Cleopatra," is remarkably striking, and suggestive of higher than æsthetic grounds. Our own memory fully bears out what Mr. Hale has said of the delicate tinting of Gibson's "Venus," — except that the dim lustreless color in the eyes makes even that lovely statue only a half-success. And in this and other matters we are glad that he has had the courage and good sense to write exactly as he thinks and feels.

POETRY.

THE new and beautiful edition of *Lyra Germanica* * issued by James Miller, New York, claims hearty commendation. The paper and type rival in excellence and clearness the Cambridge presses. The illustrations, though not expressly designed for the book, are appropriate, and the good taste displayed in the embellishments is highly creditable to the publishers.

It is not only an elegant gift book, but, as an admirable collection of German Hymns, it has an intrinsic merit far above its mere beauty. These hymns are choice selections from the famous "Versuch eines allgemeinen Gesung- und Gebet-buchs" of Chevalier Bunsen, and are arranged by the translator, Catherine Winkworth, according to the plan of Keble's Christian Year. This form, illustrating as it does the solemn festivals and fasts of the English Church, renders the book peculiarly attractive to Episcopalian, while the individual merit of each hymn commends it to all lovers of German hymnology. In his rich imagery, his deep reverential sentiment, Keble cannot be surpassed, — his is the patient submission of the author of *Imitatio Christi*. But in vigor of thought, and joyful, exultant spirit, the songs of those old German writers, many of whom wielded the sword as well as the pen, far excel the gentle, tender strains of the English divine.

Some of the most spirited hymns of Luther, Paul Gerhardt, Angelus, Gerhardt Tersteegen, and Novalis, are in this collection. We trust that *Lyra Germanica*, in its new, attractive American dress, will receive the appreciation it so richly merits.

THE First Series of Hymns of the Ages has met with wide favor, which the Second Series† will more than rival, for it is even better than that. It is in a different strain, the selections containing more of religious thought, and designed to strengthen, cheer, and elevate the soul, rather than to foster religious sentiment alone. Moreover, the gathered riches are from a larger field, and embrace a larger variety. To "the tender and earnest numbers of Southwell and Crashaw and Habington, — the gentle symphonies of Vaughan, and the rugged verse of Donne and Jeremy Taylor, — the quaint 'Church Emblems' of Quarles and the voluminous 'Hallelujah' of Wither," have been added

* *Lyra Germanica. Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH.* New York: James Miller.

† *Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. Being Selections from Wither, Crashaw, Southwell, Habington, and other Sources.* Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

translations from the German, gems from a little Scottish Hymn-Book, and miscellaneous pieces from the old and the living poets,—not omitting those of our own country. The arrangement of the compilation is excellent; and correct taste, good judgment, and a steady keeping to the purpose of the volume has brought together lyrics and sonnets and other poems full of a devout and Christian inspiration. As a help in the hours of meditation, confirming faith, kindling hope, teaching patience, quickening love, assuring trust, animating courage, lifting the soul into communion with the things that belong to its immortal peace, these Hymns will be found a treasury of strength, aspiration, holy joy, and sustaining comfort; and as such they are sure to meet with welcome from many hearts.

ONE of the compilers of "Hymns of the Ages" has heeded the urgent call to prepare a volume of like character for children, and is the editor of one of the most attractive publications of the season.* The book, typographically speaking, is a gem; a fair consequence of the beneficial rivalry between the Cambridge presses. It was printed at the "University;" and, of course, the "Examiner," printed by the same "house," is bound to recognize its beauty, without detracting at all from the fine art of the "Riverside." The collection merits the fine type, tinted paper, and illustrations. Successful in writing original stories for children, Miss Whitmarsh—we know no reason for withholding her name—has been equally successful in gathering and arranging from other authors entertaining and suggestive poetry, "to stimulate the imagination, refine the taste, and train the child's heart to become strong, humane, and brave, as well as keep it gentle, reverent, and pure." She complains of "finding a sad lack of material," but we shall be mistaken if in very many homes her work does not make older and younger readers doubt whether her complaint has any justification, except the severity of her own ideal. Certainly she has made the best book of its kind we are acquainted with; and the publishers have seconded her effort liberally.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WE have received one volume of the very beautiful reprint of Milman's History of Latin Christianity.† Previous acquaintance with and use of the entire work justify us in saying that we know of no Church history written with ampler erudition or a nobler spirit; and no general history which is to be compared with it as a guide through the period which it covers. We shall hope, as the work advances, to speak more fully of the admirable qualities of the historian and his work.

REV. DR. OSGOOD, of New York, has published a pleasant and timely little volume ‡ of motives, hints, and reminiscences, intended as

* *Hymns for Mothers and Children.* Compiled by the Author of "Violet," "Daisy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† *History of Latin Christianity.* Volume II. New York.

‡ *Student Life: Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend.* By SAMUEL OSGOOD. New York: James Miller.

a help to a young friend on entering upon college life. The precepts and counsels which make the groundwork of such a guide are diversified very agreeably, and their value more than doubled, by giving the real history of a college class. That of 1832 at Harvard, to which the writer belonged, contained so many men so variously and highly gifted, who have stood since in so many posts of honor and responsibility, that this record has a certain public interest and value, apart from the personal memories it conveys. It was well introduced to the academic world by Osgood's oration before the Alumni last summer.

DR. LAMSON'S Farewell Sermon to his Congregation at Dedham deserves more notice than the bare record of its title. With no parade of feeling, but with all tenderness of emotion constantly implied,—with clear and finely-stated thought, carrying in every sentence the weight of long experience and tried fidelity,—with rare felicity of language, combining melody, simplicity, and transparent clearness of expression with precise and vigorous statement,—it is more than a mere occasional discourse; it is a manual of clerical duty and pastoral wisdom, valuable to any candidate for that high office. We trust that the long course of honored service which it records is yet far from its termination.

THE great abundance and the pictorial beauty of the juvenile publications, whose titles crowd our list, make it impossible to speak of all as they deserve, and hard to discriminate. Comparison would be invidious and unjust between New York and Boston publishers, or among the friendly rivalries of so many houses. A small volume of selections, called "Pictures and Flowers," has given us, individually, most pleasure. But constantly our eye has been attracted, and our heart charmed and won, as these many series, with their fair typography and tasteful embellishments, have passed through our hands on their pleasant mission amongst the young. We invite the careful attention of all parents and friends of the young to our list under this caption, which we believe to be at once choice and full.

NOTE TO ART. I.

THE publication of "Mr. Alger's History" has, we understand, been delayed. The review of it which appears in this number of the Examiner (Art. I.) was prepared from advanced sheets, and under the expectation that the work would make its appearance on or before the first of January.

NOTE TO ART. VI. IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.

ON page 445 of the article on "The World's Need of Woman," in the last number of the Examiner, a statement was given, on the authority of the Chief of Police, to the effect that certain specified abuses

do not exist in the present municipal system of Boston. Our attention has been called to facts resting on what we consider to be unimpeachable authority, showing that the exception there made was undeserved, — at least in the unqualified way it is stated. These facts prove very conclusively the need of some measure similar to that urged in the article, to protect women, especially young girls under arrest, from the indignities and injuries to which they are peculiarly exposed, — in Boston as well as elsewhere. The measure advocated is, that certain departments of jails and houses of detention should be under the charge of women-superintendents. We do not consider this journal to be a suitable medium to argue questions of controverted fact in regard to the detail of civil administration. But we earnestly hope that public attention may be drawn to the matter, and that the suggestions of our correspondent may have the weight to which we think them justly entitled.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

Logic in Theology, and other Essays. By Isaac Taylor. With a Sketch of the Life of the Author and a Catalogue of his Writings. New York: William Gowans. 12mo. pp. 297.

Methodism Successful, and the Internal Causes of its Success. By Rev. B. F. Tefft. With a Letter of Introduction, by Bishop Janes. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 588.

Hints on the Formation of Religious Opinions, addressed especially to Young Men and Women of Christian Education. By Rev. Ray Palmer. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 324.

Hymns and Choirs; or, The Matter and Manner of the Service of Song in the House of the Lord. By Austin Phelps and Edwards A. Park, Professors at Andover, and Daniel L. Furber, Pastor at Newton. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 12mo. pp. 425.

Quiet Thoughts for Quiet Hours. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 18mo. pp. 268.

Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey. By Richard Chenevix Trench. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 12mo. pp. 368.

The Pulpit of the American Revolution; or, The Political Sermons of the Period of 1776. With a Historical Introduction, Notes, and Illustrations. By John Wingate Thornton. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 537. (See p. 147.)

Selections from the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, for Families and Schools. By Rev. D. G. Haskins. (With Devotional Exercises.) Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 12mo. pp. 401, 36.

Intercessory Prayer, its Duties and Effects. By G. W. Mylne. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 32mo. pp. 160.

The Scriptural Terms of Admission to the Lord's Supper. By A. N. Arnold. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 24mo. pp. 121.

ESSAYS, ETC.

Education; Intellectual, Moral, and Physical. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 283.

Considerations on some of the Elements and Conditions of Social Welfare and Human Progress. Being Academic and Occasional Discourses, and other Pieces. By C. S. Henry, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 415.

Guesses at Truth. By Two Brothers. From the Fifth London Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 555.

The Recreations of a Country Parson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 442. (See p. 155.)

The Four Georges. Sketches of Manners, Morals, Court, and Town Life. By W. M. Thackeray. With Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 241.

The Laws of Race, as connected with Slavery. Philadelphia: Willis P. Hazard. 8vo. pp. 70.

The Conduct of Life. By R. W. Emerson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 288.

The Romance of Natural History. By Philip Henry Gosse. With Elegant Illustrations. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 372.

A Practical Illustration of "Woman's Right to Labor;" or, A Letter from Marie E. Zakrzewska, M. D., late of Berlin, Prussia. Edited by Caroline H. Dall. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 167.

Optimism the Lesson of Ages. By Benjamin Blood. Boston: Bela Marsh. 12mo. pp. 132.

The Works of Francis Bacon. Vol. XIII. Boston: Brown and Taggard.

The Duties of Human Life. Translated from a Sanscrit Manuscript. Edited by Joshua Perkins. New York: James Miller. 12mo. pp. 128.

Student Life; Letters and Recollections for a Young Friend. By Samuel Osgood. New York: James Miller. 12mo. pp. 164. (See p. 162.)

Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character. By E. B. Ramsay, Dean of Edinburgh. From the Seventh Edinburgh Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. (To be noticed.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Life and Correspondence of Major-General John A. Quitman. By J. F. H. Claiborne. New York: Harper and Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 400, 392.

The Heroes of Europe; a Biographical Outline of European History from A. D. 700 to A. D. 1700. By Henry G. Hewlett. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 370.

History of Latin Christianity, including that of the Popes to the Pontificate of Nicolas V. By Henry Hart Milman, D. D. In Eight Volumes. Vol. II. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 551.

Life of Andrew Jackson. By James Parton. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. 3 vols. pp. 636, 672, 734.

The Monarchies of Continental Europe. Italy, from the Earliest Period to the Present Day. By J. S. C. Abbott. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 587.

American History. By Jacob Abbott. 3. **The Southern Colonies.** New York: Sheldon & Co. 24mo. pp. 286.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Harrington; a Story of True Love. Boston: Thayer and Eldridge. 12mo. pp. 556.

May Coverley, the Young Dressmaker. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 16mo. pp. 258.

Constance and Edith; or, Incidents of Home Life. By a Clergyman's Wife. With Illustrations. New York: Thomson Brothers. 16mo. pp. 304.

Evan Harrington; or, He would be a Gentleman. By George Meredith. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 491.

Lake-House. By Fanny Lewald. Translated by Nathaniel Greene. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 304.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 376, 347.

Tom Brown at Oxford; a Sequel to School-Days at Rugby. Part I. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 378.

The Chapel of St. Mary. By the Author of "The Rectory of Moreland." Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 12mo. pp. 396.

Struggle for Life. By the Author of "Seven Stormy Sundays." Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 311.

POETRY.

Home Ballads and Poems. By John Greenleaf Whittier. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 207.

Concord Fight. By S. R. Bartlett. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 12mo. pp. 32.

The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis. (Blue and Gold.)

Poems. By Frances S. Osgood. New York: Clark, Austin, and Maynard. (Blue and Gold.)

Faithful Forever. By Coventry Patmore. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 240.

Poems. By Rose Terry. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 281.

Hymns of the Ages. Second Series. Being Selections from Wither, Crashaw, Southwell, Habington, and other Sources. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 336. (See p. 161.)

Lyra Germanica; Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German, by Catherine Winkworth. New York: James Miller. (See p. 161.)

Kormak; an Icelandic Romance of the Tenth Century. In Six Cantos. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 118.

Moral and Religious Quotations from the Poets, topically arranged; comprising Choice Selections from Six Hundred Authors. Compiled by Rev. William Rice. New York: Carlton and Porter. 8vo. pp. 338.

Hymns for Mothers and Children. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 287. (See p. 162.)

Poems, Sacred and Secular, by the Rev. William Croswell, D. D. Edited, with a Memoir, by A. Cleveland Coxe. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 24mo. pp. 284.

CLASSICS AND EDUCATION.

1. Latin Dictionary. In Two Parts. 1. Latin English; 2. English Latin. By J. R. Beard, D. D., and C. Beard, B. A. pp. 896.

2. Lessons in Latin; being an Elementary Grammar of the Latin Language, with Numerous Exercises. By Rev. J. R. Beard, D. D.

3. Lessons in Greek; including a Grammar of the Language, with Numerous Exercises. By Rev. J. R. Beard, D. D.

4. Cassell's Lessons in English, containing a Practical Grammar. By J. R. Beard, D. D.—London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin.

Papers for the Teacher. From Barnard's Journal of Education. Series I., II. 8vo.

Object Teaching and Oral Lessons on Social Science and Common Things. (Barnard's Journal of Education.) New York: Brownell. 8vo. pp. 434.

An Elementary Dictionary of the English Language. A New Edition, revised and enlarged. 12mo. pp. 400; and

A Primary Dictionary of the English Language. 18mo. pp. 384. By J. E. Worcester, LL.D. Boston: Swan, Brewer, and Tileston.

TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Paul Blake; or, The Story of a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Cristo. By Alfred Elwes. Illustrations. New York: Thomson Brothers. 16mo. pp. 383.

Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor, and the Russian Acquisitions on the Confines of India and China. By Thomas Wittam Atkinson. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 448. (See p. 159.)

Ninety Days' Worth of Europe. By Edward E. Hale. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 224. (See p. 160.)

Bruin; the Grand Bear Hunt. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 371.

JUVENILE.

Dickens's Little Folks. Illustrated by Darley. 1. Little Nell. 2. Smike. 3. The Child Wife. 4. Oliver Twist and the Jew Fagin. 5. Florence Dombey. 6. Little Paul. 7. The Boy Joe and Sam Weller. 8. Sissy Jupe. 9. The Two Daughters. 10. Tiny Tim and Dot, and the Fairy Cricket. 11. Dame Durden. 12. Dolly Varden. New York: Clark, Austin, Maynard, & Co. 18mo.

The Big Nightcap Letters. Being the Fifth Book of the Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 182.

The Pilgrim's Progress for the Young. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. pp. 158.

Life and Travels of Thomas Thumb in the United States, England, France, and Belgium. With Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. pp. 144.

The Young American's Picture-Gallery. With 70 Illustrations. Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 4to. pp. 150.

New Fairy Stories for my Grandchildren. By George Keil. Translated by S. W. Lander. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 84.

The Oakland Stories. Claiborne. By George B. Taylor. New York: Sheldon & Co. 18mo. pp. 180.

The Florence Stories. By Jacob Abbott. Excursion to the Orkney Islands. New York: Sheldon & Co. 18mo. pp. 252.

Where there's a Will there's a Way. By Alice B. Haven. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 18mo. pp. 218.

Grimms' Popular Tales and Household Stories. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. First and Second Series. pp. 456, 430.

Pictures and Flowers for Child-Lovers. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 211.

The Summer-House Series. Older than Adam; The Martin and Nelly Stories; Nelly's First School-Days. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 18mo.

Winnie and Walter Books. 1. Christmas Stories. 2. Story-Telling at Thanksgiving. 3. Talks about Old Times. 4. Story of our Darling Nellie. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

Our Year; a Child's Book, in Prose and Verse. By the Author of "John Halifax." Illustrated. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 297.

The Silver Penny Series. 1. Patty Williams's Voyage. 2. Nobody's Child, etc. 3. Childhood in India. 4. Sunny-eyed Tim. 5. Theda and the Mountain. 6. The Princess Narina. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

The Printer-Boy; or, How Ben Franklin made his Mark. By W. M. Thayer. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co. 18mo. pp. 261.

Bonnie Scotland: Tales of her History, Heroes, and Poets. By Grace Greenwood. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 273.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Legends of the Madonna, as represented in the Fine Arts. By Mrs. Jameson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. pp. 483. (Blue and Gold.)

Addresses at the Inauguration of Cornelius Conway Felton, LL. D., as President of Harvard College, and at the Festival of the Alumni, Thursday, July 19, 1860. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 8vo. pp. 149.

Chambers's Encyclopaedia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Part 21. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Whims and Oddities, with 112 Illustrations, and National Tales. By Thomas Hood. New York: Derby and Jackson. 12mo. pp. 457.

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. 1859. Washington: T. H. Ford.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents for the Year 1859. Agriculture. Washington: George W. Bowman. 8vo. pp. 590.

The Lady's Almanac. Boston: Chase, Nichols, & Hill. 32mo. pp. 128. Cassell's Illustrated Works:—1. Popular Natural History. 2. History of England. Text by William Howitt. 3. Family Bible, with Notes and References. London and New York: Cassell, Petter, and Galpin. In numbers, at 15 cents each. (Distinguished for abundance and cheapness of illustration. In style and appearance the Natural History is superior to the others, and is an admirable popular library of the subject.)

PAMPHLETS.

A Catalogue of the Trustees, Instructors, and Students of Lawrence Academy, Groton, Mass., Oct. 1860. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 19.

Remarks made after the Annual Examination of the High School in Medford, Mass., July 27, 1860. By Charles Brooks. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 7.

Tracts for the Times. No. 8. Why not acknowledge the Faith which you believe? By E. Buckingham. Albany: Weed, Parsons, & Co. pp. 11.

Twenty-fifth Annual Report of the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 34.

Discourse preached October 28, 1860, on resigning the Pastoral Charge of the First Church and Parish in Dedham after a Ministry of Forty-two Years. By Alvan Lamson, D. D. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. pp. 30.

Objects and Plan of an Institute of Technology, proposed to be established in Boston. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 29.

 As evidence of the desire of its conductors to make the Examiner worthy the support of its friends, attention is respectfully called to the fact, that this number, like the last, contains twelve pages extra.